ASSEMBLY SONGS

for

EVERY OCCASION

GEORGE H. GARTLAN

HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE

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ASSEMBLY SONGS

FOR

EVERY OCCASION

Selected and Arranged by

GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Director of Music in the Public Schools of Greater New York

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PREFACE

MUSIC is the greatest single co-ordinating influence in education, developing as it does both the spiritual and material being. Assembly singing, undoubtedly the most vital contributing agent to this influence, properly performed, creates a spirit of unity, instills a love of the beautiful and serves the happiest hours of childhood.

"Assembly Songs for Every Occasion" offers to schools the most comprehensive collection of songs yet published, in which each individual song has been carefully selected and arranged to fit the purpose for which assembly singing was intended.

The several sections are devoted to

1—Patriotic Songs.
2—Songs for Every Occasion.
3—Community Songs.
4—American Songs and Spirituals.
5—Hymns.
6—Part Songs and Choruses.

It is contemplated that with few exceptions the songs in the first five groups will be sung in unison and the arrangements have been made with this end in view. The four part arrangements make the simplest practical form of piano support for the voices.

It is expected that the Art Songs in Group 6 will be sung on special occasions by a selected chorus. The arrangements while artistic to a degree, are well within the range of children's voices.

In the selection of material for an assembly book as comprehensive as this many things had to be considered, but there has of course been one primary object—one qualification above and beyond all others—one requisite that every song had to possess before the general or special utility was considered from any other standpoint—and that primary object has been the teaching of Americanization through the medium of songs, which will stimulate in the coming generation an appreciation of American ideals and American institutions.

To this great purpose this volume is respectfully dedicated.

THE EDITOR.

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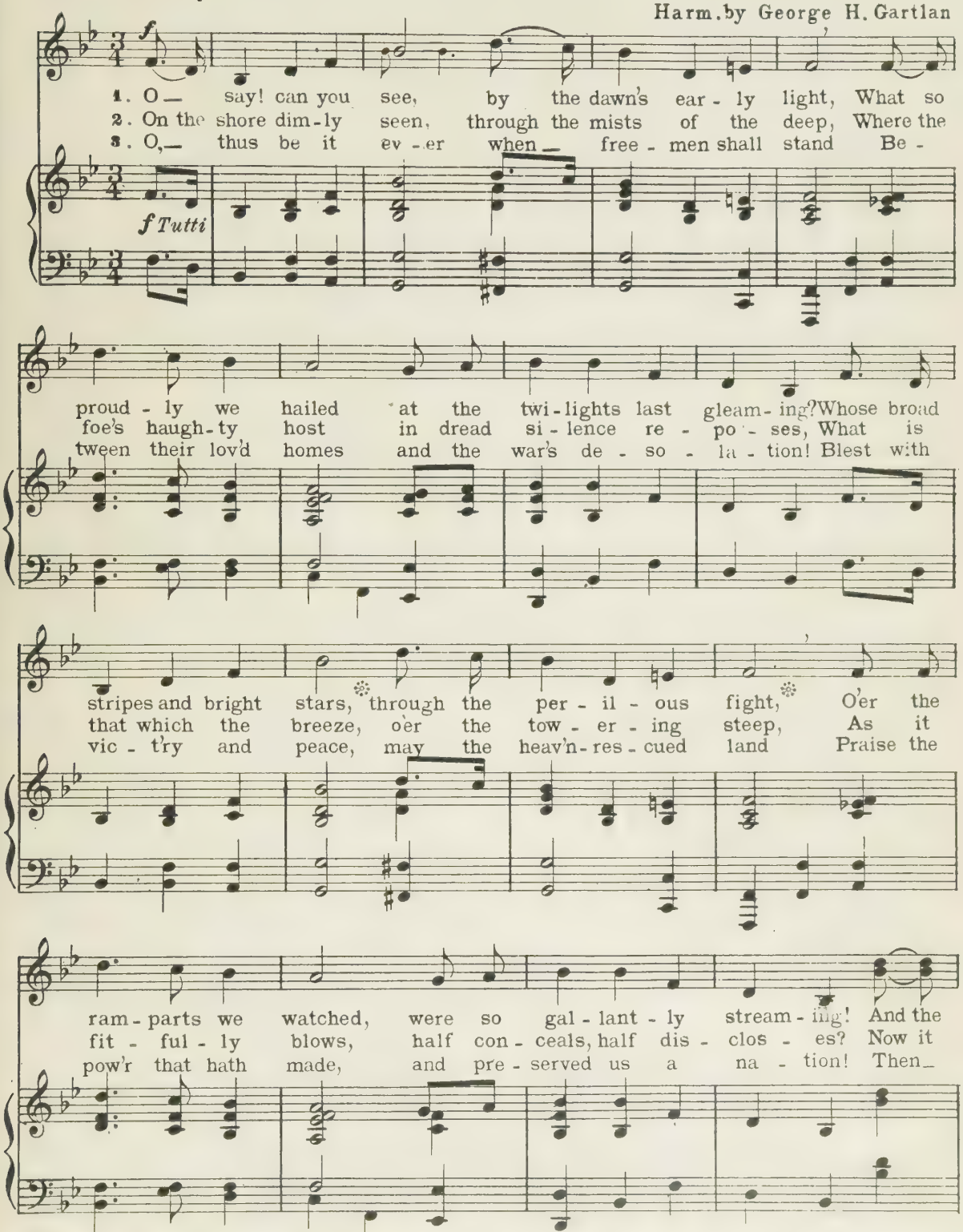
The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith
Harm. by George H. Gartlan

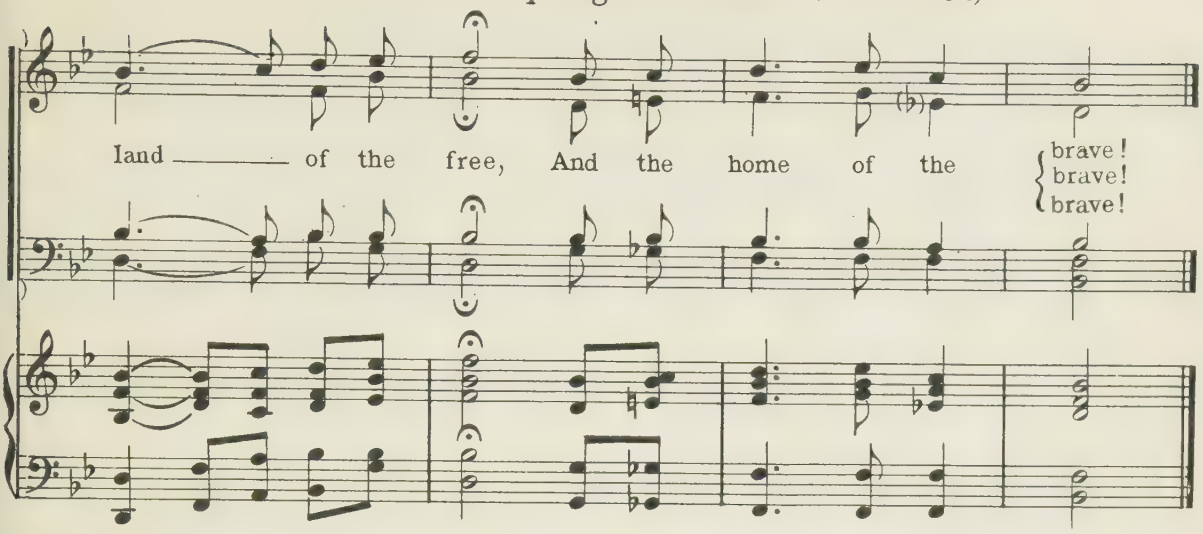

f
1. O— say! can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim - ly seen, through the mists of the deep, Where the
3. O,— thus be it ev - er when— free - men shall stand Be -
f Tutti
proud - ly we hailed at the twi - lights last gleam - ing? Whose broad
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - po - ses, What is
tween their lov'd homes and the war's de - so - la - tion! Blest with
stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the
ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing! And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
pow'r that hath made, and pre - served us a na - tion! Then—

✲ *through the clouds of the fight* ✲ *This line appears in the final corrected edition*

The Star-Spangled Banner (Continued)

rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
Sop. and Alto
proof through the night, that our flag was still there. O
glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream. 'Tis the
this be our mot - to "In God is our Trust." And the
Tenor and Bass
say, does that Star-Span - gled Ban - ner yet wave
Star-Span - gled Ban - ner, O! long may it wave O'er the
Star-Span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave

The Star-Spangled Banner (Concluded)



America

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey

Tutti

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

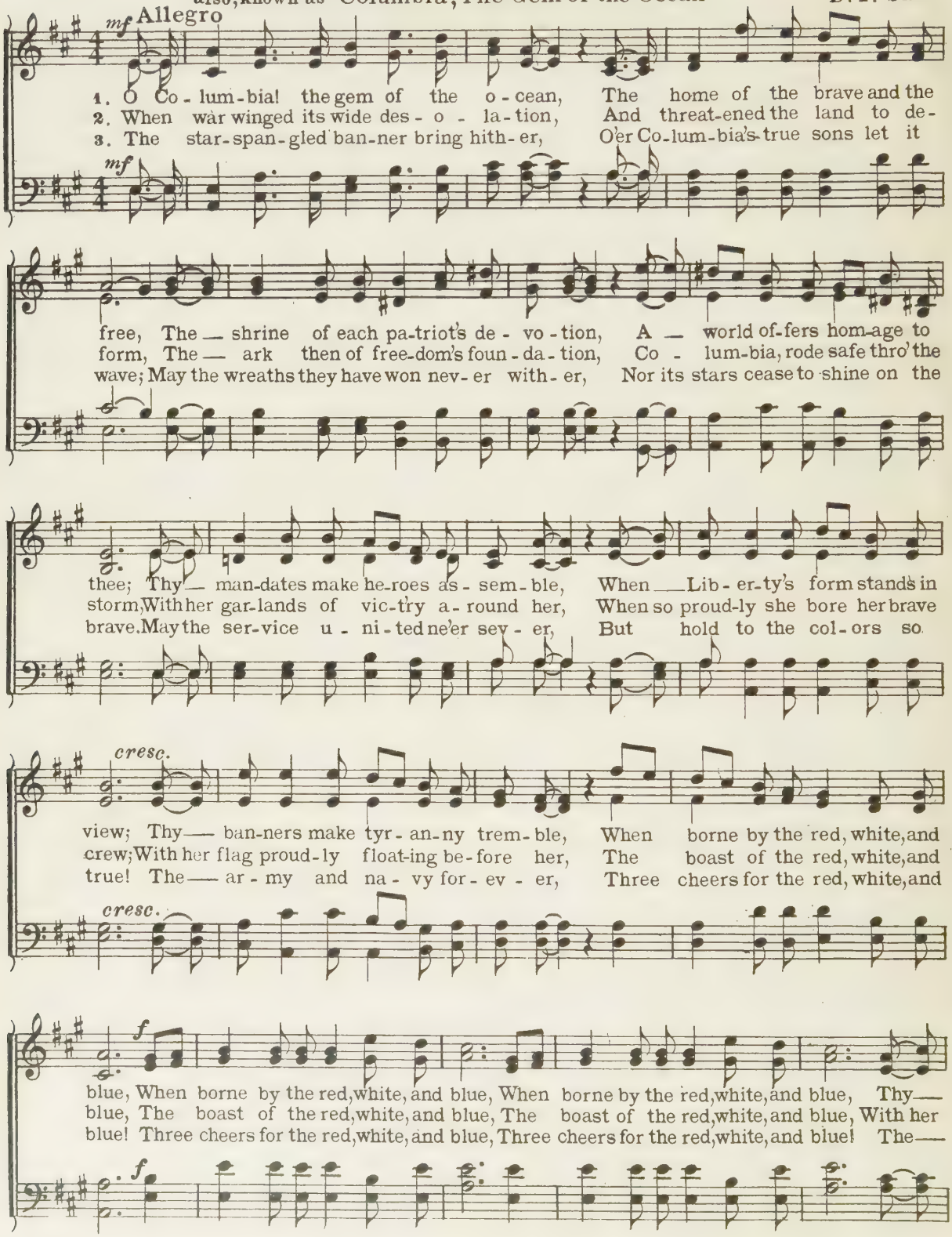
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

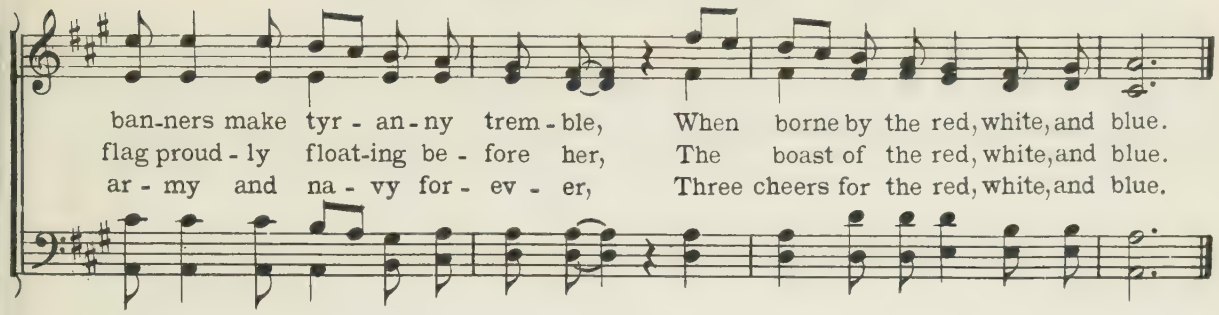
Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

The Red, White, and Blue

also, known as Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean

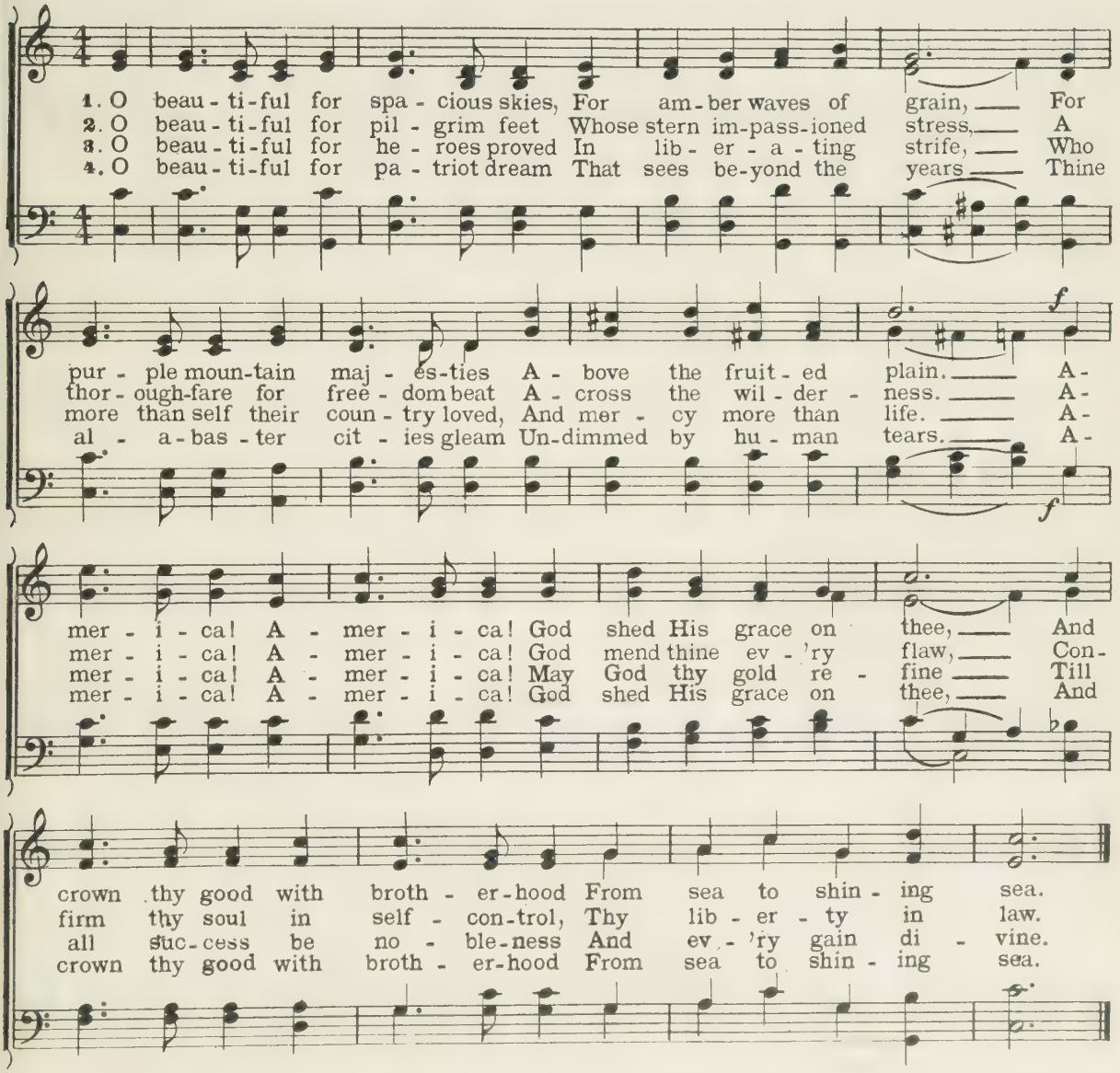
D. T. Shaw


mf Allegro
1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-ened the land to de-
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it
mf
free, The — shrine of each pa-triot's de - vo - tion, A — world of-fers hom-age to
form, The — ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion, Co - lum-bia, rode safe thro' the
wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the
thee; Thy — man-dates make he-roes as - sem - ble, When — Lib - er-ty's form stands in
storm, With her gar-lands of vic-try a - round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave
brave. May the ser-vice u - ni-ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to the col - ors so
cresc.
view; Thy — ban-ners make tyr - an-ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and
crew; With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and
true! The — ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and
cresc.
f
blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy —
blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her
blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The —
f


ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates **Samuel A. Ward**


1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern im-pass-ioned stress, A
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ting strife, Who
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine
pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-
thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-
more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-
al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears. A-
f
f
mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-
mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine Till
mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.
firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di-vine.
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea.

Tenting To-night

Walter Kittredge

1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Think-ing of days gone by,
3. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, And we'll be brave and true,
Our — wear - y hearts, a song of home And — friends we love so dear.
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good - bye!"
And the flag shall float o'er all the land By the might of boys in blue.
Man-y are the hearts that are wear-y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease,
Man-y are the hearts pray-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace, Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse Dy - ing to-night,
Last time ppp
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, Omit
Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

The Battle Cry Of Freedom

Words and Music by Geo. F. Root

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a
gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
CHORUS
Fortissimo
The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, Hurrah! Down with the trai - tor, Up with the stars; While we
ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.

Used by permission of The John Church Co.

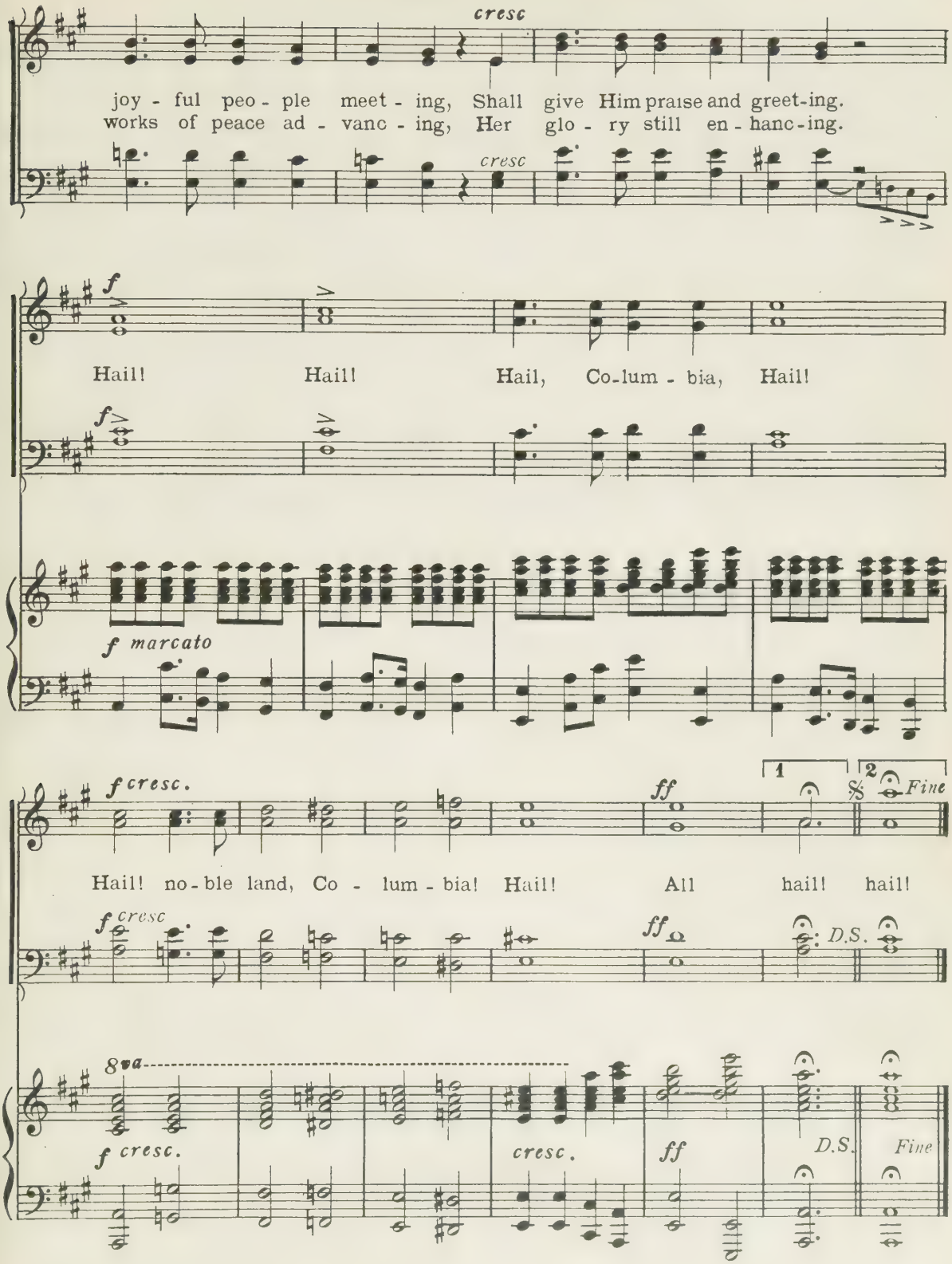
Columbia, Hail!

(Thanksgiving Hymn)

Moderato con spirito

Arthur F. M. Custance

All hail!
1. All hail, be-lov-ed na - tive land! All hail! be-lov-ed na-tive land!
2. O'er sea and riv-er all a - long, O'er sea, and riv-er all a - long,
Be hushed all tones of sad - ness; The Lord has giv'n with boun - teous
The ships are proud - ly glid - ing; While count-less towns and cit - ies
hand — Pros - per - i - ty and glad - ness. He makes each fer - tile
strong, — Are on their shores a - bid - ing. Round all our joy - ous
cresc.
ver-dant field Its wealth of gold - en har - vest yield: His
hap - py land Our peo - ple join with heart and hand, In
cresc


cresc
joy - ful peo - ple meet - ing, Shall give Him praise and greet-ing.
works of peace ad - vanc - ing, Her glo - ry still en - hanc-ing.
cresc
f
Hail! Hail! Hail, Co-lum - bia, Hail!
f
f marcato
f cresc.
ff
1
2
Fine
Hail! no-ble land, Co - lum - bia! Hail! All hail! hail!
f cresc
ff
D.S.
8va
f cresc.
cresc.
ff
D.S.
Fine

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

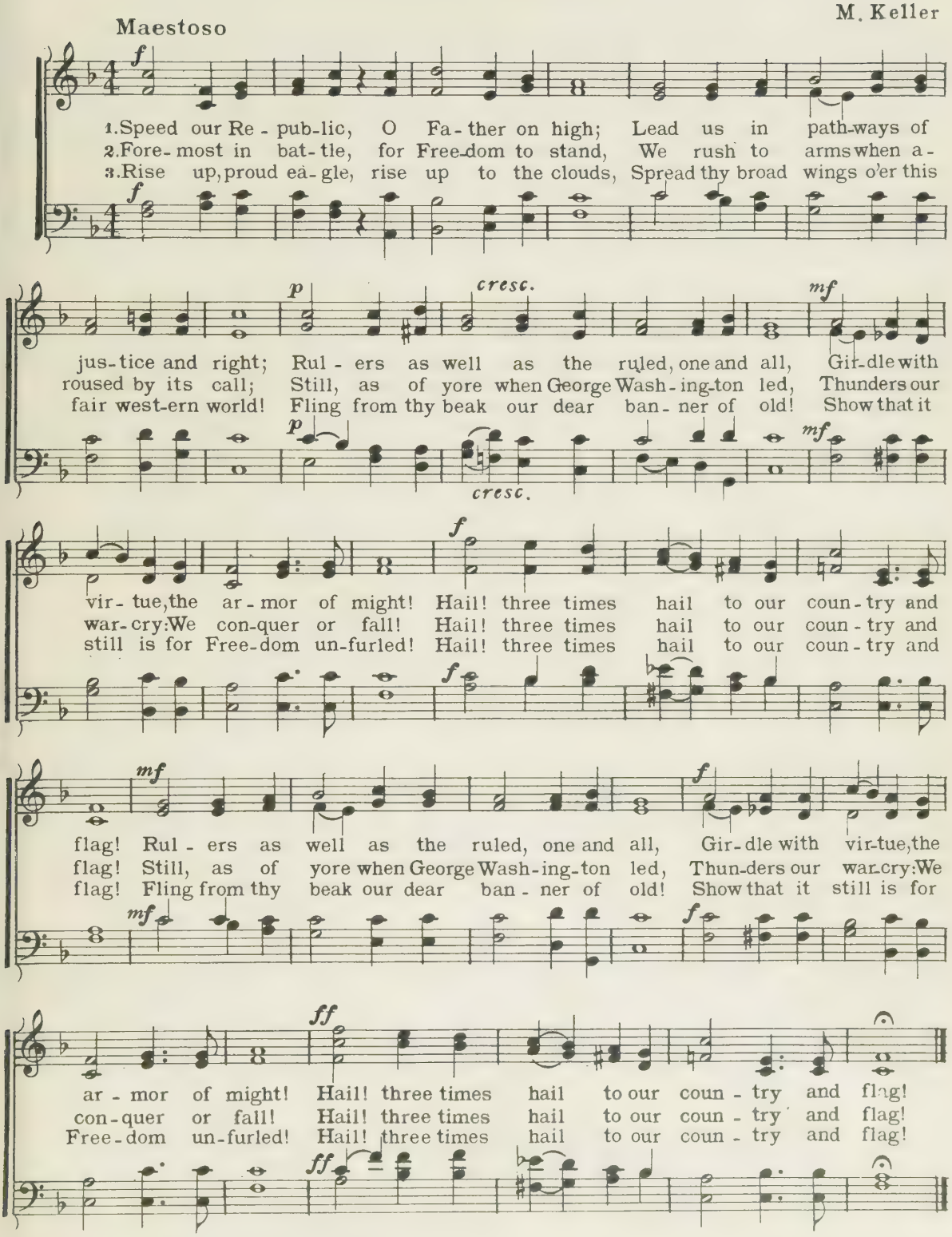
Words by Julia Ward Howe

Allegretto

1. Mine- eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con-tem-ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is marching on.
he - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is marching on."
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
CHORUS
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

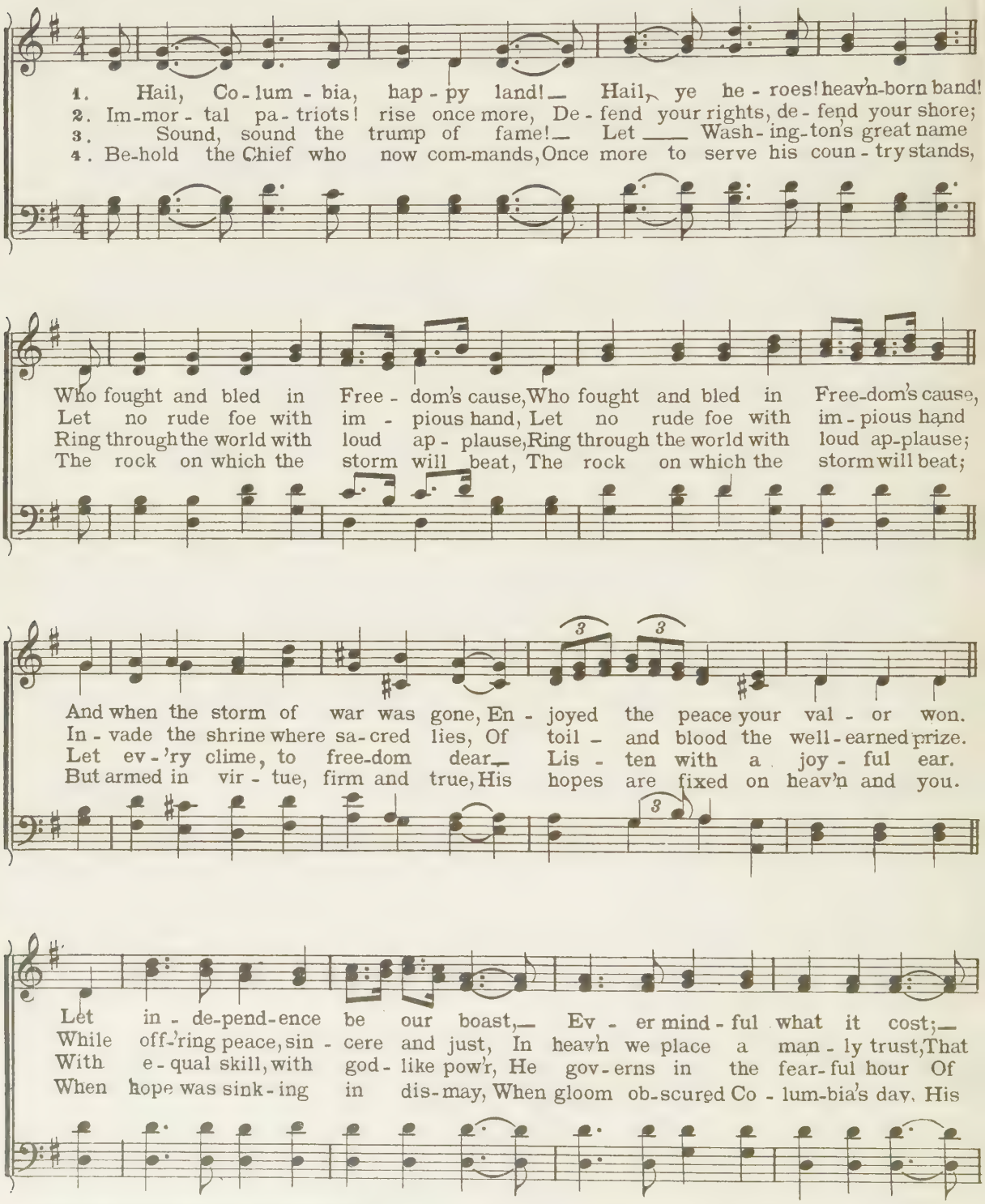
American Hymn

M. Keller

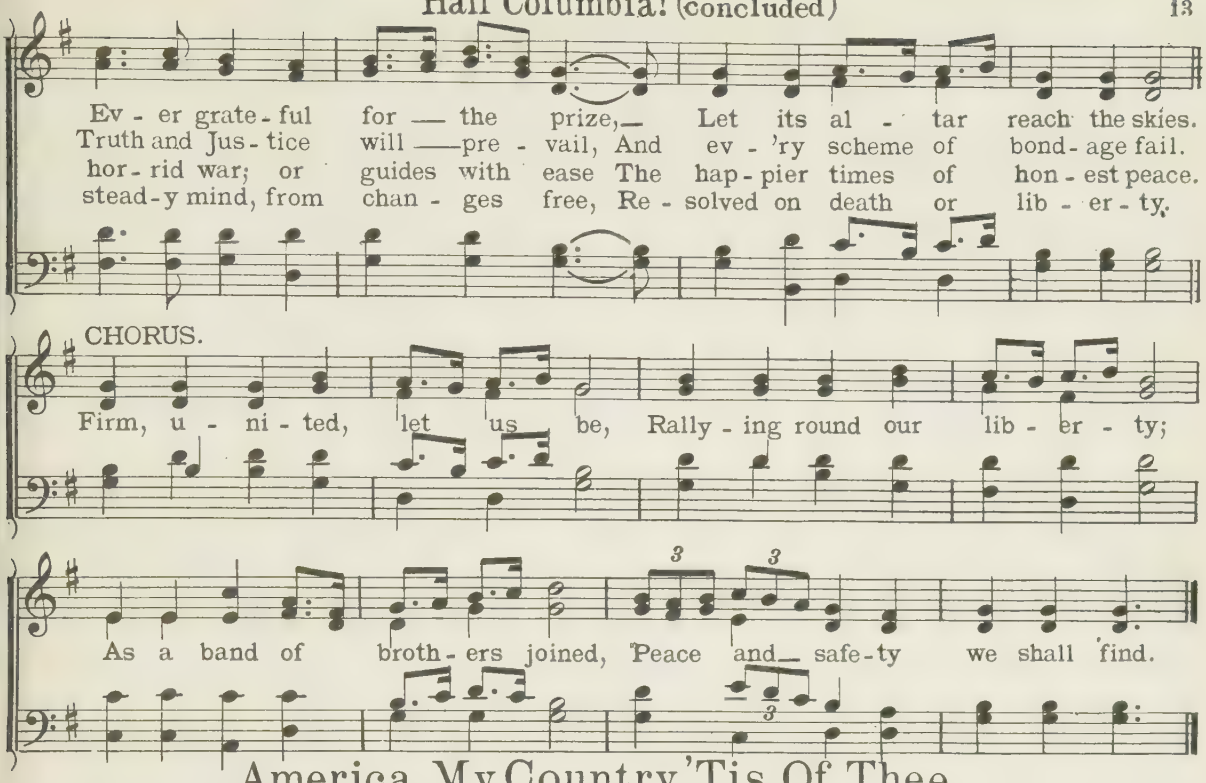

Maestoso
f
1.Speed our Re - pub-lic, O Fa - ther on high; Lead us in path-ways of
2.Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a-
3.Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this
p
cresc.
mf
jus-tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with
roused by its call; Still, as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thunders our
fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it
cresc.
vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and
war-cry: We con-quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and
still is for Free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and
flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue, the
flag! Still, as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war-cry: We
flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for
ff
ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
con-quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
Free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

Hail, Columbia!

Joseph Hopkinson — Tune: President's March


1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes! heav'n-born band!
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, De-fend your rights, de-fend your shore;
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name
4. Be-hold the Chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun-try stands,
Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause,
Let no rude foe with im-pious hand, Let no rude foe with im-pious hand
Ring through the world with loud ap-plause, Ring through the world with loud ap-plause;
The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat;
And when the storm of war was gone, En-joyed the peace your val-or won.
In-vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
Let ev-'ry clime, to free-dom dear, Lis-ten with a joy-ful ear.
But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful what it cost;
While off-'ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a man-ly trust, That
With e-qual skill, with god-like pow'r, He gov-erns in the fear-ful hour Of
When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom ob-scured Co-lum-bia's day, His

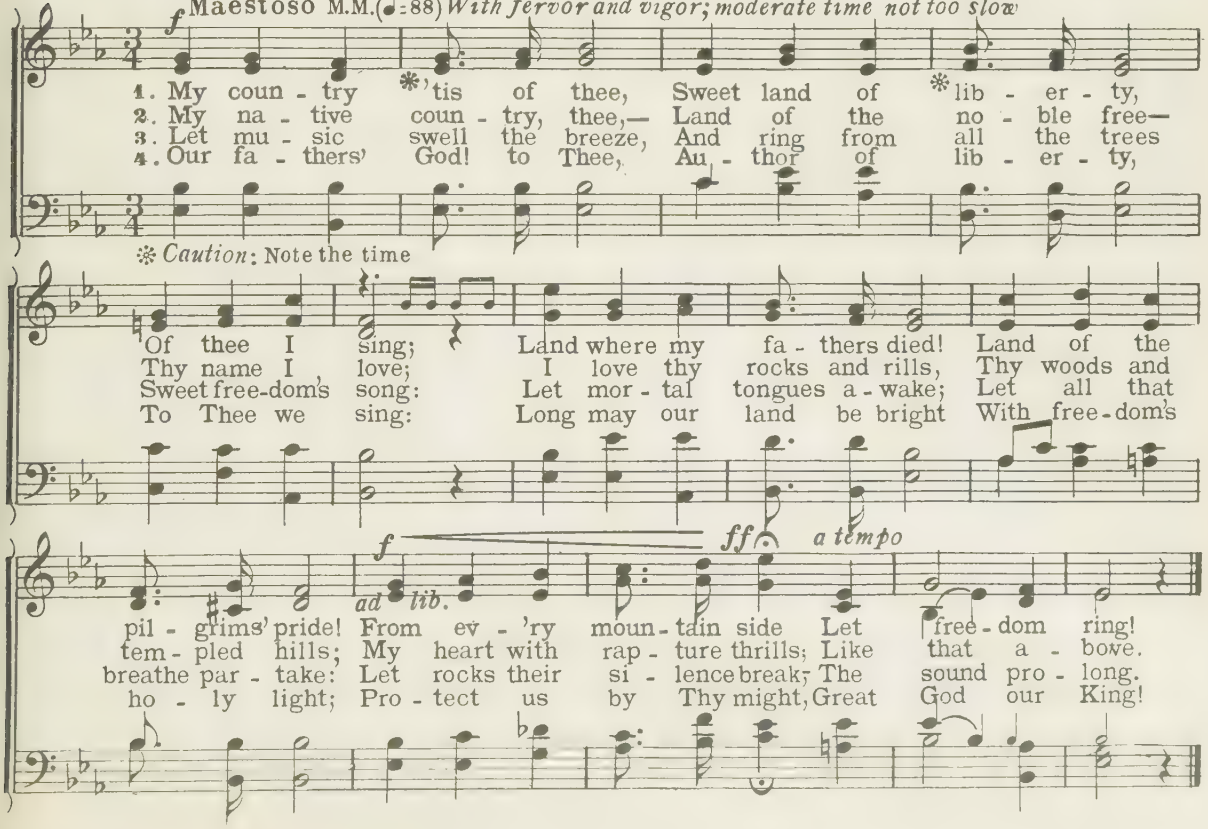
The origin of this melody is doubtful. The composer is given as Fyle, Phyla, Fayles and Fyla.


Ev - er grate - ful for — the prize,— Let its al - tar reach the skies.
Truth and Jus - tice will —pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
hor - rid war; or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chan - ges free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.
CHORUS.
Firm, u - ni - ted, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty;
As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and— safe - ty we shall find.

America, My Country 'Tis Of Thee

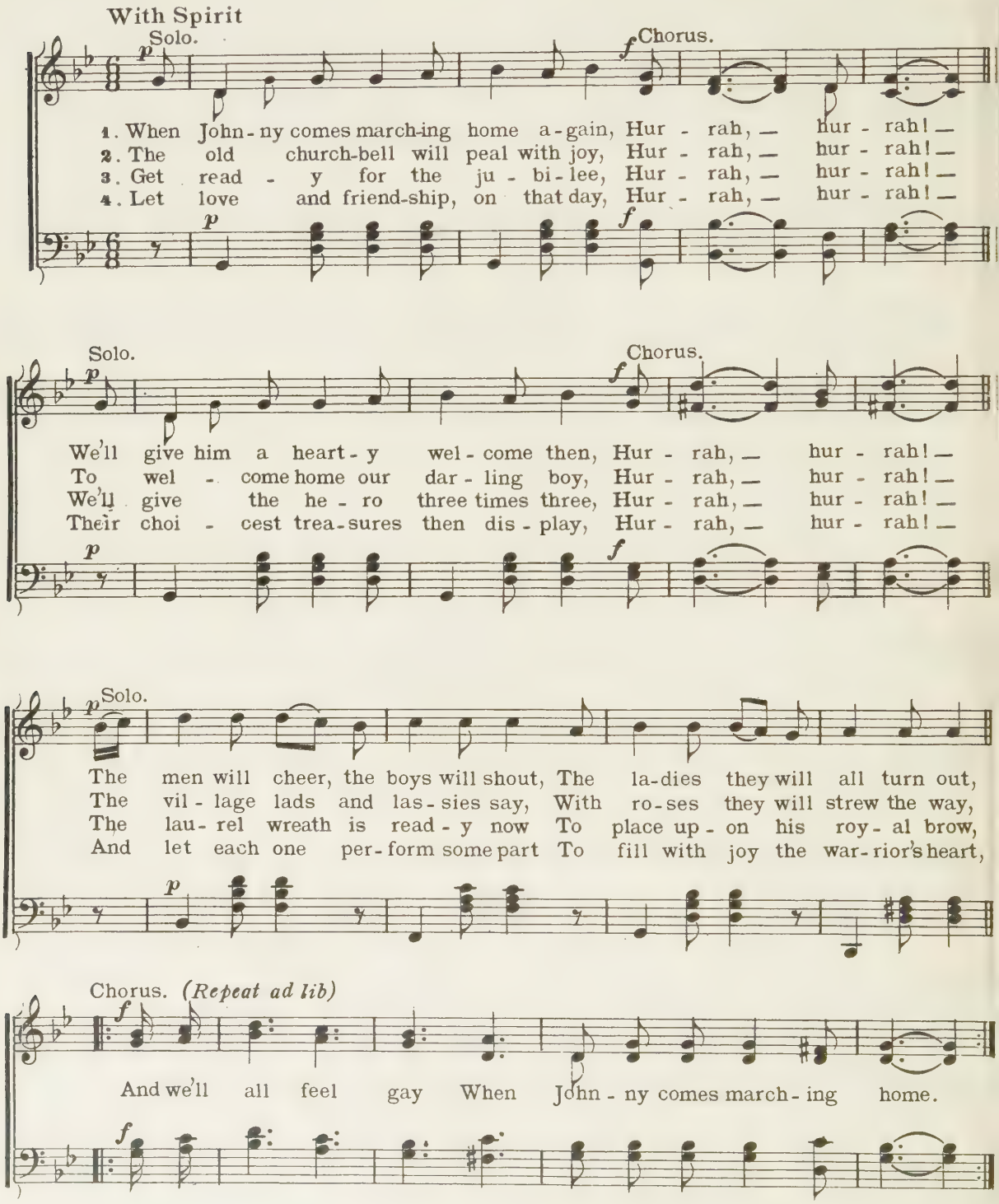
(American Tune)

S. F. Smith — James J. McCabe


Maestoso M.M.(♩=88) With fervor and vigor; moderate time not too slow
1. My coun - try *'tis of thee, Sweet land of *lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee,— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
* Caution: Note the time
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
ad lib.
pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills; Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take: Let rocks their si - lence break; The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God our King!

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Words and Music by Louis Lambert — Arr. by George Rosey

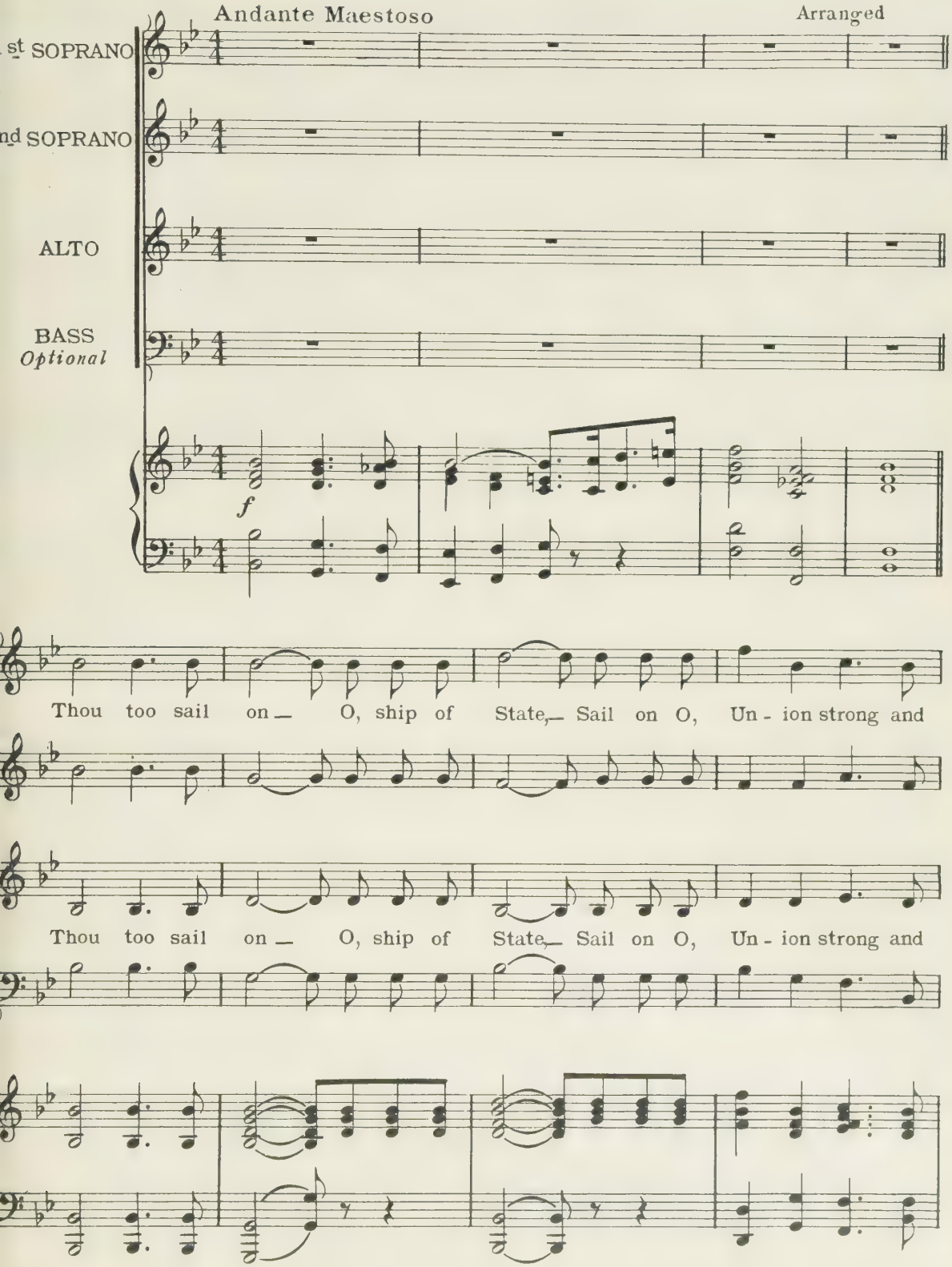

With Spirit
Solo.
Chorus.
1. When John - ny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
2. The old church-bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
4. Let love and friend-ship, on that day, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
Solo.
Chorus.
We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
Their choi - cest trea - sures then dis - play, Hur - rah, — hur - rah! —
Solo.
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la-dies they will all turn out,
The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,
The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To place up - on his roy - al brow,
And let each one per - form some part To fill with joy the war - rior's heart,
Chorus. (Repeat ad lib)
And we'll all feel gay When John - ny comes march - ing home.

The Ship Of State

H.W. Longfellow

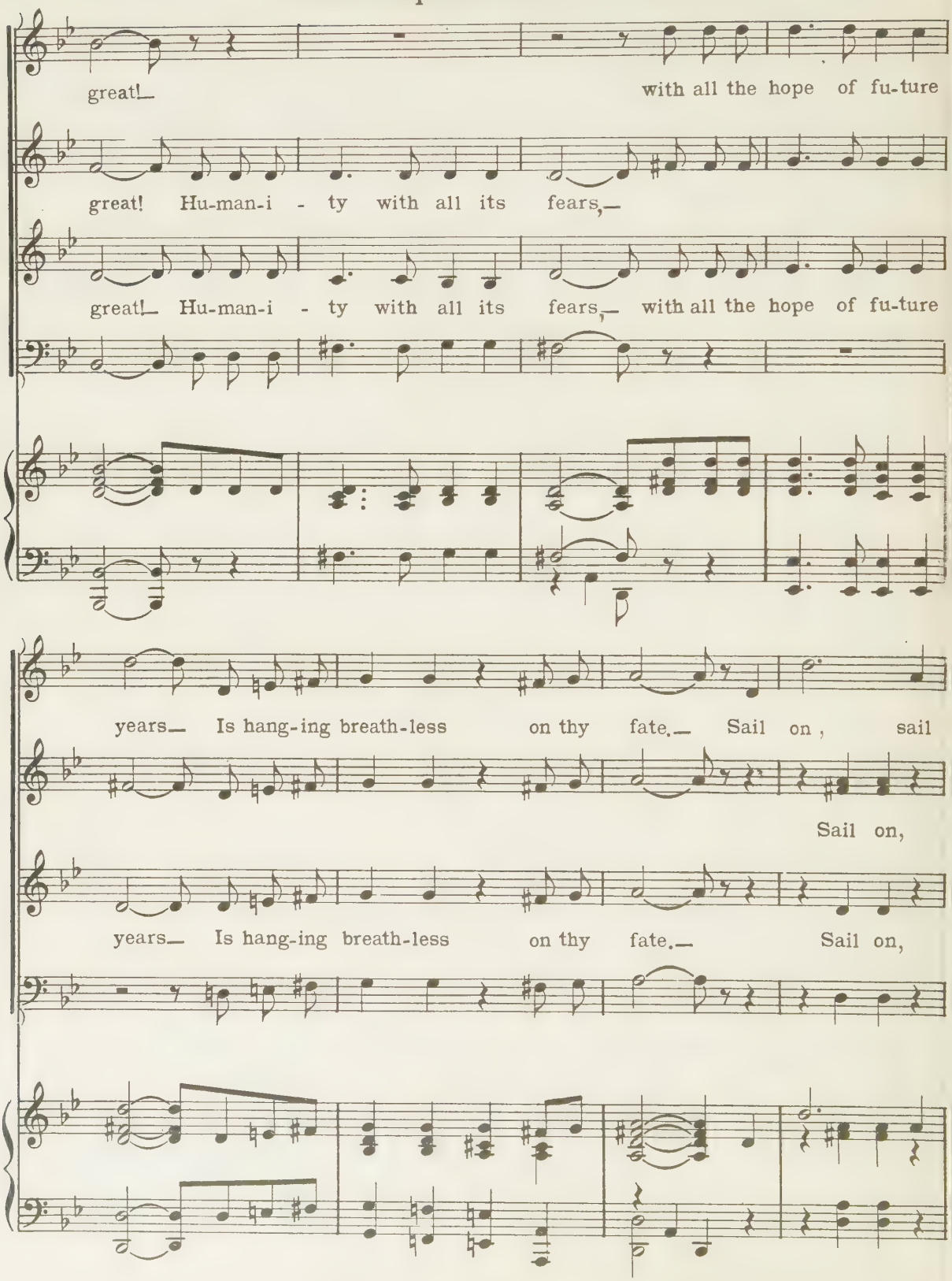
George H. Gartlan
Arranged

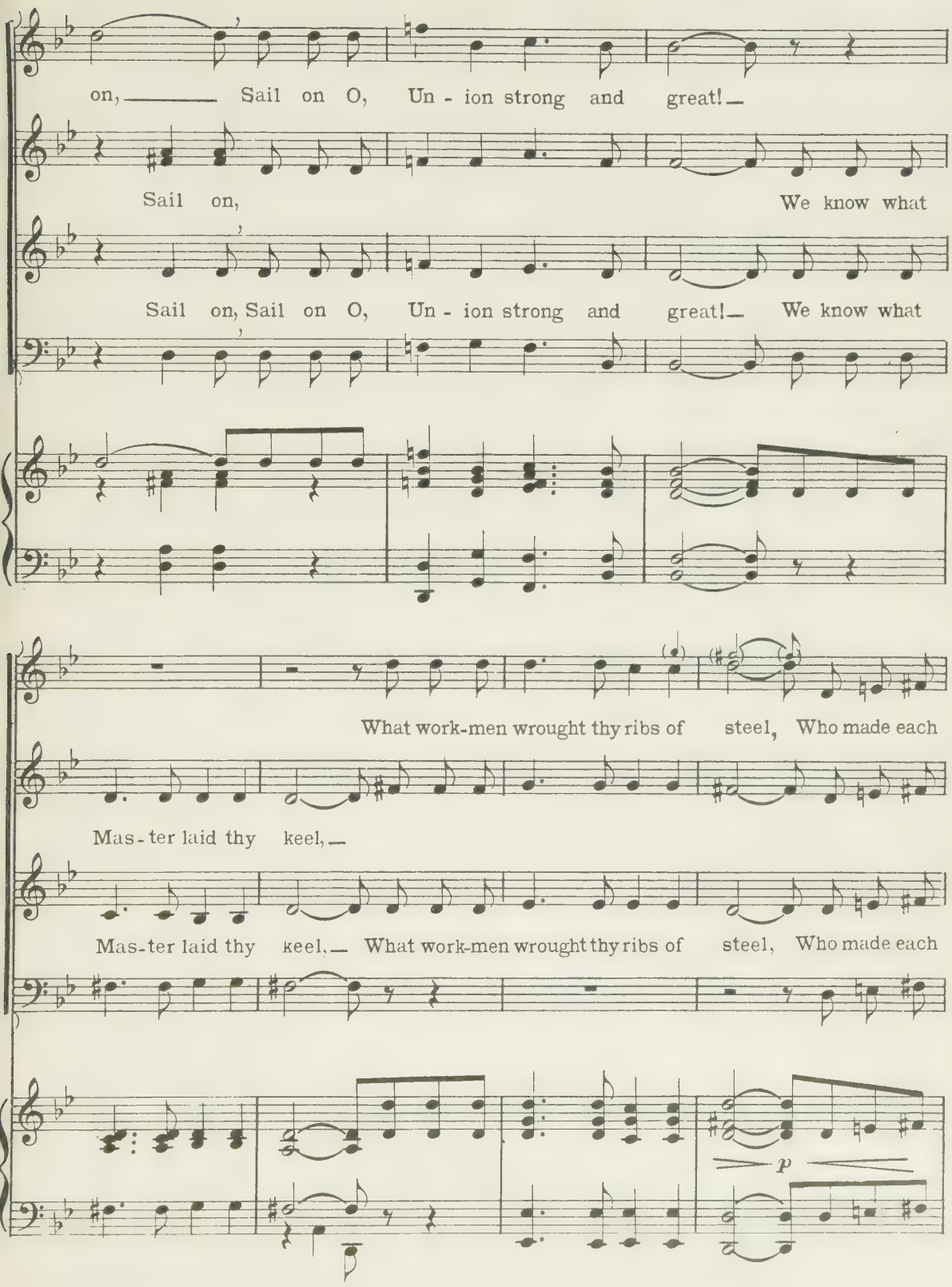
Andante Maestoso


1st SOPRANO
2nd SOPRANO
ALTO
BASS
Optional
f
Thou too sail on — O, ship of State, — Sail on O, Un - ion strong and
Thou too sail on — O, ship of State, — Sail on O, Un - ion strong and

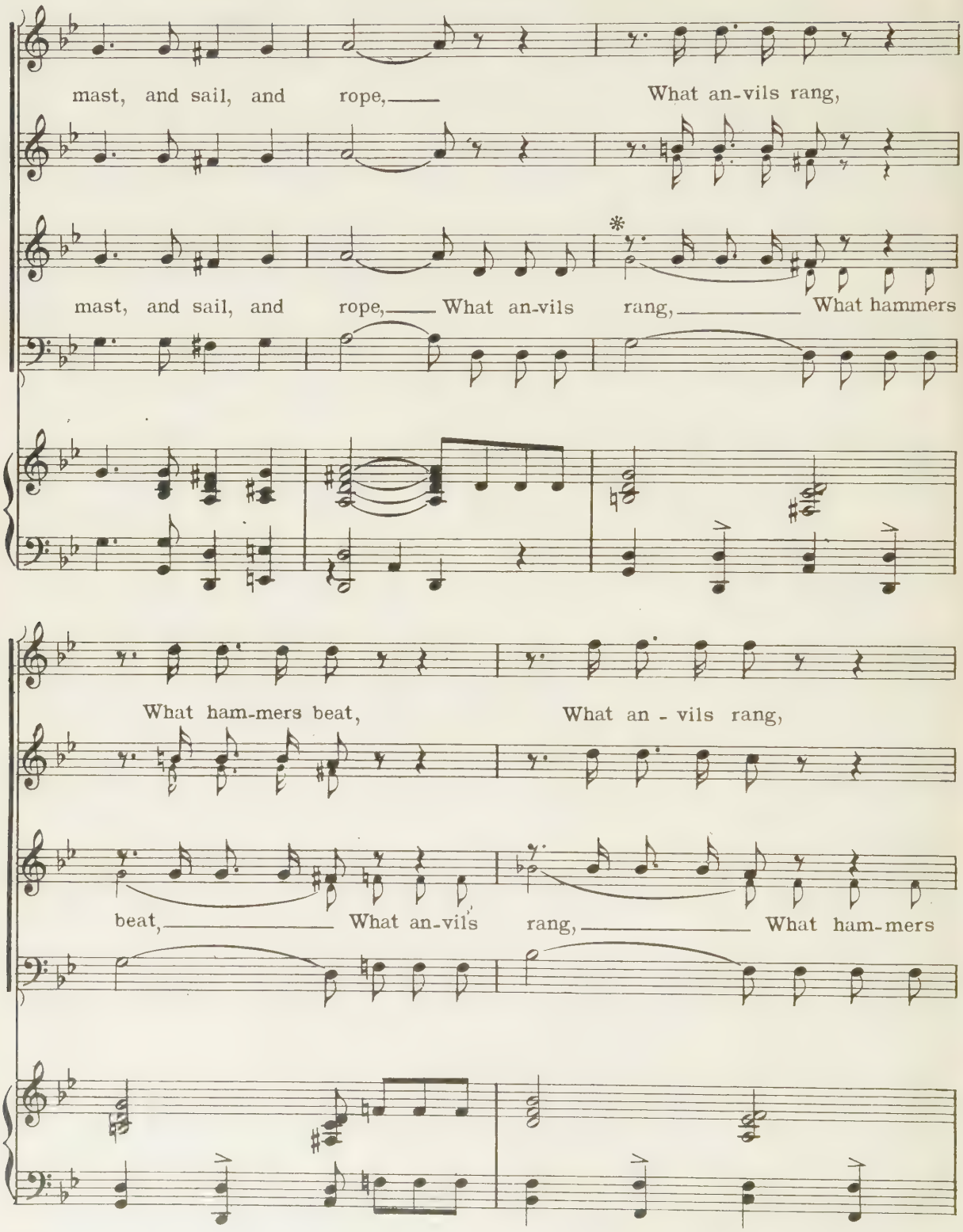
Complete in three parts without Bass

The Ship Of State (Continued)

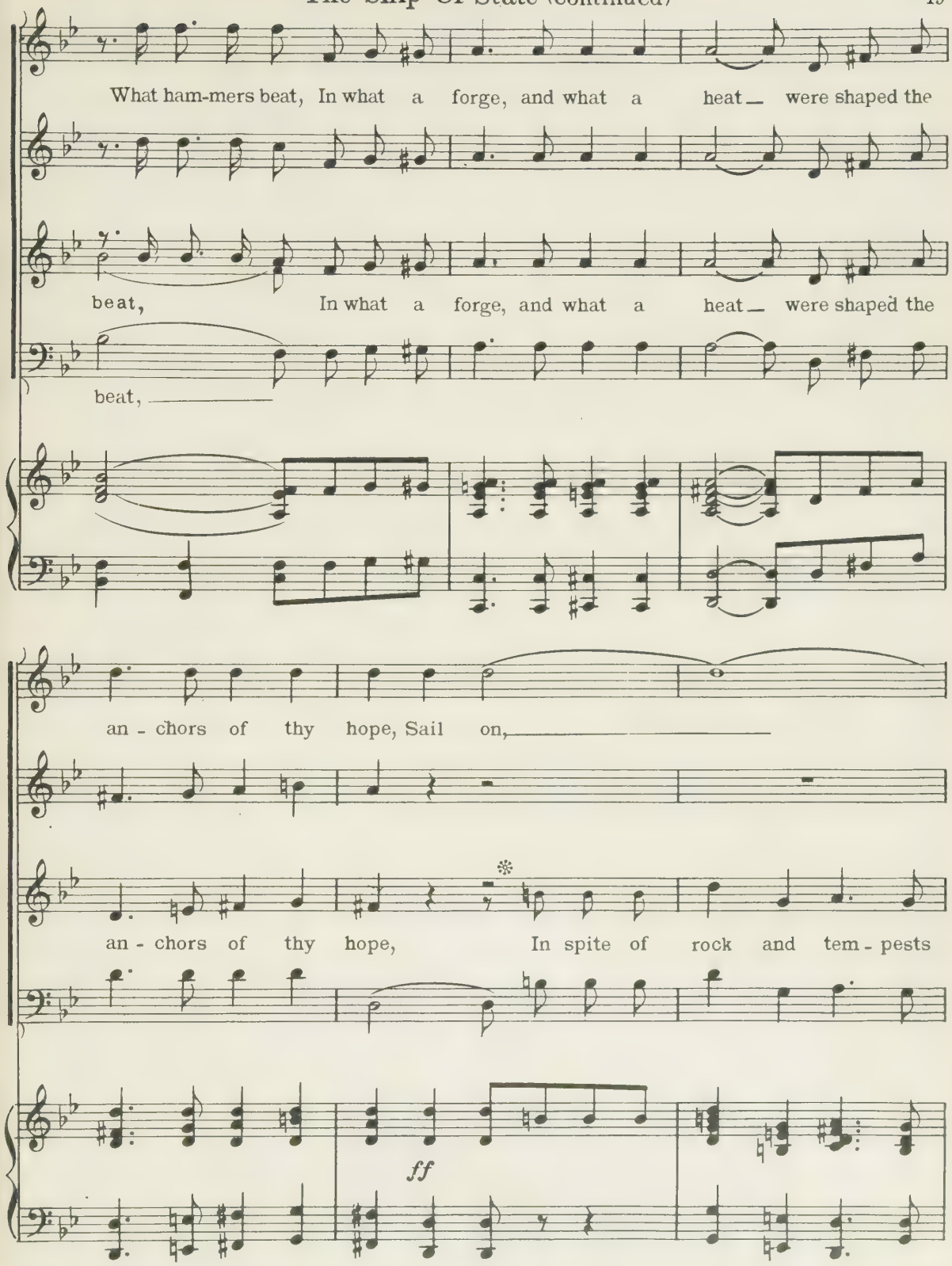

great!
with all the hope of fu-ture
great! Hu-man-i - ty with all its fears,
great! Hu-man-i - ty with all its fears, with all the hope of fu-ture
years Is hang-ing breath-less on thy fate. Sail on, sail
Sail on,
years Is hang-ing breath-less on thy fate. Sail on,


on, Sail on O, Un - ion strong and great!
Sail on,
We know what
Sail on, Sail on O, Un - ion strong and great! We know what
What work-men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each
Mas-ter laid thy keel,
Mas-ter laid thy keel, What work-men wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each
p

The Ship Of State (Continued)

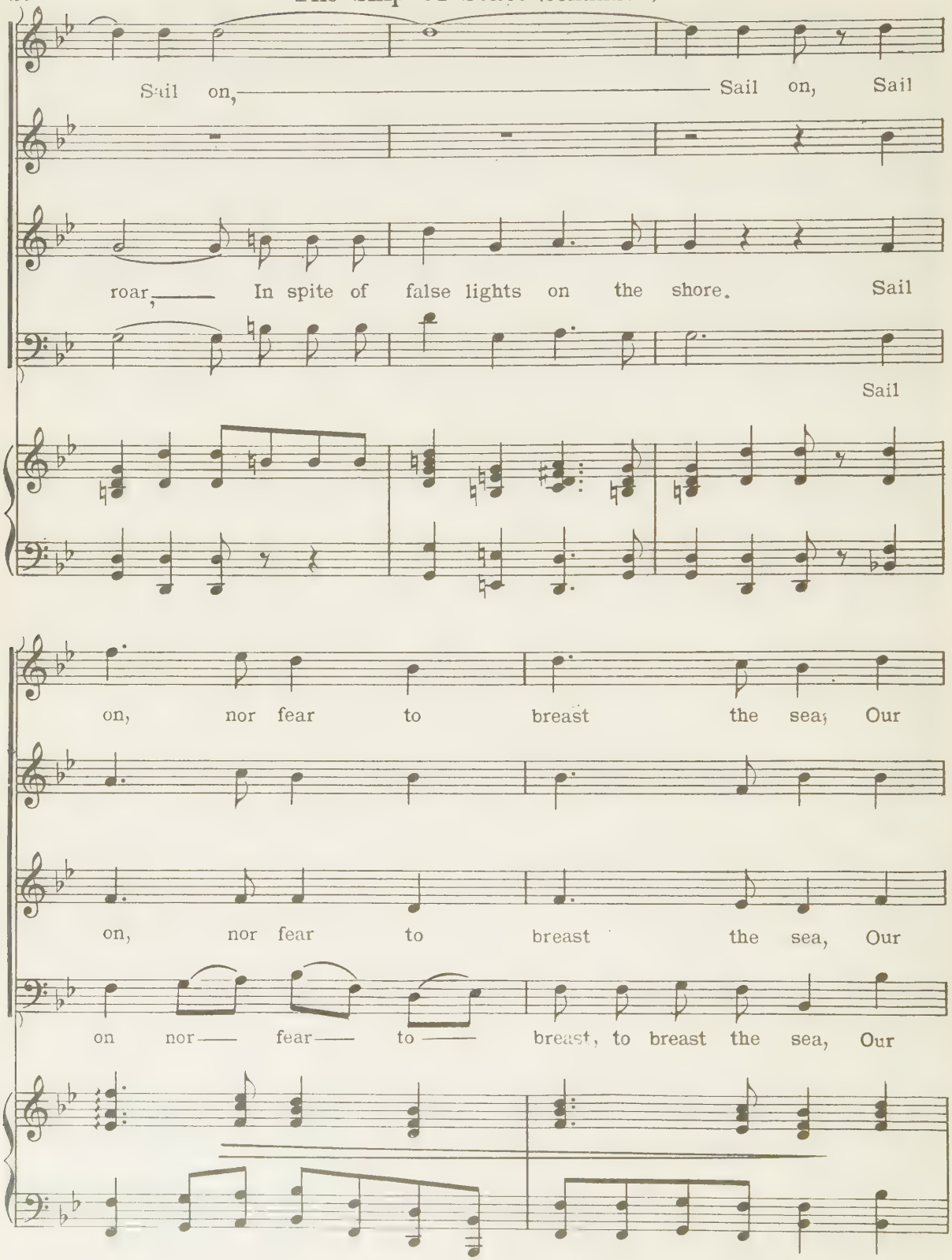

mast, and sail, and rope,—— What an-vils rang,
mast, and sail, and rope,—— What an-vils rang,—— What hammers
What ham-mers beat, What an - vils rang,
beat,—— What an-vil's rang,—— What ham-mers

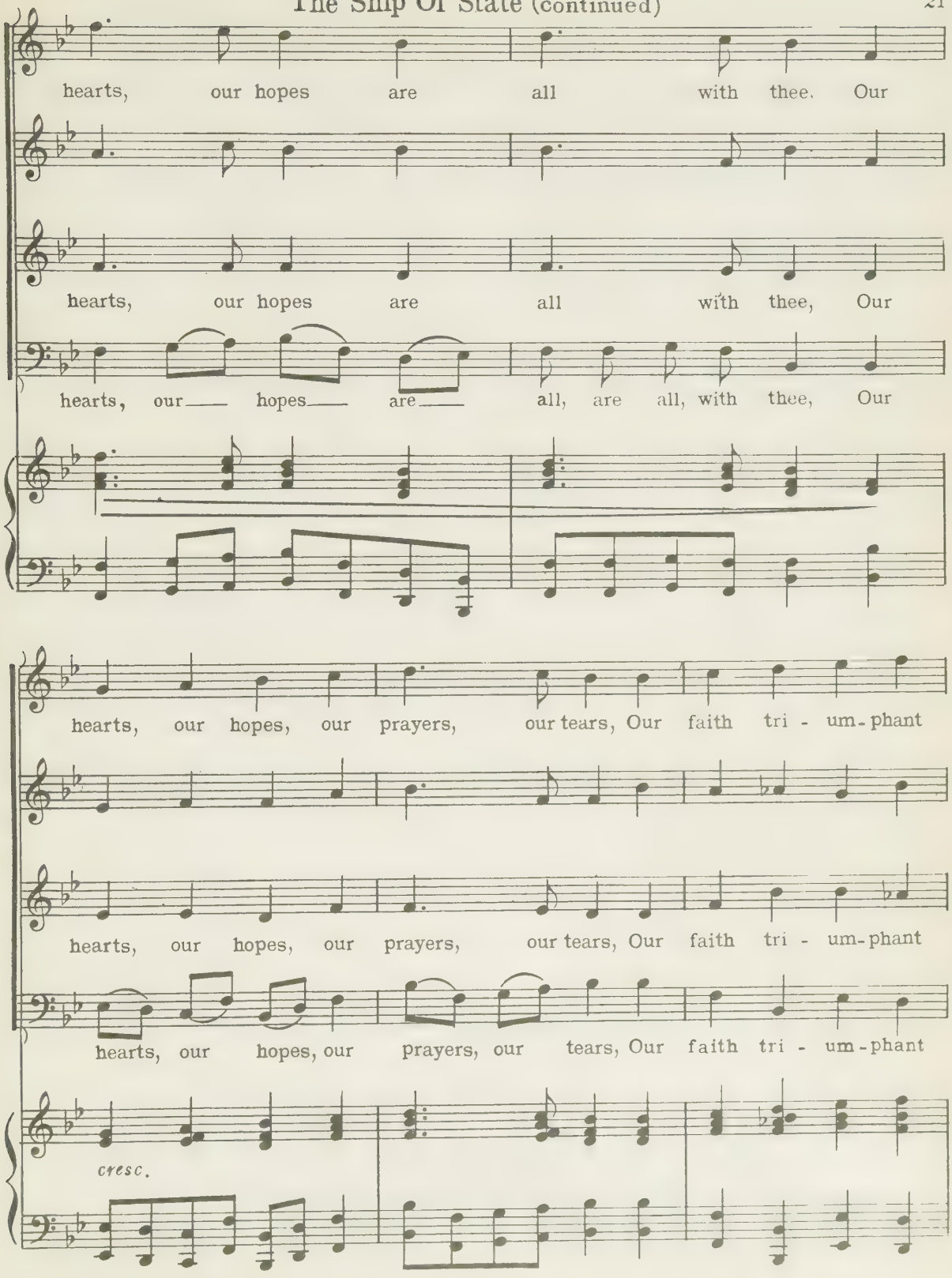
* If no Basses are available, Altos sing lower notes


What ham-mers beat, In what a forge, and what a heat_ were shaped the
beat, In what a forge, and what a heat_ were shaped the
beat,
an - chors of thy hope, Sail on,
an - chors of thy hope, In spite of rock and tem - pests
ff

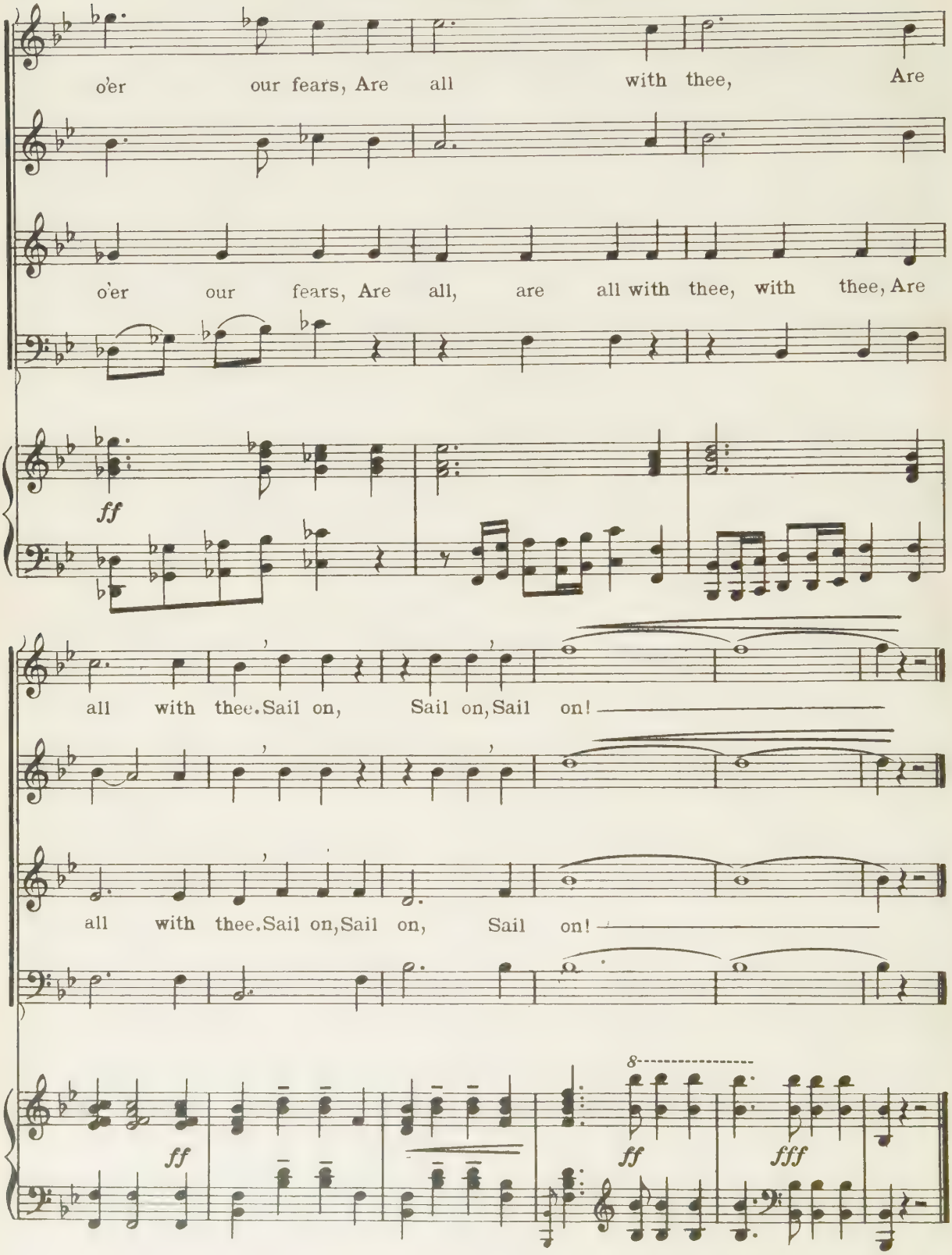
* Without Basses, Altos sing this melody

The Ship Of State (continued)


Sail on, Sail on, Sail
roar, In spite of false lights on the shore. Sail
Sail
on, nor fear to breast the sea; Our
on, nor fear to breast the sea, Our
on nor fear to breast, to breast the sea, Our

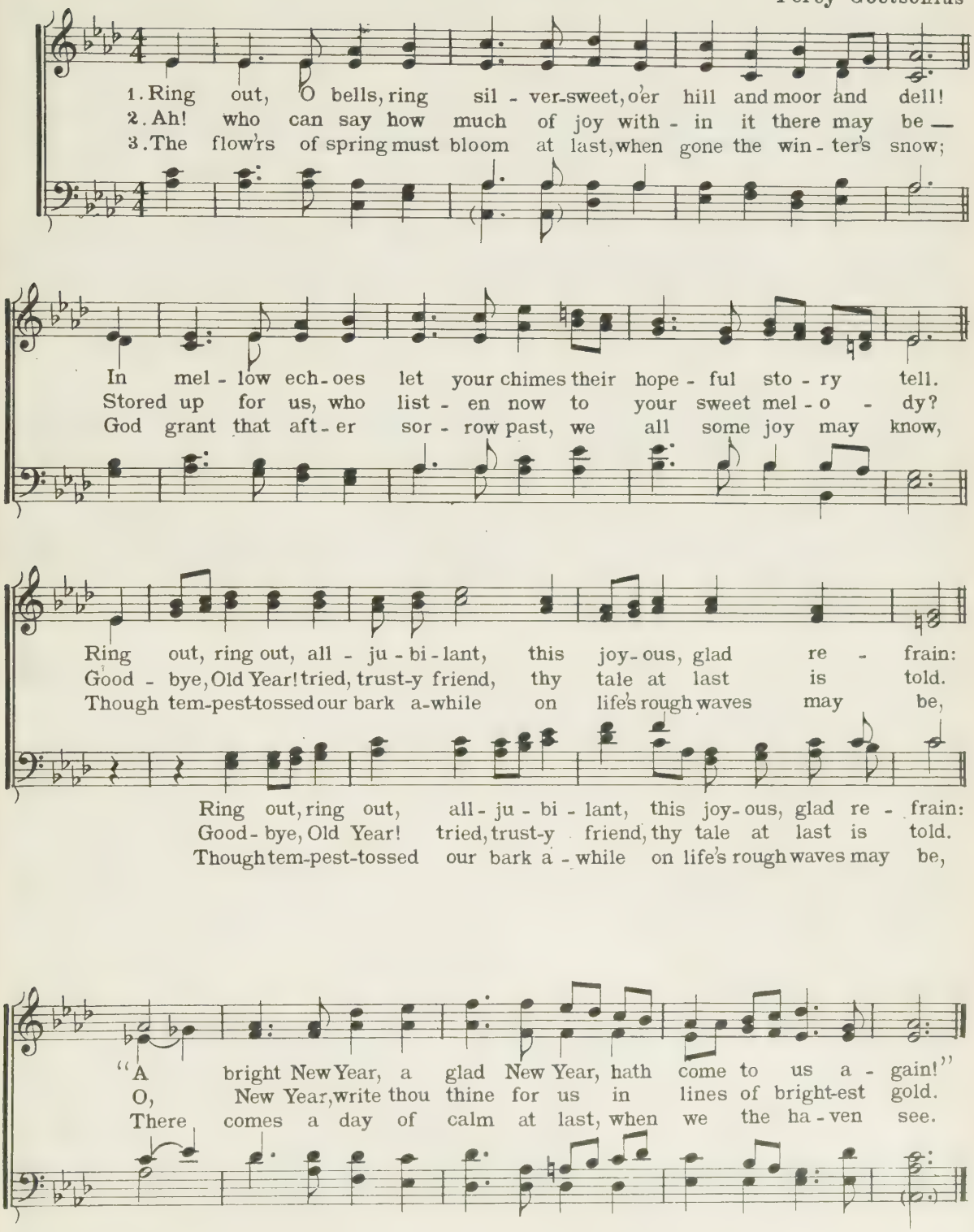

hearts, our hopes are all with thee. Our
hearts, our hopes are all with thee, Our
hearts, our hopes are all, are all, with thee, Our
hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - um-phant
hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - um-phant
hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith tri - um-phant
cresc.

The Ship Of State (concluded)


o'er our fears, Are all with thee, Are
o'er our fears, Are all, are all with thee, with thee, Are
ff
all with thee. Sail on, Sail on, Sail on!
all with thee. Sail on, Sail on, Sail on!
8
ff
ff
fff

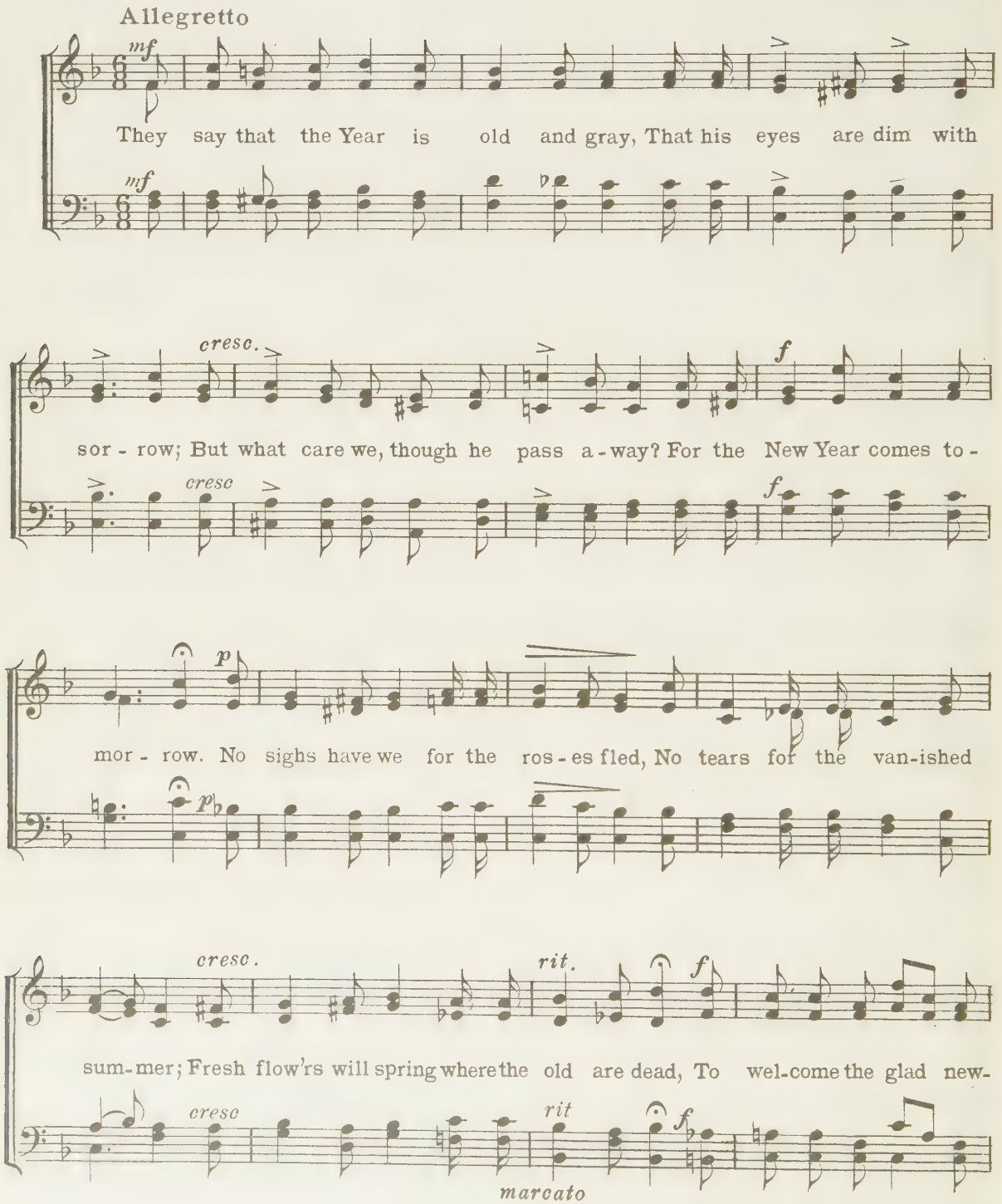
The New Year

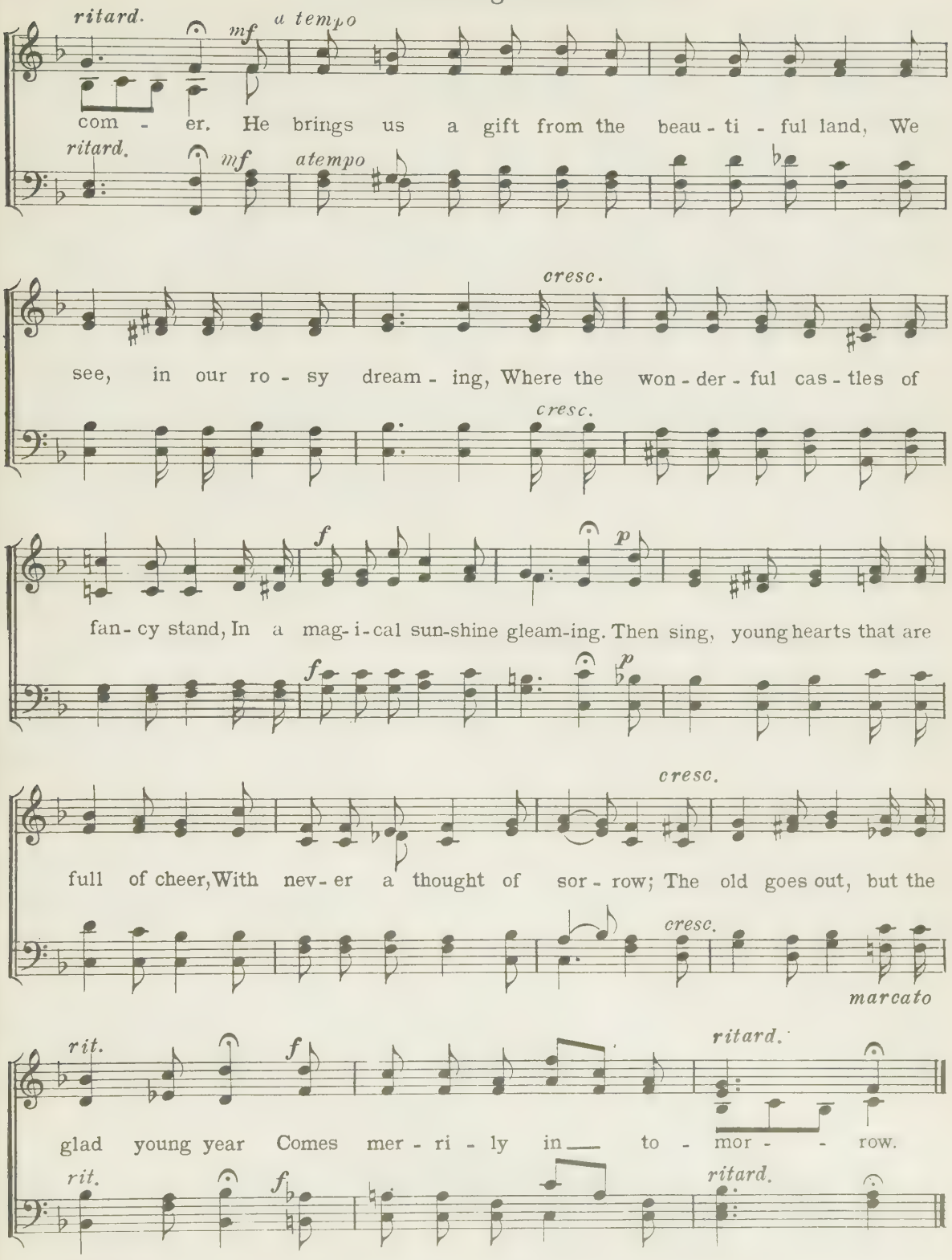
Percy Goetschius


1. Ring out, O bells, ring sil - ver-sweet, o'er hill and moor and dell!
2. Ah! who can say how much of joy with - in it there may be —
3. The flow'rs of spring must bloom at last, when gone the win - ter's snow;
In mel - low ech - oes let your chimes their hope - ful sto - ry tell.
Stored up for us, who list - en now to your sweet mel - o - dy?
God grant that aft - er sor - row past, we all some joy may know,
Ring out, ring out, all - ju - bi - lant, this joy - ous, glad re - frain:
Good - bye, Old Year! tried, trust-y friend, thy tale at last is told.
Though tem-pest-tossed our bark a-while on life's rough waves may be,
Ring out, ring out, all - ju - bi - lant, this joy - ous, glad re - frain:
Good - bye, Old Year! tried, trust-y friend, thy tale at last is told.
Though tem-pest-tossed our bark a - while on life's rough waves may be,
"A bright New Year, a glad New Year, hath come to us a - gain!"
O, New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of bright-est gold.
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the ha - ven see.

New Year Song

Emily Huntington Miller — Leo Ochmler


Allegretto
mf
They say that the Year is old and gray, That his eyes are dim with
cresc.
f
sor - row; But what care we, though he pass a - way? For the New Year comes to -
cresc
f
p
mor - row. No sighs have we for the ros - es fled, No tears for the van-ished
p
cresc.
rit.
f
sum-mer; Fresh flow'rs will spring where the old are dead, To wel-come the glad new-
cresc
rit
f
marcato


ritard.
mf
a tempo
com - er. He brings us a gift from the beau - ti - ful land, We
ritard.
mf
atempo
cresc.
see, in our ro - sy dream - ing, Where the won - der - ful cas - tles of
cresc.
f
p
fan - cy stand, In a mag - i - cal sun-shine gleam-ing. Then sing, young hearts that are
f
p
cresc.
full of cheer, With nev - er a thought of sor - row; The old goes out, but the
cresc.
marcato
rit.
f
ritard.
glad young year Comes mer - ri - ly in to - mor - row.
rit.
f
ritard.

For Lincoln's Birthday

Arthur Guiterman

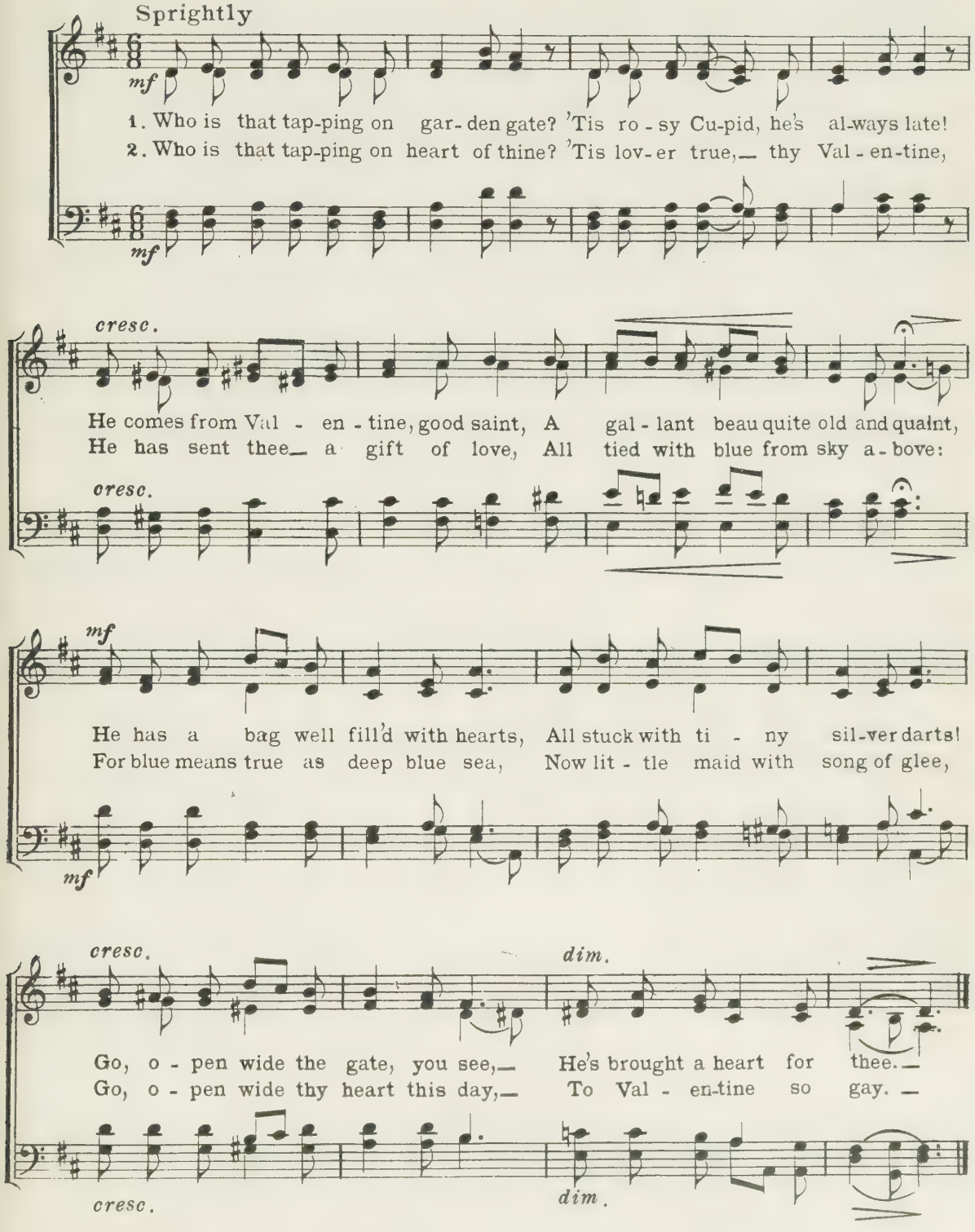
George Hughes

Andante

The stead-fast
soul; the calm, clear brain that planned, His coun-try's weal; the gen-tle rug-ged
hand,— That freed three mil-lion slaves by stroke of pen;— The great strong
heart that held but love for men;— A mem - o - ry more sweet, more bright than
Fame— All these we pledge in pledg-ing Linc - oln's name.—

St. Valentine

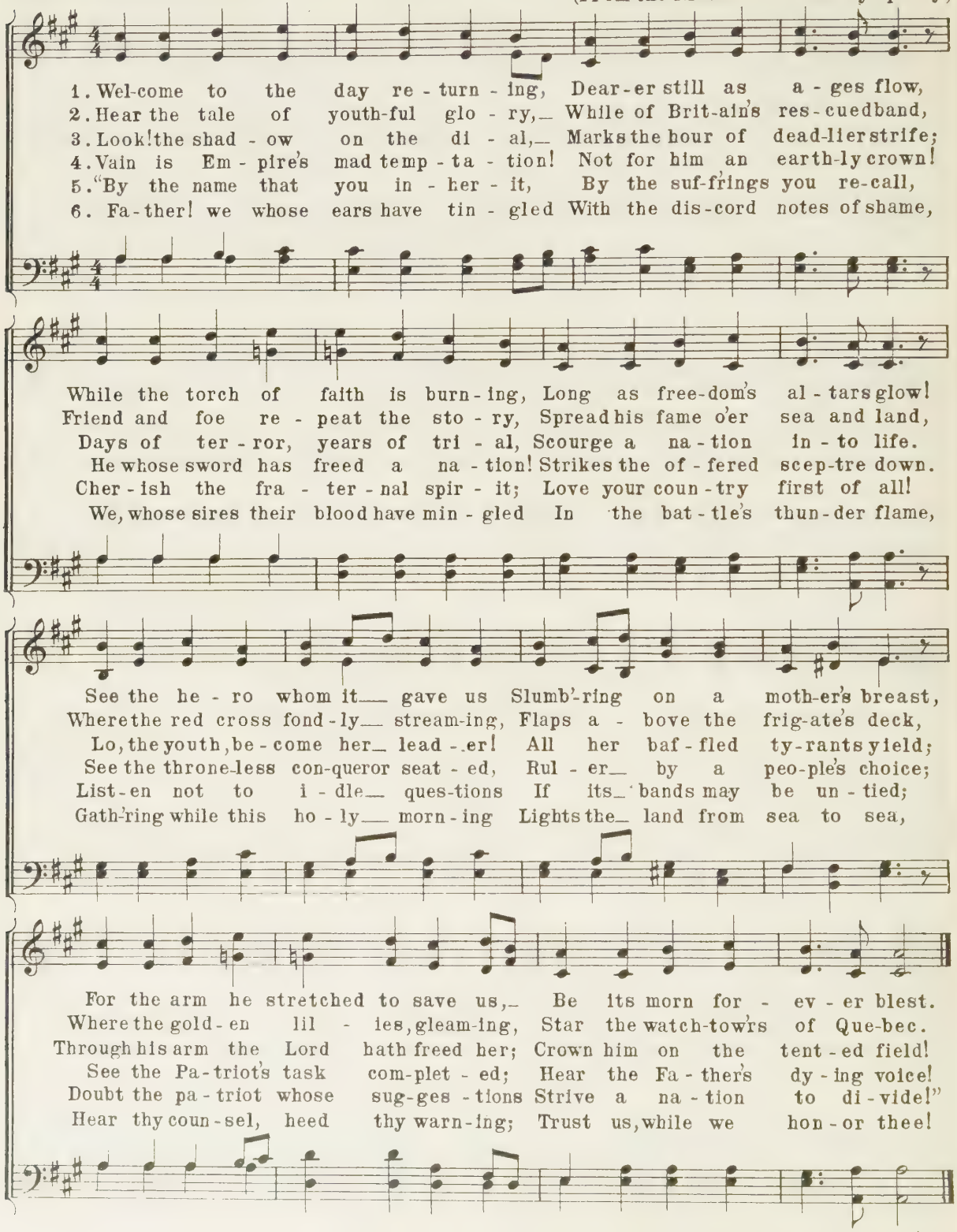
Rena I. Halsey


Sprightly
mf
1. Who is that tap-ping on gar-den gate? 'Tis ro-sy Cu-pid, he's al-ways late!
2. Who is that tap-ping on heart of thine? 'Tis lov-er true,— thy Val-en-tine,
mf
cresc.
He comes from Val - en - tine, good saint, A gal - lant beau quite old and quaint,
He has sent thee— a gift of love, All tied with blue from sky a - bove:
cresc.
mf
He has a bag well fill'd with hearts, All stuck with ti - ny sil-ver darts!
For blue means true as deep blue sea, Now lit - tle maid with song of glee,
mf
cresc.
dim.
Go, o - pen wide the gate, you see,— He's brought a heart for thee.—
Go, o - pen wide thy heart this day,— To Val - en-tine so gay. —
cresc.
dim.

Ode For Washington's Birthday

Oliver Wendell Holmes

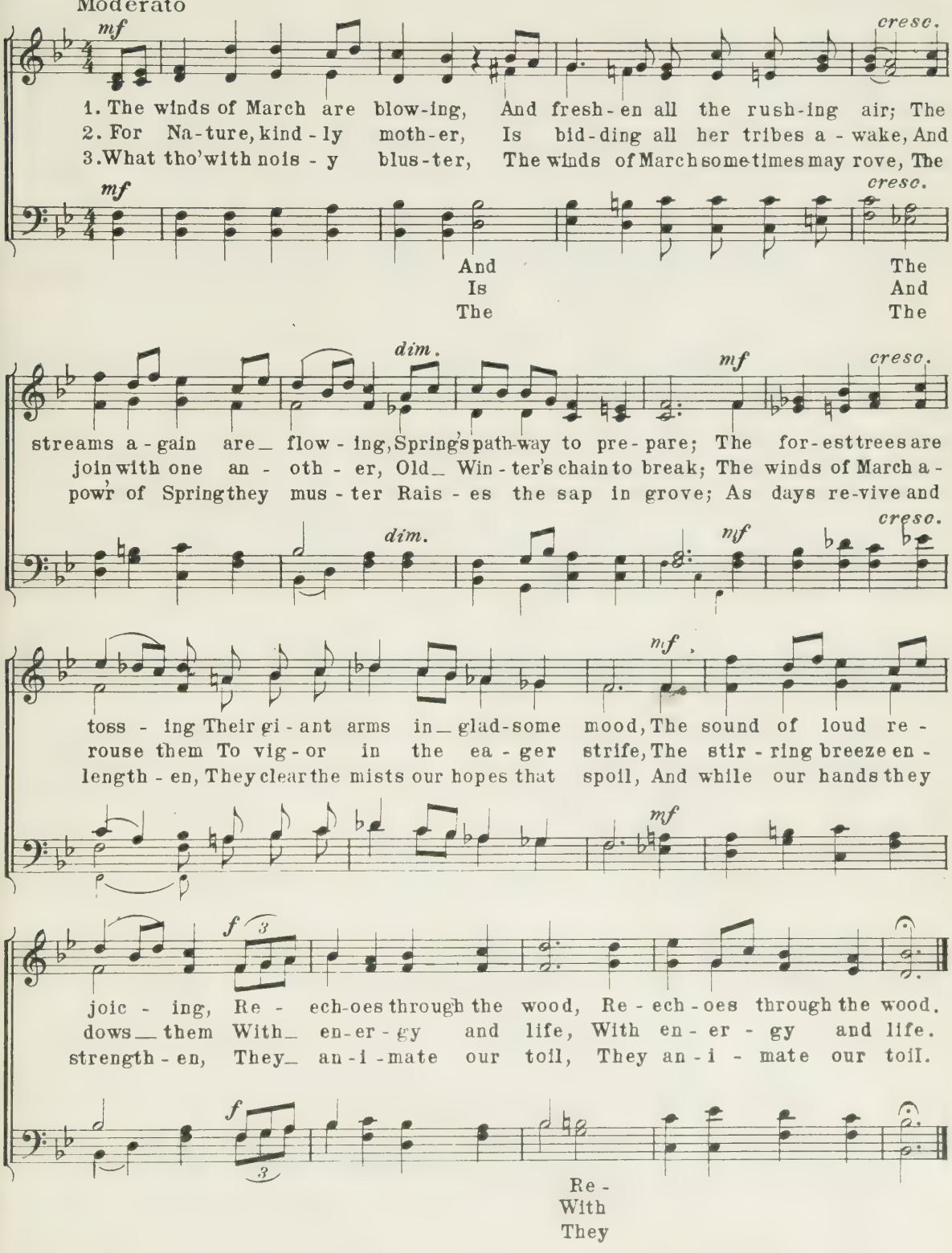
Beethoven
(From the Ninth or Choral Symphony.)


1. Wel-come to the day re - turn - ing, Dear-er still as a - ges flow,
While the torch of faith is burn - ing, Long as free-dom's al - tars glow!
See the he - ro whom it gave us Slumb'-ring on a moth-er's breast,
For the arm he stretched to save us, Be its morn for - ev - er blest.
2. Hear the tale of youth-ful glo - ry, While of Brit-ain's res - cued band,
Friend and foe re - peat the sto - ry, Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
Where the red cross fond - ly stream-ing, Flaps a - bove the frig-ate's deck,
Where the gold - en lil - ies, gleam-ing, Star the watch-tow'rs of Que-bec.
3. Look! the shad - ow on the di - al, Marks the hour of dead-lier strife;
Days of ter - ror, years of tri - al, Scourge a na - tion in - to life.
Lo, the youth, be - come her lead - er! All her baf - fled ty-rants yield;
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her; Crown him on the tent - ed field!
4. Vain is Em - pire's mad temp - ta - tion! Not for him an earth-ly crown!
He whose sword has freed a na - tion! Strikes the of - fered scep-tre down.
See the throne-less con-queror seat - ed, Rul - er by a peo-ple's choice;
See the Pa-triot's task com-plet - ed; Hear the Fa - ther's dy - ing voice!
5. "By the name that you in - her - it, By the suf-frings you re-call,
Cher - ish the fra - ter - nal spir - it; Love your coun - try first of all!
List - en not to i - dle ques-tions If its bands may be un - tied;
Doubt the pa - triot whose sug-ges - tions Strive a na - tion to di - vide!"
6. Fa - ther! we whose ears have tin - gled With the dis-cord notes of shame,
We, whose sires their blood have min - gled In the bat - tle's thun - der flame,
Gath'-ring while this ho - ly morn - ing Lights the land from sea to sea,
Hear thy coun - sel, heed thy warn - ing; Trust us, while we hon - or thee!

The Winds Of March Are Blowing

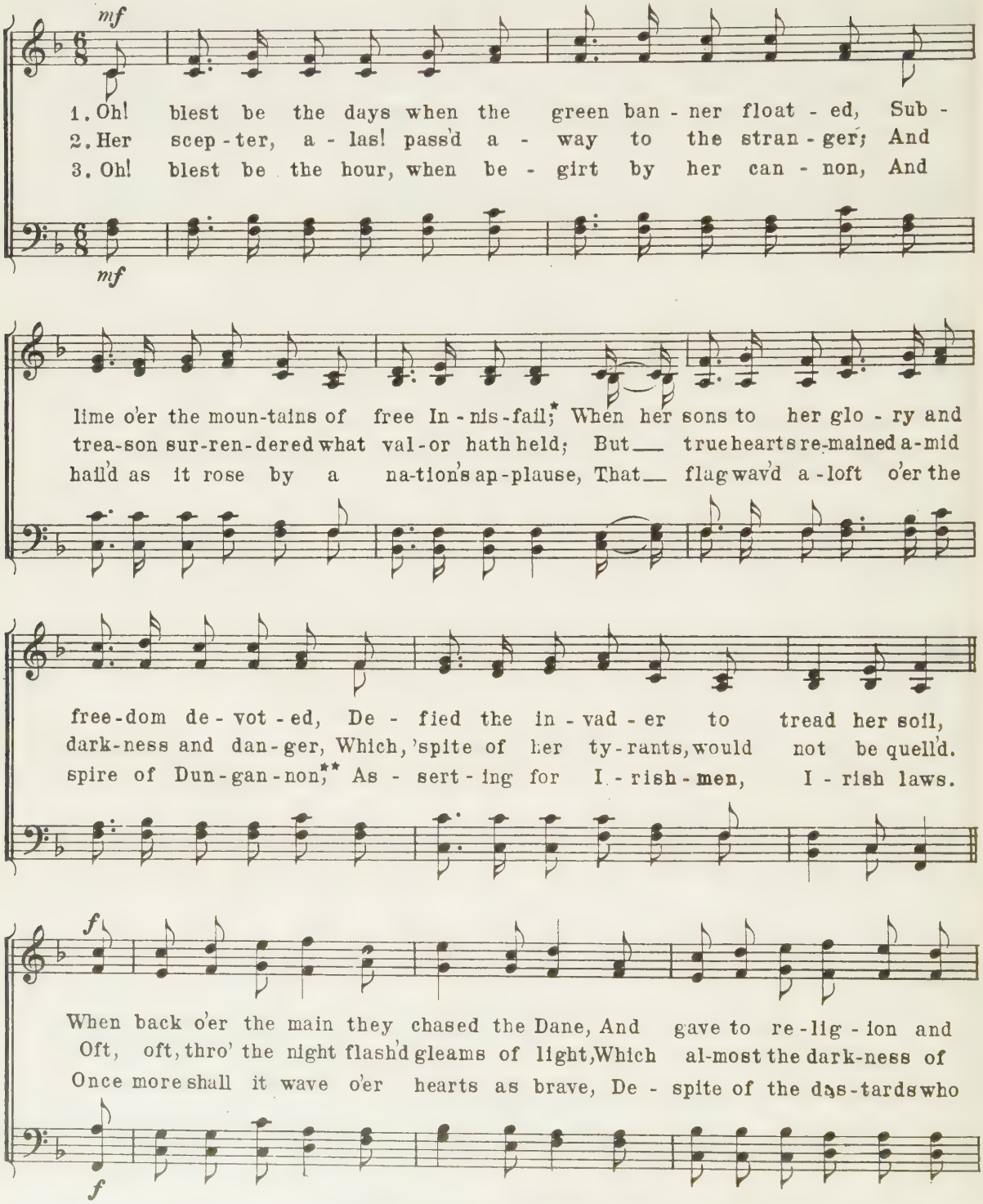
A. F. M. Custance

Moderato

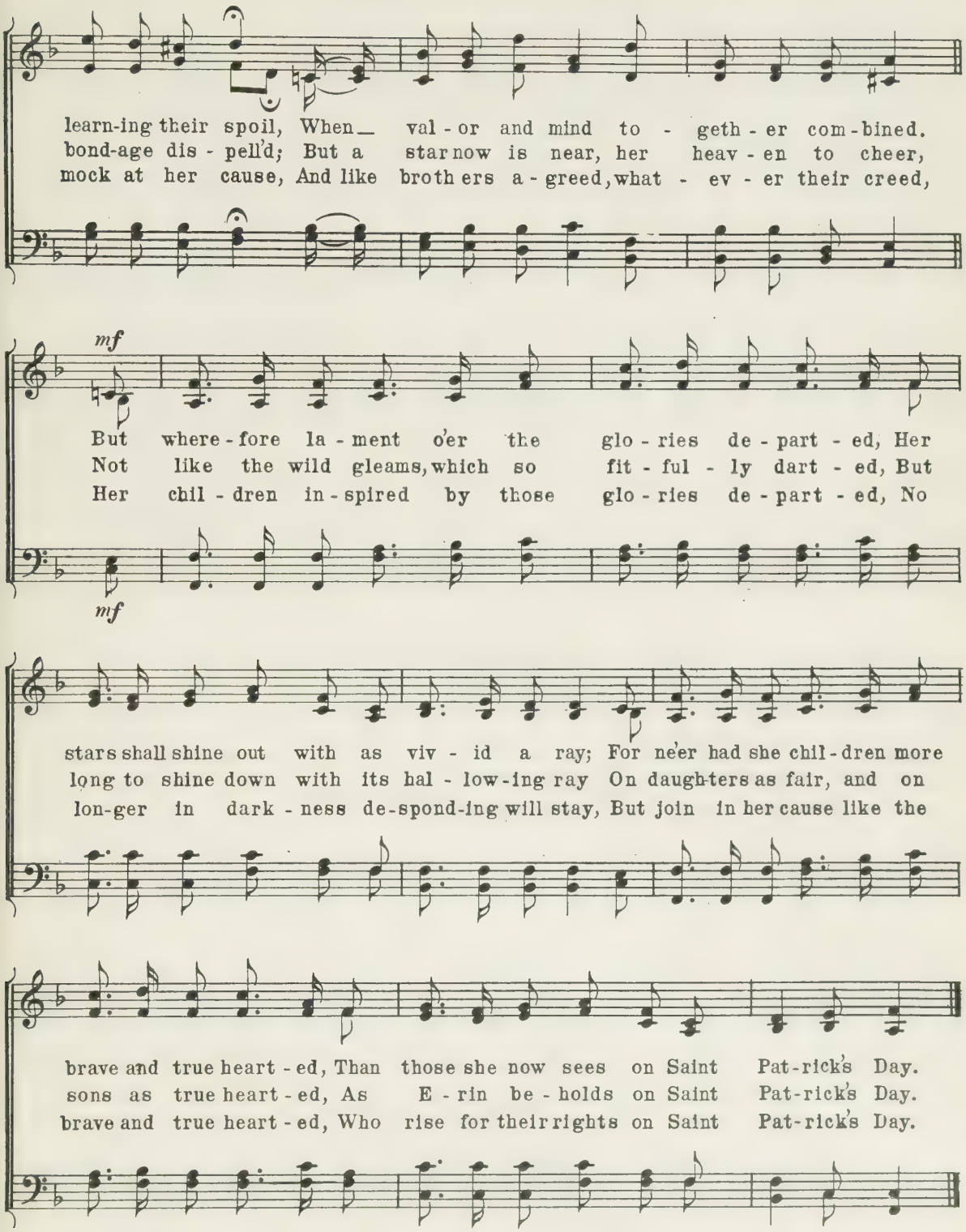

mf
cresc.
1. The winds of March are blow-ing, And fresh-en all the rush-ing air; The
2. For Na-ture, kind-ly moth-er, Is bid-ding all her tribes a-wake, And
3. What tho' with nois-y blus-ter, The winds of March sometimes may rove, The
mf
cresc.
And
Is
The
The
And
The
dim.
mf
cresc.
streams a-gain are flow-ing, Spring's path-way to pre-pare; The for-est trees are
join with one an-oth-er, Old Win-ter's chain to break; The winds of March a-
pow'r of Spring they mus-ter Rais-es the sap in grove; As days re-vive and
dim.
mf
cresc.
mf
toss-ing Their gi-ant arms in glad-some mood, The sound of loud re-
rouse them To vig-or in the ea-ger strife, The stir-ring breeze en-
length-en, They clear the mists our hopes that spoil, And while our hands they
mf
f
joic-ing, Re-ech-oes through the wood, Re-ech-oes through the wood.
dows them With en-er-gy and life, With en-er-gy and life.
strength-en, They an-i-mate our toil, They an-i-mate our toil.
f
Re-
With
They

Saint Patrick's Day

M. J. Barry — Irish Folksong


mf
1. Oh! blest be the days when the green ban - ner float - ed, Sub -
2. Her scep - ter, a - las! pass'd a - way to the stran - ger; And
3. Oh! blest be the hour, when be - girt by her can - non, And
mf
lime o'er the moun-tains of free In - nis - fail;* When her sons to her glo - ry and
trea-son sur-ren-dered what val-or hath held; But true hearts re-mained a-mid
hail'd as it rose by a na-tion's ap-plause, That flag wav'd a-loft o'er the
free-dom de - vot - ed, De - fied the in - vad - er to tread her soil,
dark-ness and dan-ger, Which, 'spite of her ty-rants, would not be quell'd.
spire of Dun-gan-non;** As - sert - ing for I - rish - men, I - rish laws.
f
When back o'er the main they chased the Dane, And gave to re - lig - ion and
Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light, Which al-most the dark-ness of
Once more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave, De - spite of the das-tards who
f

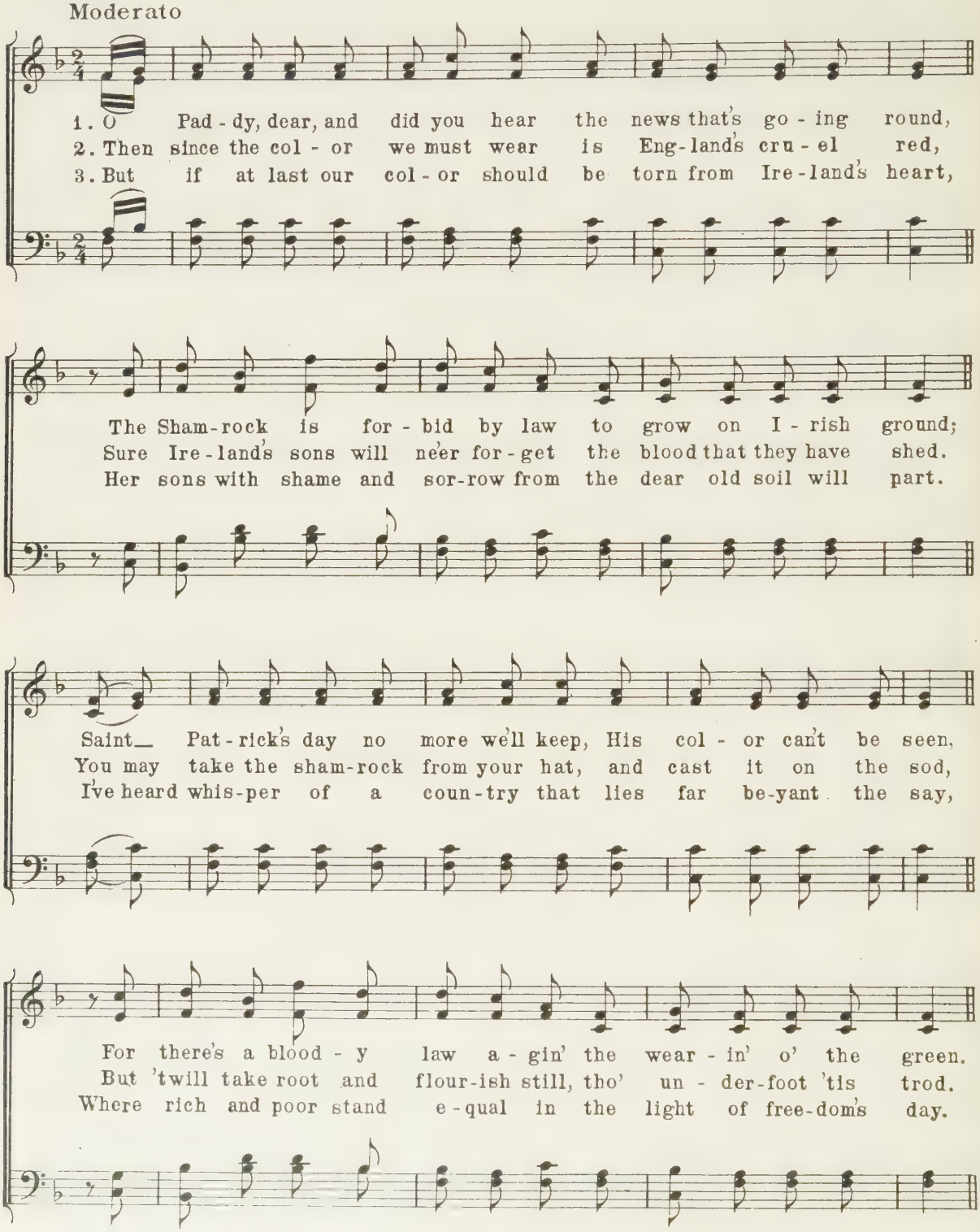
*An ancient name for Ireland. ** A town in North eastern Ireland, once the chief seat of the Kings of Ulster.


learn-ing their spoil, When val - or and mind to - geth - er com - bined.
bond-age dis - pell'd; But a star now is near, her heav - en to cheer,
mock at her cause, And like broth ers a - greed, what - ev - er their creed,
mf
But where - fore la - ment o'er the glo - ries de - part - ed, Her
Not like the wild gleams, which so fit - ful - ly dart - ed, But
Her chil - dren in - spired by those glo - ries de - part - ed, No
mf
stars shall shine out with as viv - id a ray; For ne'er had she chil - dren more
long to shine down with its hal - low - ing ray On daugh-ters as fair, and on
lon-ger in dark - ness de-spond-ing will stay, But join in her cause like the
brave and true heart - ed, Than those she now sees on Saint Pat-rick's Day.
sons as true heart - ed, As E - rin be - holds on Saint Pat-rick's Day.
brave and true heart - ed, Who rise for their rights on Saint Pat-rick's Day.

The Wearing Of The Green

Words by Dion Boucicault

Moderato

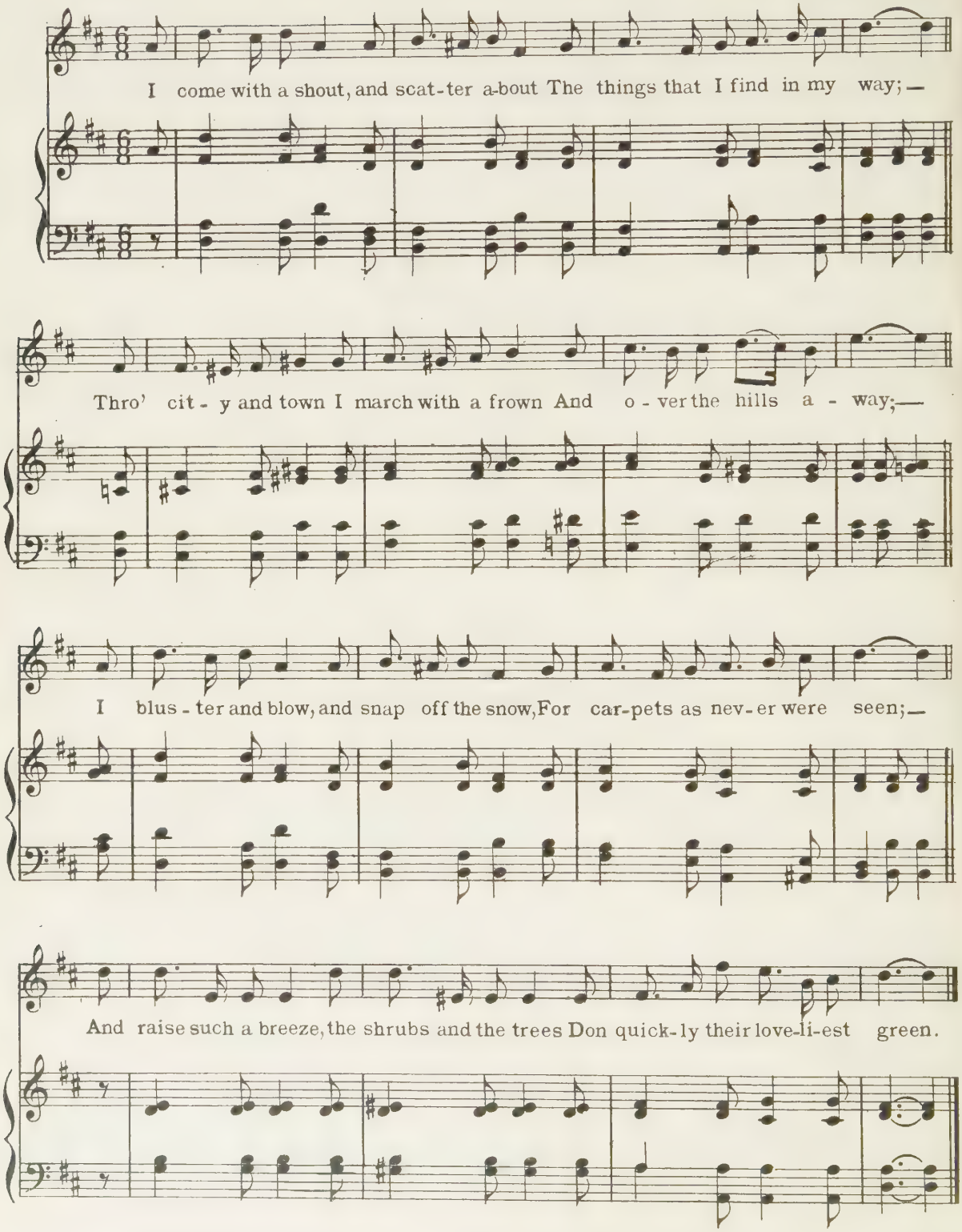

1. O Pad - dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round,
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red,
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire-land's heart,
The Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground;
Sure Ire-land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
Her sons with shame and sor-row from the dear old soil will part.
Saint_ Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen,
You may take the sham-rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
I've heard whis-per of a coun-try that lies far be-yant the say,
For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
But 'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un - der-foot 'tis trod.
Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free-dom's day.

I met with Nap - per Tan - dy and he tuk me by the hand,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
O E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?"
And when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
Must we ask a moth - er's wel-come from a strange, but hap - py land;
She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have seen;
Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been,
Where the cru - el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev - er shall be seen,
They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.
And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green.

A Song Of March

E. A. Davis

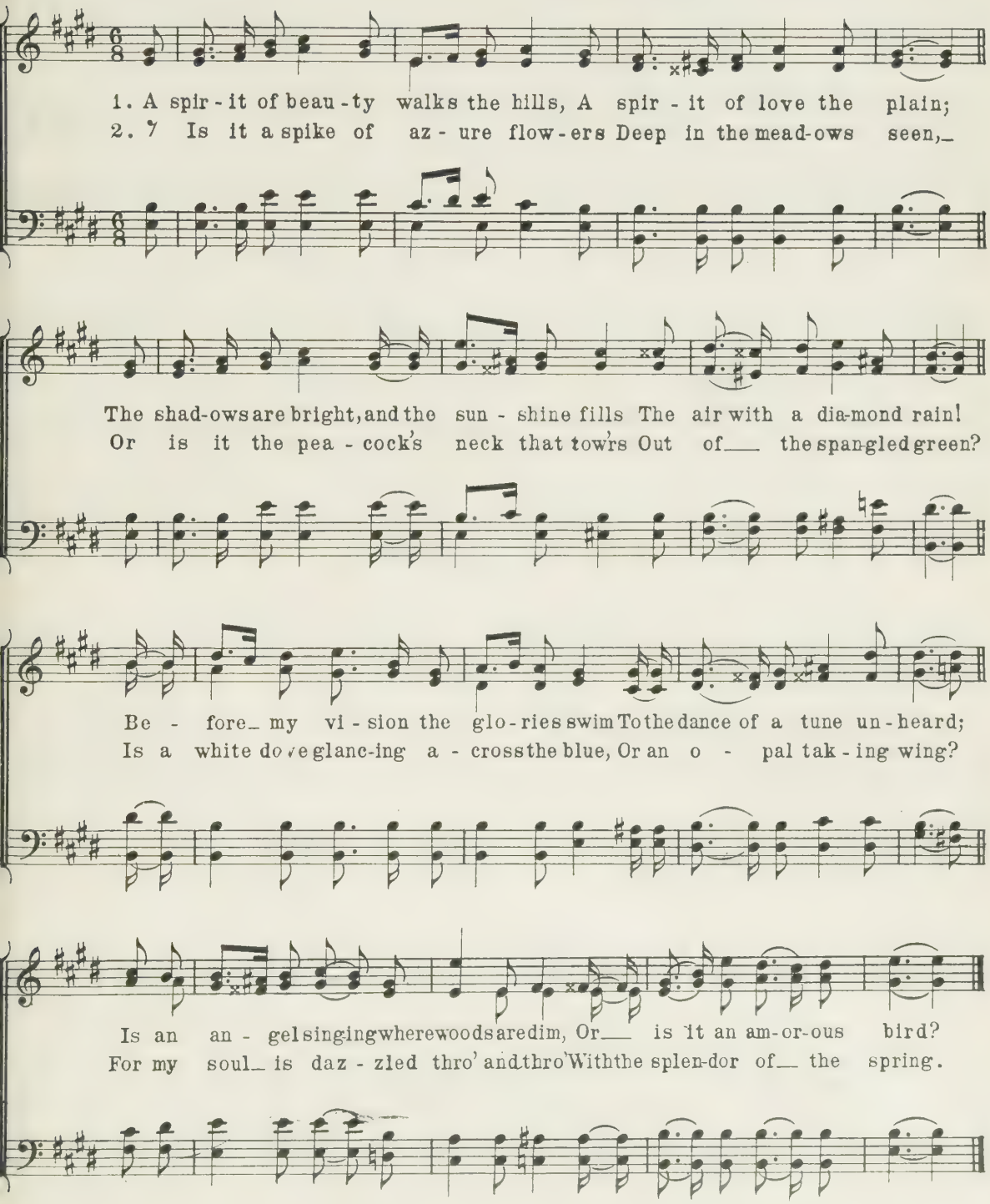
Walter Howe Jones


I come with a shout, and scat-ter a-bout The things that I find in my way;—
Thro' cit-y and town I march with a frown And o-ver the hills a-way;—
I blus-ter and blow, and snap off the snow, For car-pets as nev-er were seen;—
And raise such a breeze, the shrubs and the trees Don quick-ly their love-li-est green.

The Return Of Spring

Bayard Taylor

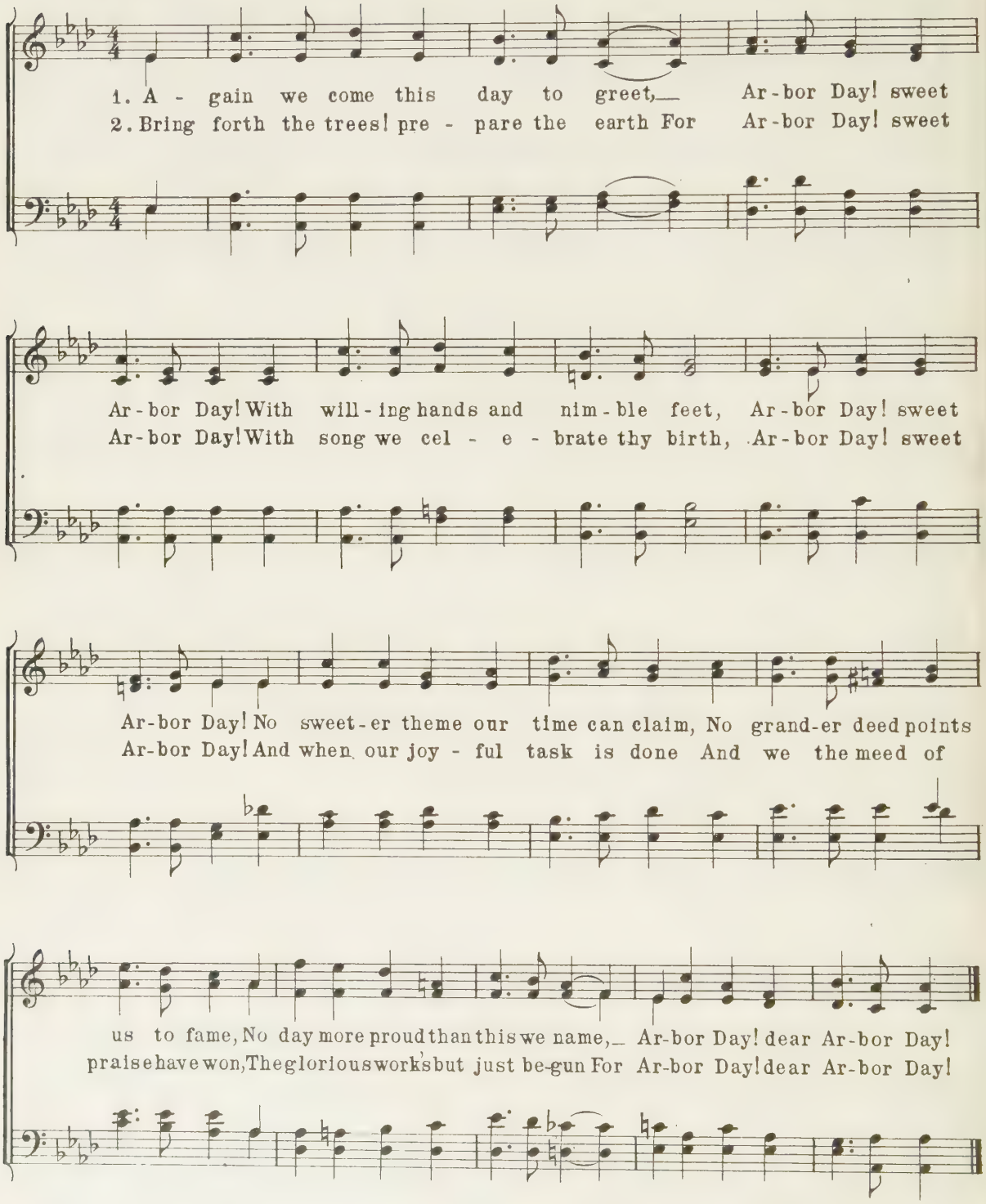
Walter Howe Jones


1. A spir - it of beau - ty walks the hills, A spir - it of love the plain;
2. Is it a spike of az - ure flow - ers Deep in the mead - ows seen,
The shad - ows are bright, and the sun - shine fills The air with a dia - mond rain!
Or is it the pea - cock's neck that tow'rs Out of the span - gled green?
Be - fore my vi - sion the glo - ries swim To the dance of a tune un - heard;
Is a white dove glanc - ing a - cross the blue, Or an o - pal tak - ing wing?
Is an an - gel singing where woods are dim, Or is it an am - or - ous bird?
For my soul is daz - zled thro' and thro' With the splen - dor of the spring.

Arbor Day

Seymour S. Short

Walter Howe Jones

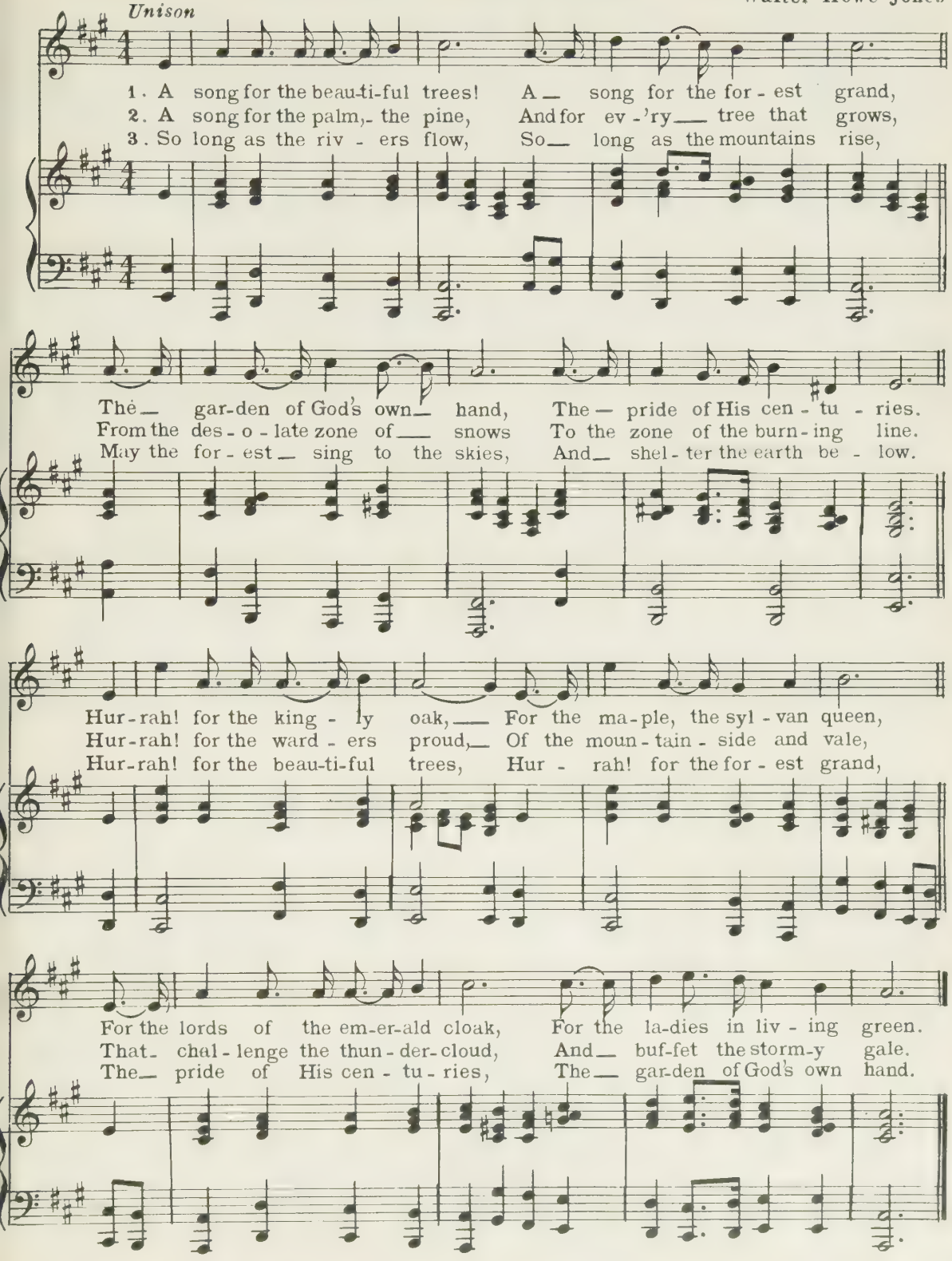

1. A - gain we come this day to greet,— Ar-bor Day! sweet
2. Bring forth the trees! pre - pare the earth For Ar-bor Day! sweet
Ar-bor Day! With will-ing hands and nim-ble feet, Ar-bor Day! sweet
Ar-bor Day! With song we cel - e - brate thy birth, Ar-bor Day! sweet
Ar-bor Day! No sweet-er theme our time can claim, No grand-er deed points
Ar-bor Day! And when our joy - ful task is done And we the meed of
us to fame, No day more proud than this we name,— Ar-bor Day! dear Ar-bor Day!
praise have won, The glorious works but just be-gun For Ar-bor Day! dear Ar-bor Day!

Forest Song

W.H. Venable

Walter Howe Jones

Unison


1. A song for the beau-ti-ful trees! A song for the for-est grand,
2. A song for the palm, the pine, And for ev-'ry tree that grows,
3. So long as the riv-ers flow, So long as the mountains rise,
The garden of God's own hand, The pride of His cen-tu-ries.
From the des-o-late zone of snows To the zone of the burn-ing line.
May the for-est sing to the skies, And shel-ter the earth be-low.
Hur-rah! for the king-ly oak, For the ma-ple, the syl-van queen,
Hur-rah! for the ward-ers proud, Of the moun-tain-side and vale,
Hur-rah! for the beau-ti-ful trees, Hur-rah! for the for-est grand,
For the lords of the em-er-ald cloak, For the la-dies in liv-ing green.
That chal-lenge the thun-der-cloud, And buf-fet the storm-y gale.
The pride of His cen-tu-ries, The garden of God's own hand.

Around The May-Pole

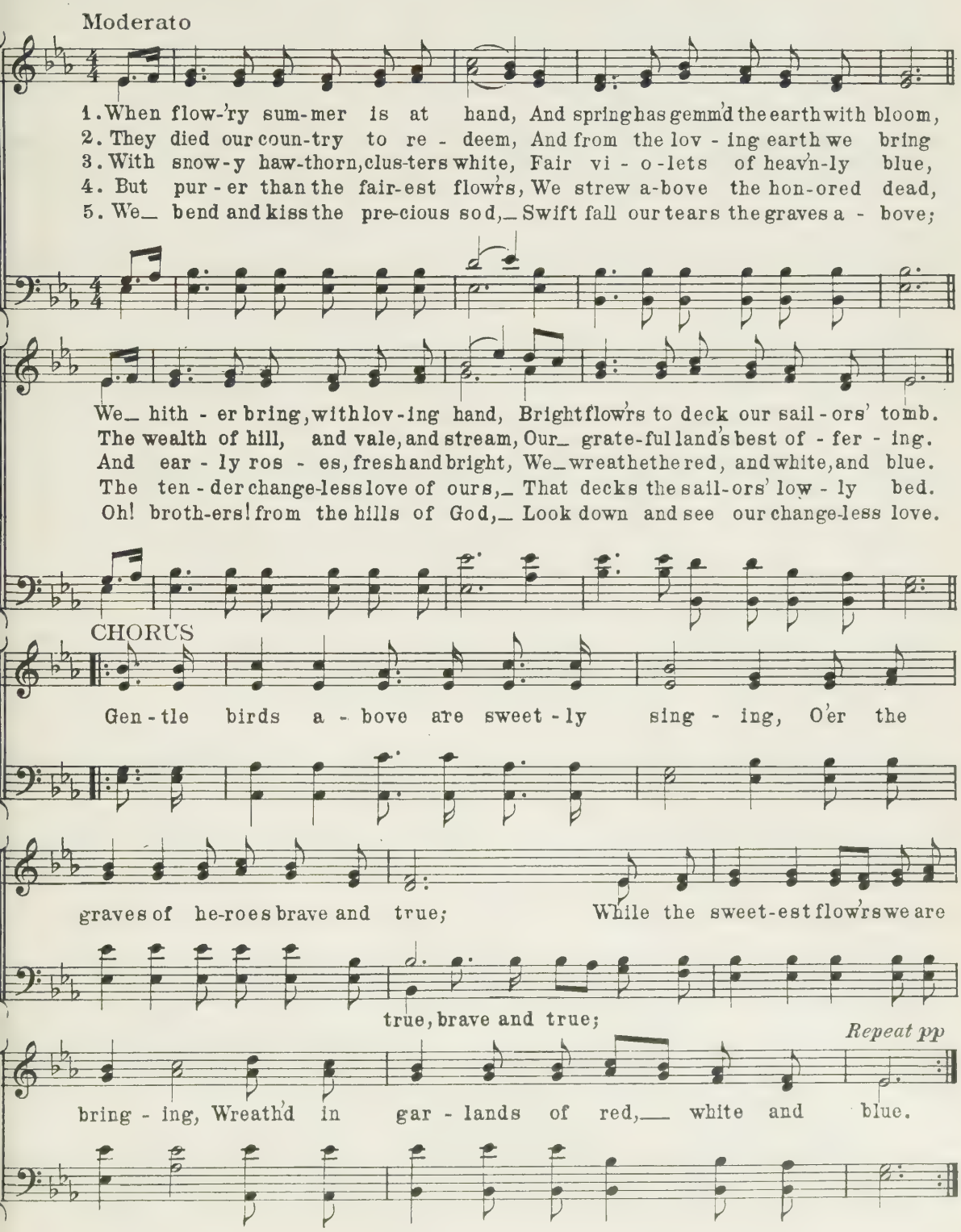
Rena I. Halsey

Allegro

mf
1. Oh, see the May-pole long and bare, Crowned with a wreath of
2. Oh, see the chil-dren fair and gay, Dance 'round and 'round, the
mf
cresc.
flow-ers fair, See the rib-bons gay and bright, Wave and flash in
first of May, Hear their voic-es in joy-ous song, Weav-ing, twist-ing
cresc.
sun-ny light, Kissed by the sun to rain-bow hue,
rib-bons long, A-round they go in mer-ry ring,
Red and yel-low, green and blue. A-round the pole the
Smil-ing with joy as 'round they swing, A-round the pole the
f
chil-dren go, Weav-ing rib-bons to and fro.
chil-dren go, Weav-ing rib-bons to and fro.
f

Sailors' and Soldiers' Memorial Day

(May 30th, the day set apart for strewing flowers over the graves of fallen sailors and soldiers.)

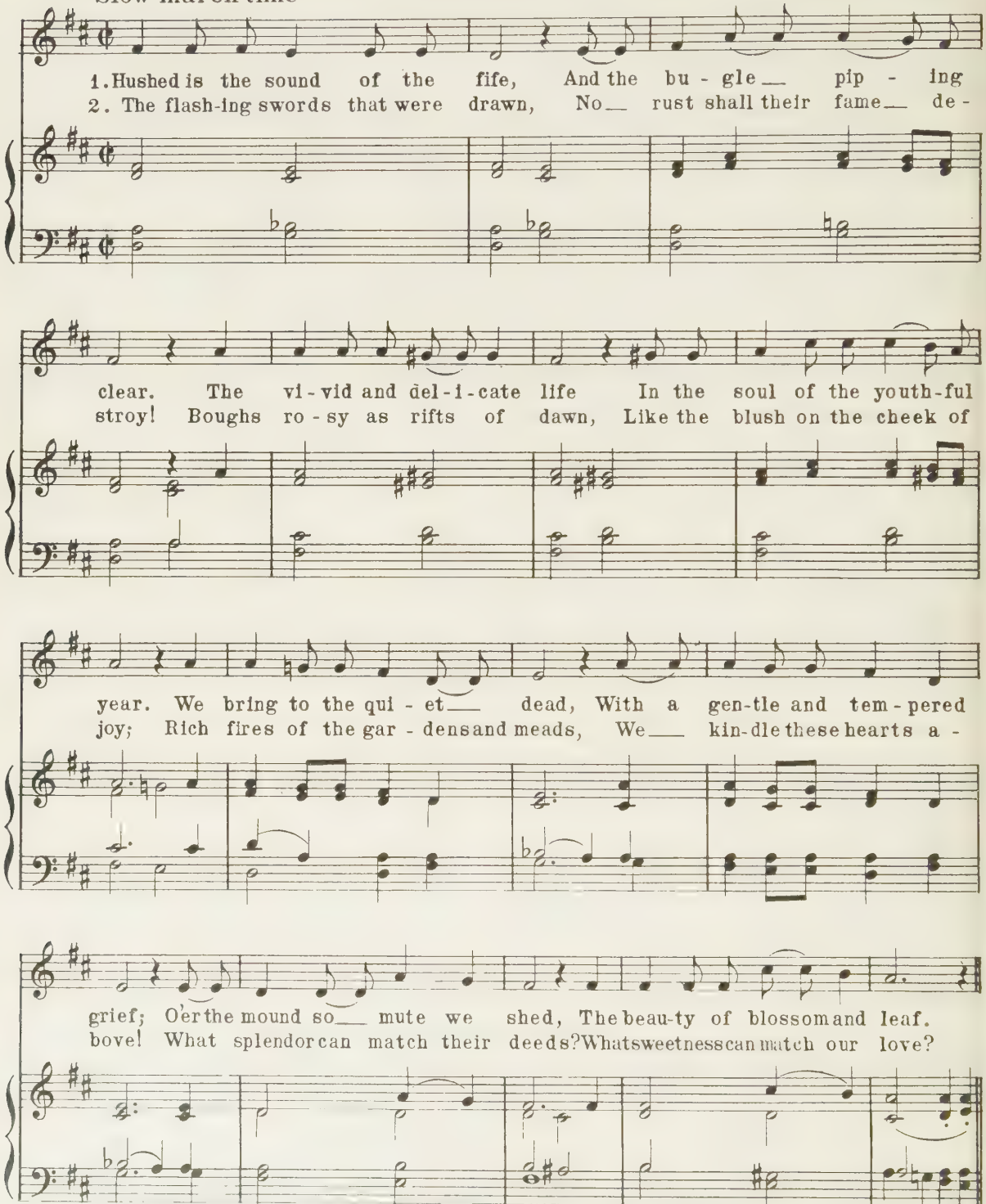

Moderato
1. When flow-'ry sum-mer is at hand, And spring has gemm'd the earth with bloom,
2. They died our coun-try to re - deem, And from the lov - ing earth we bring
3. With snow-y haw-thorn, clus-ters white, Fair vi - o-lets of heav'n-ly blue,
4. But pur - er than the fair-est flow'rs, We strew a-bove the hon-ored dead,
5. We_ bend and kiss the pre-cious sod,_ Swift fall our tears the graves a - bove;
We_ hith - er bring, with lov-ing hand, Bright flow'rs to deck our sail - ors' tomb.
The wealth of hill, and vale, and stream, Our_ grate-ful land's best of - fer - ing.
And ear - ly ros - es, fresh and bright, We_ wreathe the red, and white, and blue.
The ten - der change-less love of ours,_ That decks the sail-ors' low - ly bed.
Oh! broth-ers! from the hills of God,_ Look down and see our change-less love.
CHORUS
Gen - tle birds a - bove are sweet - ly sing - ing, O'er the
graves of he-roes brave and true; While the sweet-est flow'rs we are
true, brave and true;
Repeat pp
bring - ing, Wreath'd in gar - lands of red,__ white and blue.

Flowers For The Brave

For Memorial Day

Slow march time

John Hyatt Brewer


1. Hushed is the sound of the fife, And the bu - gle pip - ing
2. The flash-ing swords that were drawn, No rust shall their fame de -
clear. The vi - vid and del - i - cate life In the soul of the youth-ful
stroy! Boughs ro - sy as rifts of dawn, Like the blush on the cheek of
year. We bring to the qui - et dead, With a gen-tle and tem - pered
joy; Rich fires of the gar - dens and meads, We kin-dle these hearts a -
grief; O'er the mound so mute we shed, The beau-ty of blossom and leaf.
bove! What splendor can match their deeds? What sweetness can match our love?

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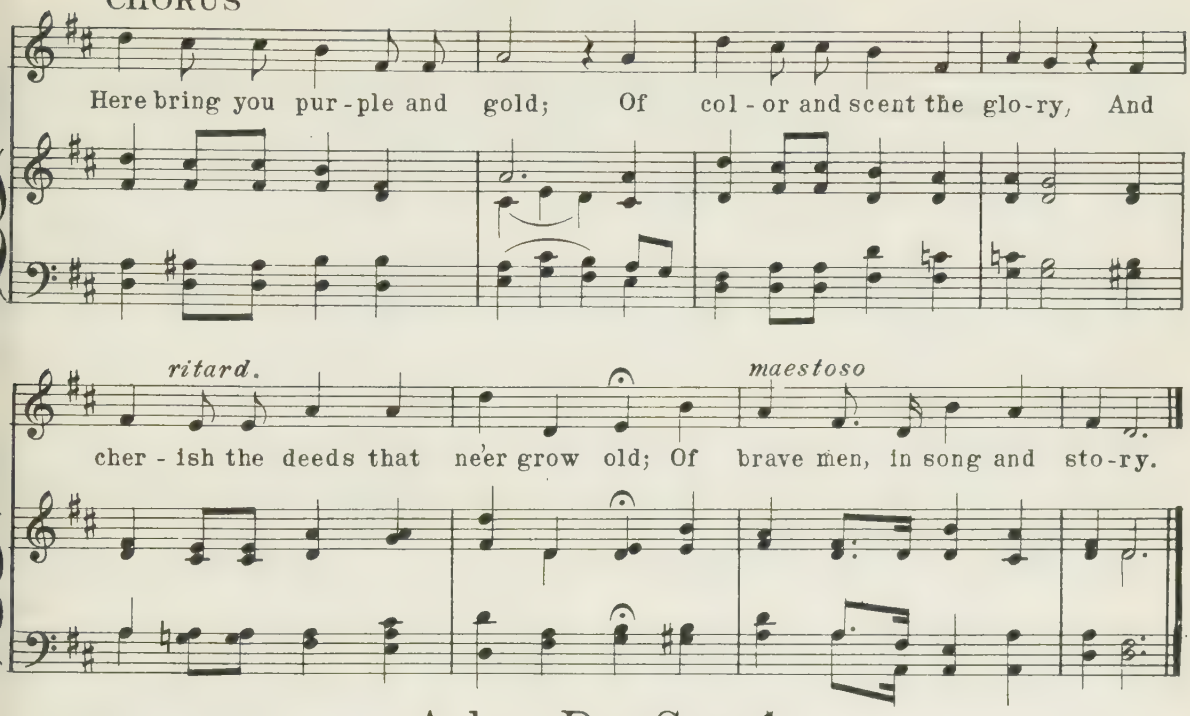
CHORUS

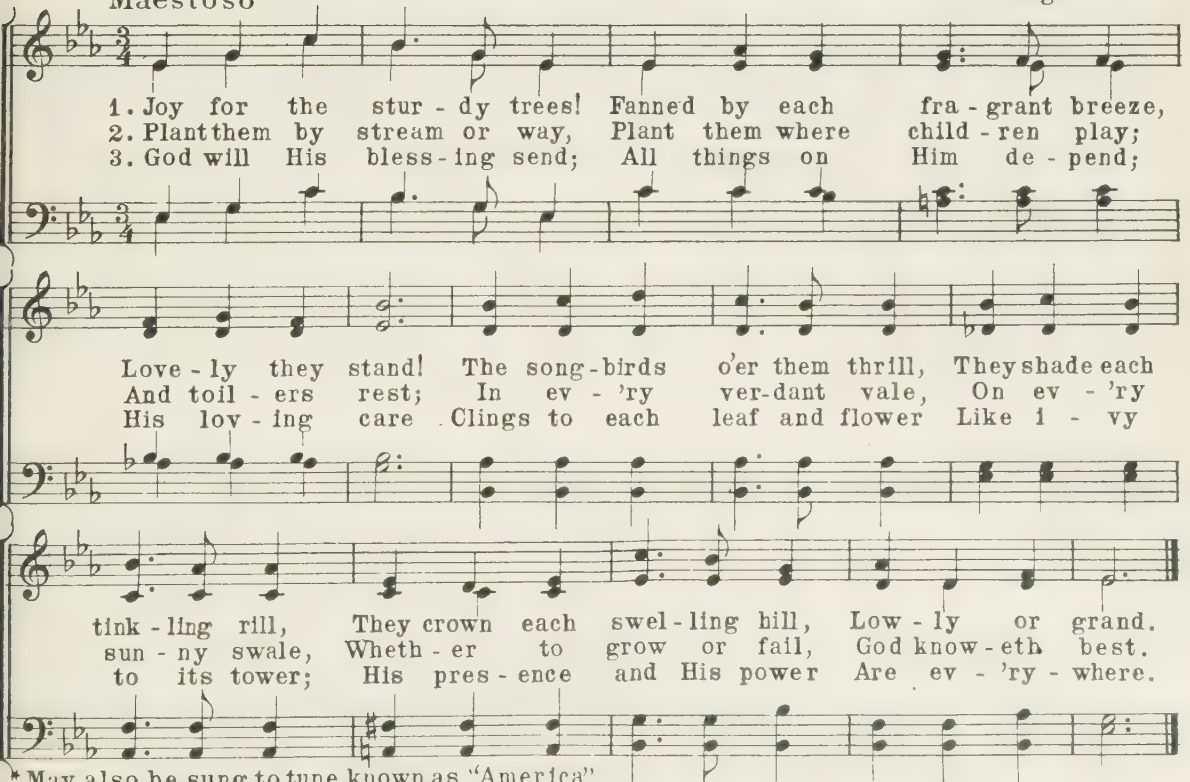

Here bring you pur-ple and gold; Of col-or and scent the glo-ry, And
ritard.
maestoso
cher-ish the deeds that ne'er grow old; Of brave men, in song and sto-ry.

Arbor Day Song*

S. F. Smith

Maestoso

Geo. Edgar Oliver


1. Joy for the stur-dy trees! Fanned by each fra-grant breeze,
2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant them where child-ren play;
3. God will His bless-ing send; All things on Him de-pend;
Love-ly they stand! The song-birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
And toil-ers rest; In ev-'ry ver-dant vale, On ev-'ry
His lov-ing care Clings to each leaf and flower Like i-vy
tink-ling rill, They crown each swel-ling hill, Low-ly or grand.
sun-ny swale, Wheth-er to grow or fail, God know-eth best.
to its tower; His pres-ence and His power Are ev-'ry-where.

* May also be sung to tune known as "America"

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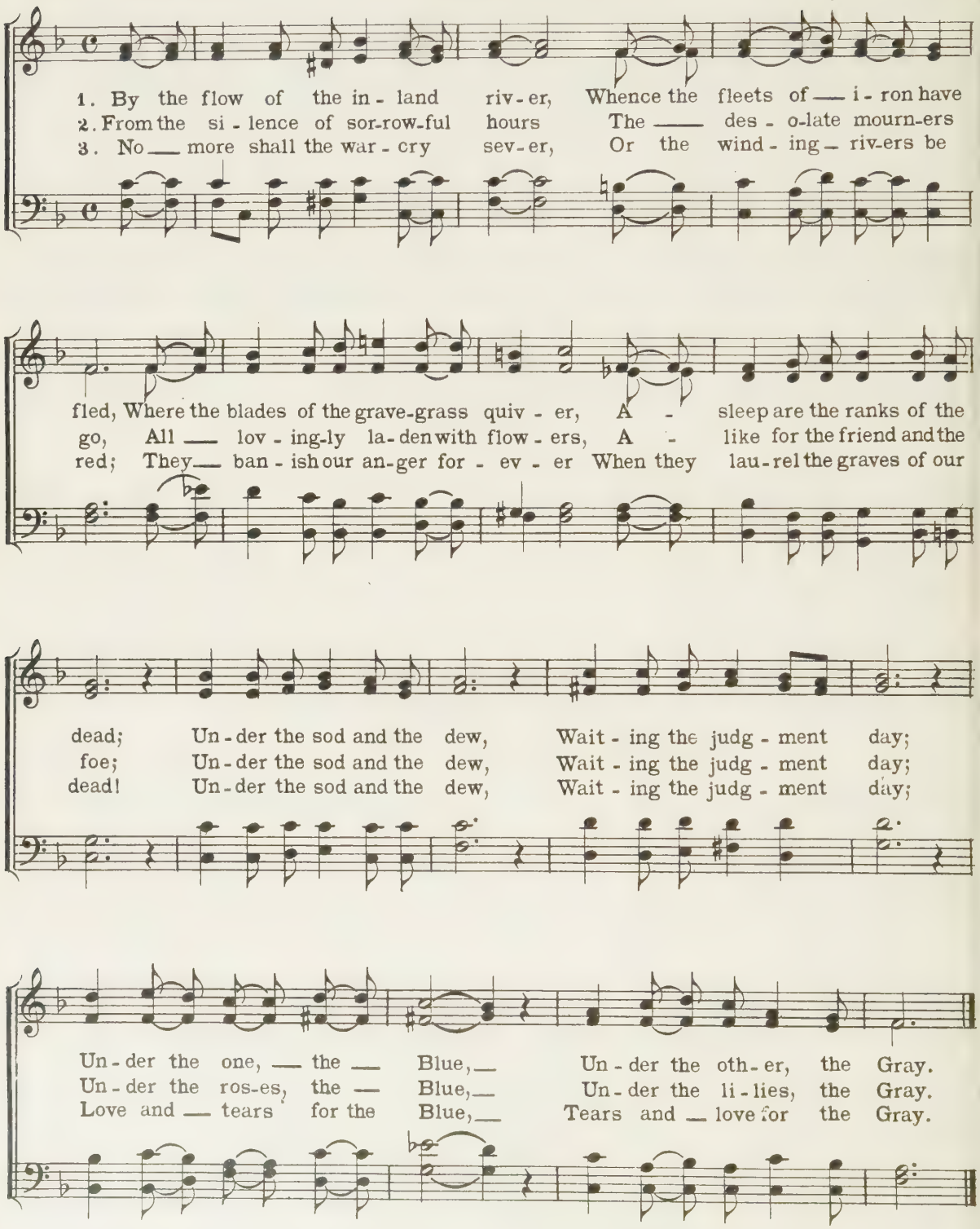
The Blue And The Gray

For Memorial Day

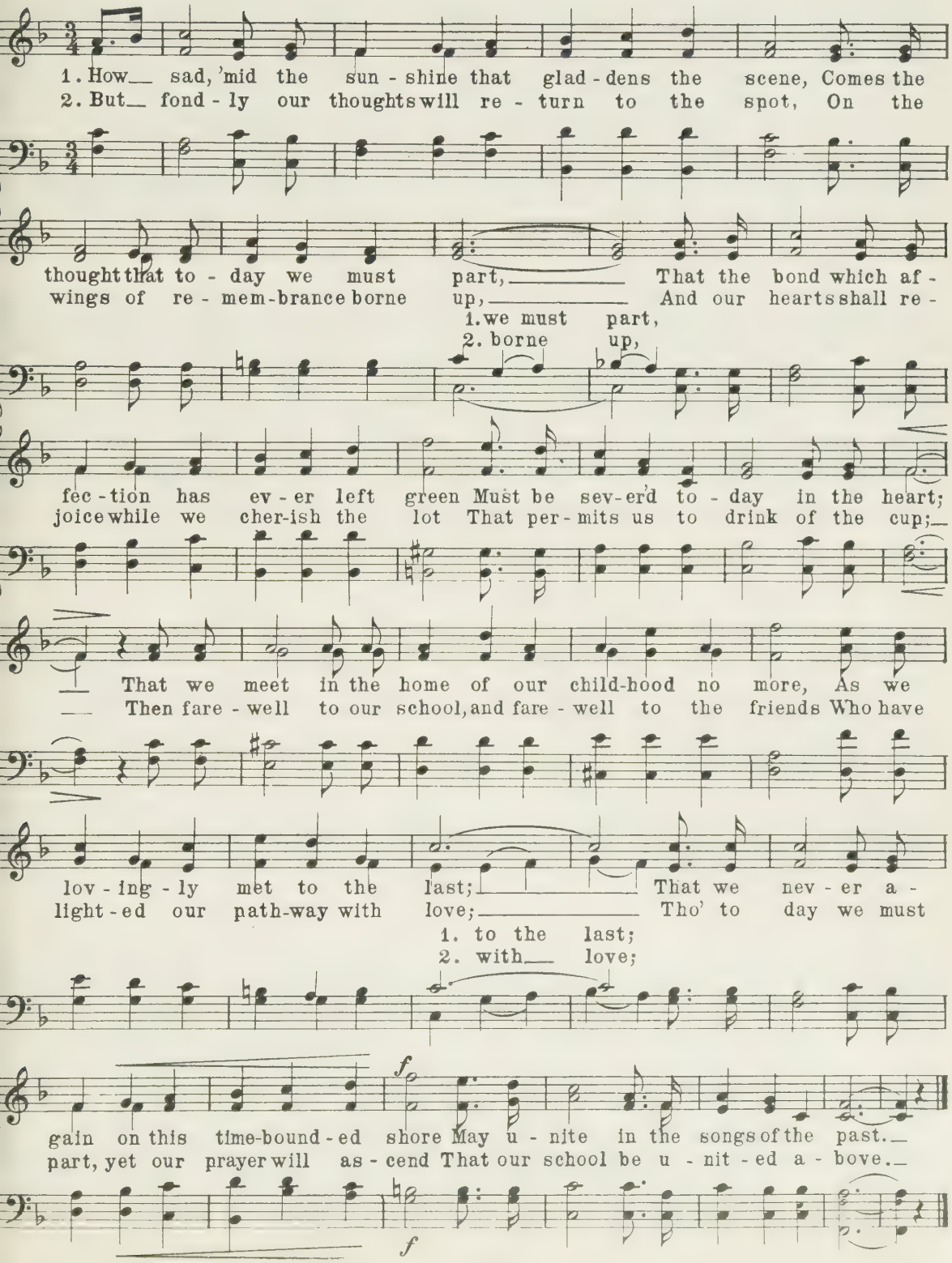
Francis Miles Finch — Roys Bridgman


1. By the flow of the in - land riv - er, Whence the fleets of — i - ron have
2. From the si - lence of sor-row-ful hours The — des - o-late mourn-ers
3. No — more shall the war - cry sev - er, Or the wind - ing — riv-ers be
fled, Where the blades of the grave-grass quiv - er, A - sleep are the ranks of the
go, All — lov - ing-ly la-den with flow - ers, A - like for the friend and the
red; They — ban - ish our an-ger for - ev - er When they lau-rel the graves of our
dead; Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;
foe; Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;
dead! Un - der the sod and the dew, Wait - ing the judg - ment day;
Un - der the one, — the — Blue, — Un - der the oth - er, the Gray.
Un - der the ros-es, the — Blue, — Un - der the li - lies, the Gray.
Love and — tears for the Blue, — Tears and — love for the Gray.

Graduation Song

V. Locke Smith

E. H. Pierce


1. How sad, 'mid the sun - shine that glad - dens the scene, Comes the
2. But fond - ly our thoughts will re - turn to the spot, On the
thought that to - day we must part, That the bond which af -
wings of re - mem-brance borne up, And our hearts shall re -
1. we must part,
2. borne up,
fec - tion has ev - er left green Must be sev-er'd to - day in the heart;
joice while we cher-ish the lot That per - mits us to drink of the cup;
That we meet in the home of our child-hood no more, As we
Then fare - well to our school, and fare - well to the friends Who have
lov - ing - ly met to the last; That we nev - er a -
light - ed our path-way with love; Tho' to day we must
1. to the last;
2. with love;
f
gain on this time-bound - ed shore May u - nite in the songs of the past.
part, yet our prayer will as - cend That our school be u - nit - ed a - bove.
f

The Glorious Fourth

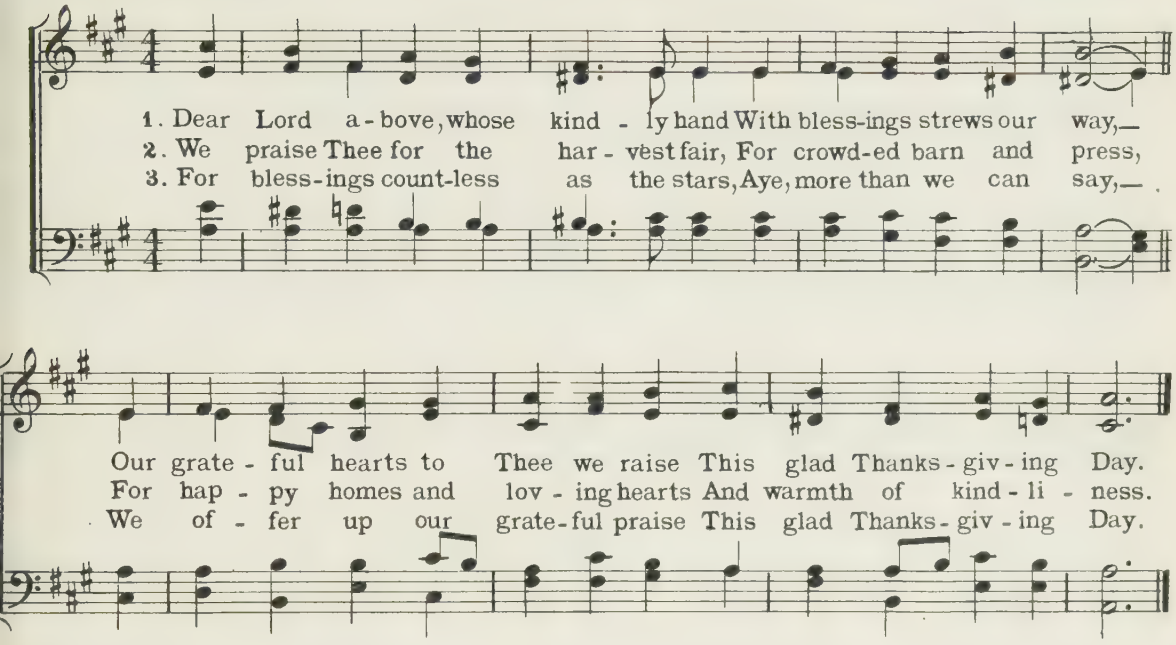
For Independence Day

1. We'll march and shout hur - rah! With flags and ban-ners gay! For
2. Co - lum - bia's free - men brave Re - joice to do and dare! This
3. Our land is broad and fair, Sweet free - dom ev - 'ry - where. We
is it not the glo - rious Fourth We cel - e - brate to day? This
day the winds ex - ult to wave The stars and stripes in air! 'Tis
wel-come oth - ers to our shores, This home with us to share. Though
day gave Free - dom birth; Its fame now fills the earth. For
North and South no more; One Coun - try we a - dore. No
wealth in goods we own, True free - men prize a - lone The
this th'em - bat - tled he - roes stood To serve their coun - try's good.
stars have from our ban - ner fled, — What glo - rious light they shed!
laws up - held by ev - 'ry one — The peace our fa - thers won.

Thanksgiving Hymn

Bertha E. Bush

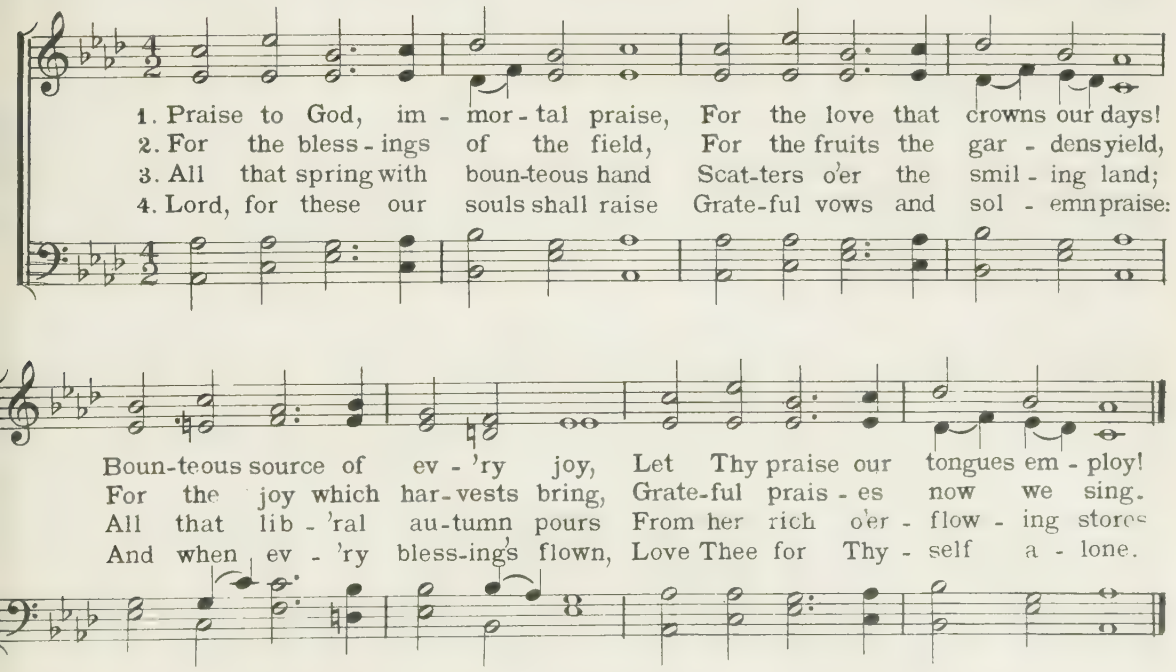
W. B. Olds


1. Dear Lord a - bove, whose kind - ly hand With bless-ings strews our way,—
2. We praise Thee for the har - vest fair, For crowd-ed barn and press,
3. For bless-ings count-less as the stars, Aye, more than we can say,—
Our grate - ful hearts to Thee we raise This glad Thanks - giv - ing Day.
For hap - py homes and lov - ing hearts And warmth of kind - li - ness.
We of - fer up our grate-ful praise This glad Thanks - giv - ing Day.

Thanksgiving

Anna L. Barbauld

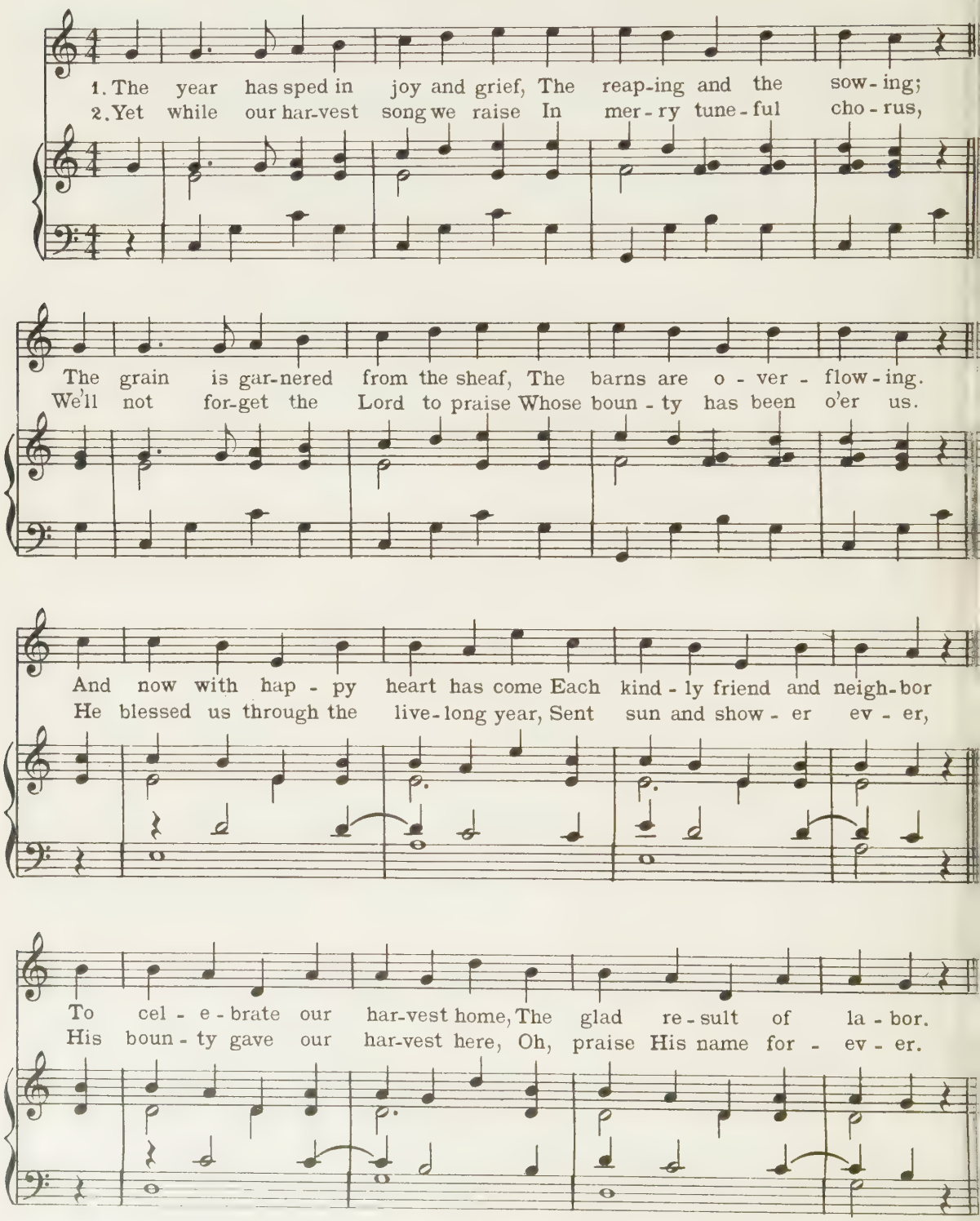
Ignace Pleyel


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless - ings of the field, For the fruits the gar - dens yield,
3. All that spring with boun-teous hand Scat-ters o'er the smil - ing land;
4. Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol - emn praise:
Boun-teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy!
For the joy which har-vests bring, Grate-ful prais - es now we sing.
All that lib - 'ral au-tumn pours From her rich o'er - flow - ing stores
And when ev - 'ry bless-ing's flown, Love Thee for Thy - self a - lone.

Harvest Home Song

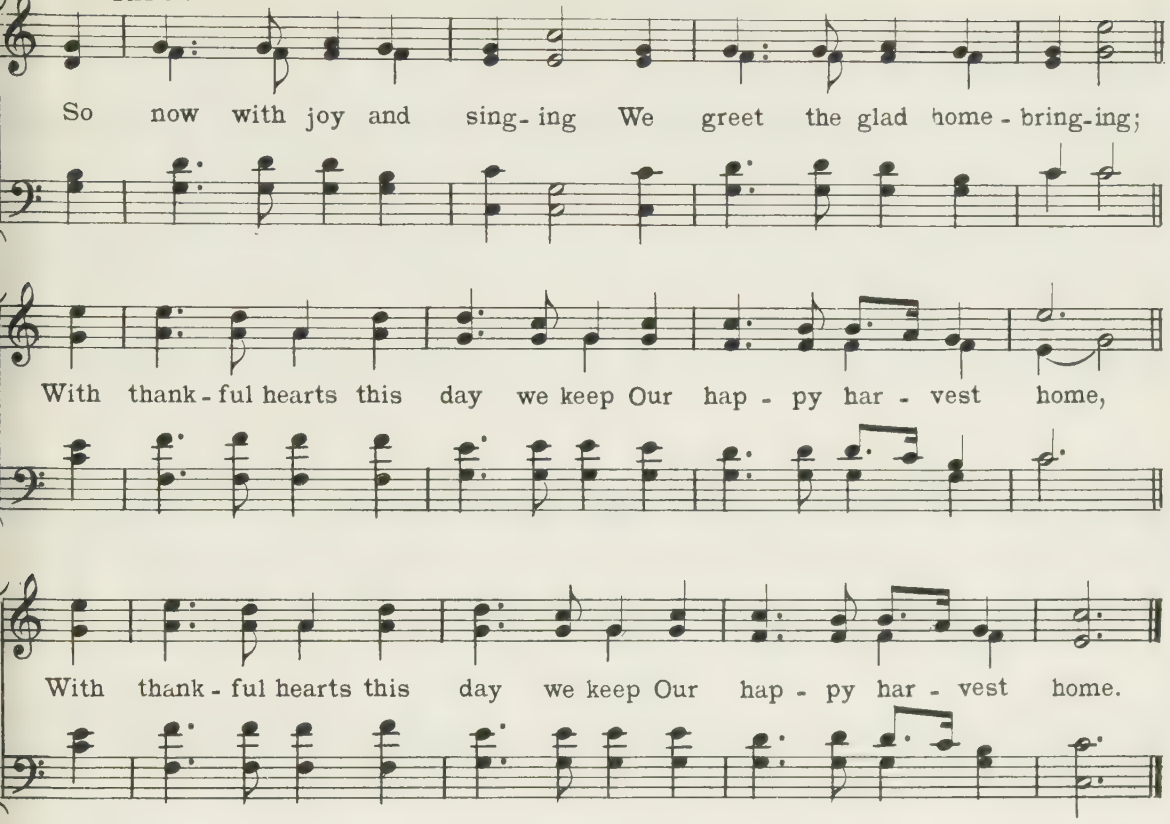
Bertha E. Bush

W. B. Olds


1. The year has sped in joy and grief, The reap-ing and the sow-ing;
2. Yet while our har-vest song we raise In mer-ry tune-ful cho-rus,
The grain is gar-nered from the sheaf, The barns are o-ver-flow-ing.
We'll not for-get the Lord to praise Whose boun-ty has been o'er us.
And now with hap-py heart has come Each kind-ly friend and neigh-bor
He blessed us through the live-long year, Sent sun and show-er ev-er,
To cel-e-brate our har-vest home, The glad re-sult of la-bor.
His boun-ty gave our har-vest here, Oh, praise His name for-ev-er.

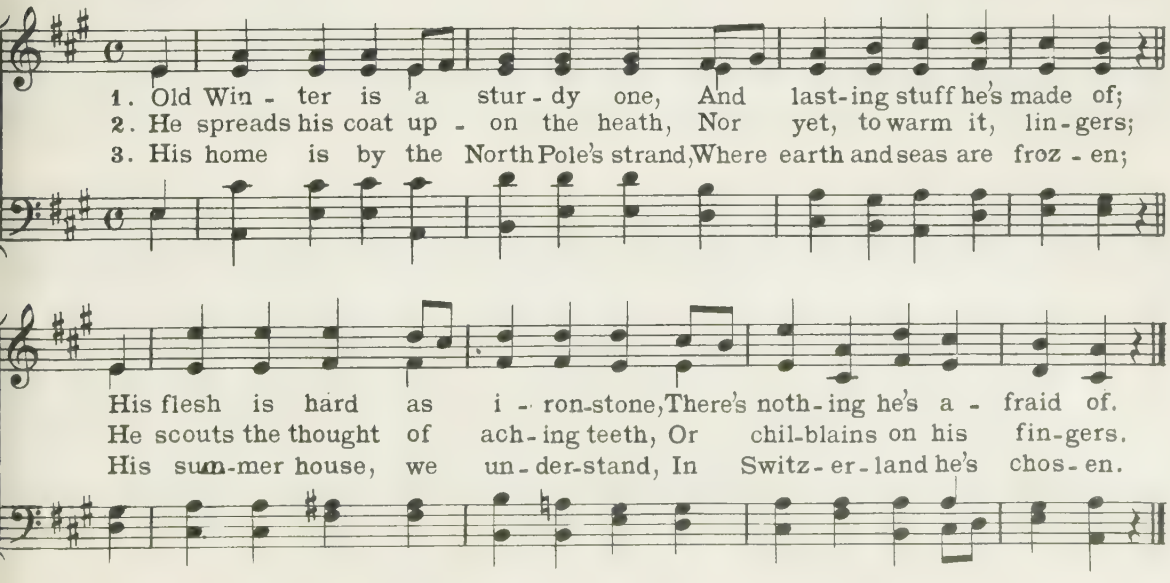
Harvest Home Song (concluded)

REFRAIN.

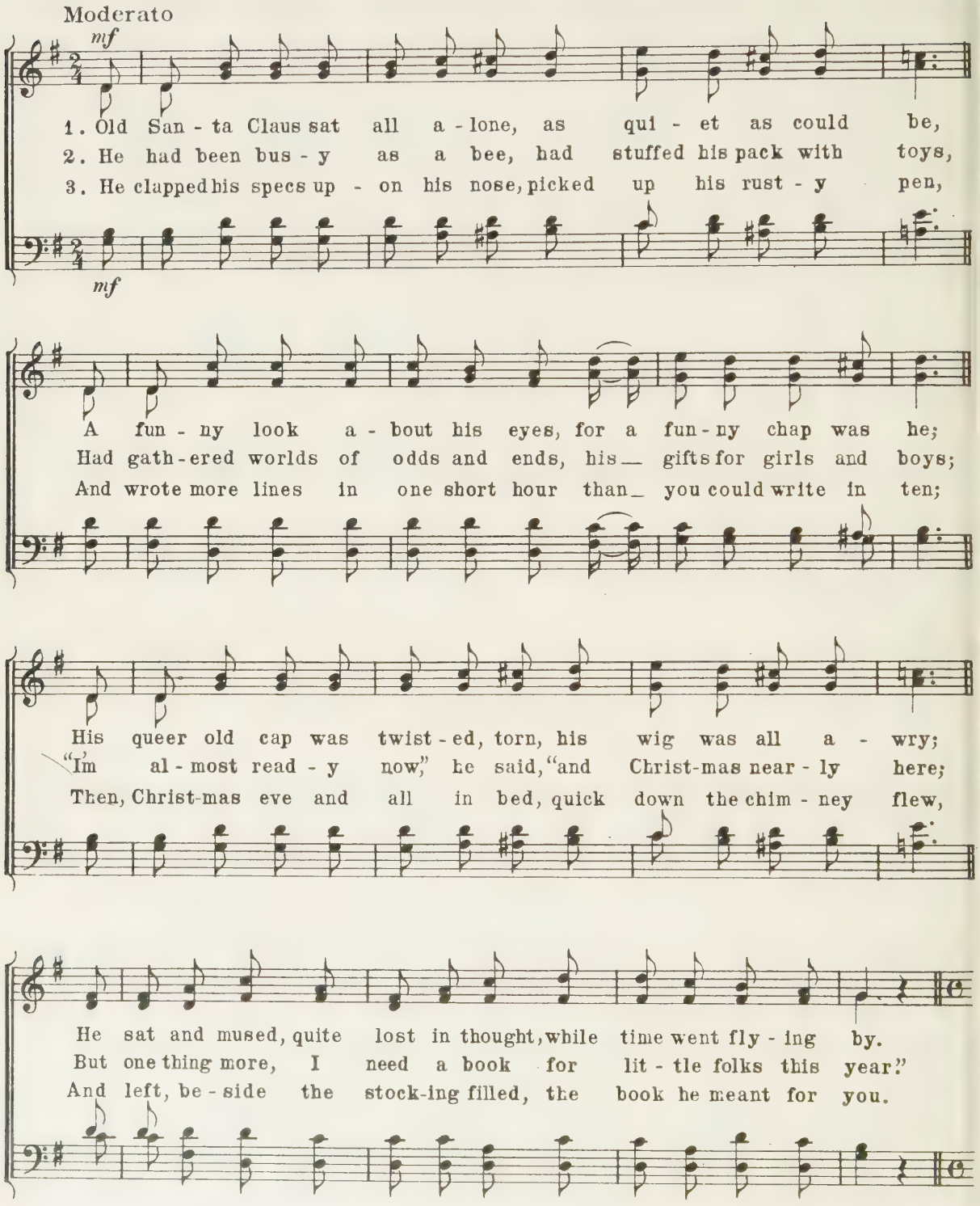

So now with joy and sing-ing We greet the glad home-bring-ing;
With thank-ful hearts this day we keep Our hap-py har-vest home,
With thank-ful hearts this day we keep Our hap-py har-vest home.

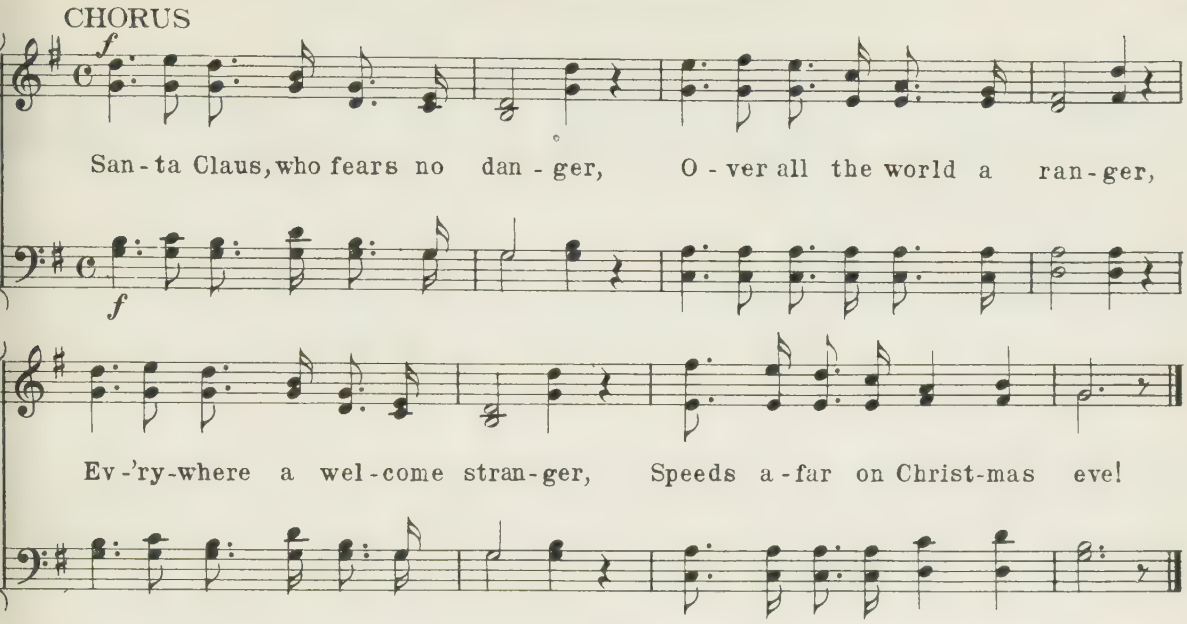
Old Winter

John Greenleaf Whittier — Walter Howe Jones


1. Old Win-ter is a stur-dy one, And last-ing stuff he's made of;
2. He spreads his coat up-on the heath, Nor yet, to warm it, lin-gers;
3. His home is by the North Pole's strand, Where earth and seas are froz-en;
His flesh is hard as i-ron-stone, There's noth-ing he's a-fraid of.
He scouts the thought of ach-ing teeth, Or chil-blains on his fin-gers.
His sum-mer house, we un-der-stand, In Switz-er-land he's chos-en.

Santa Claus

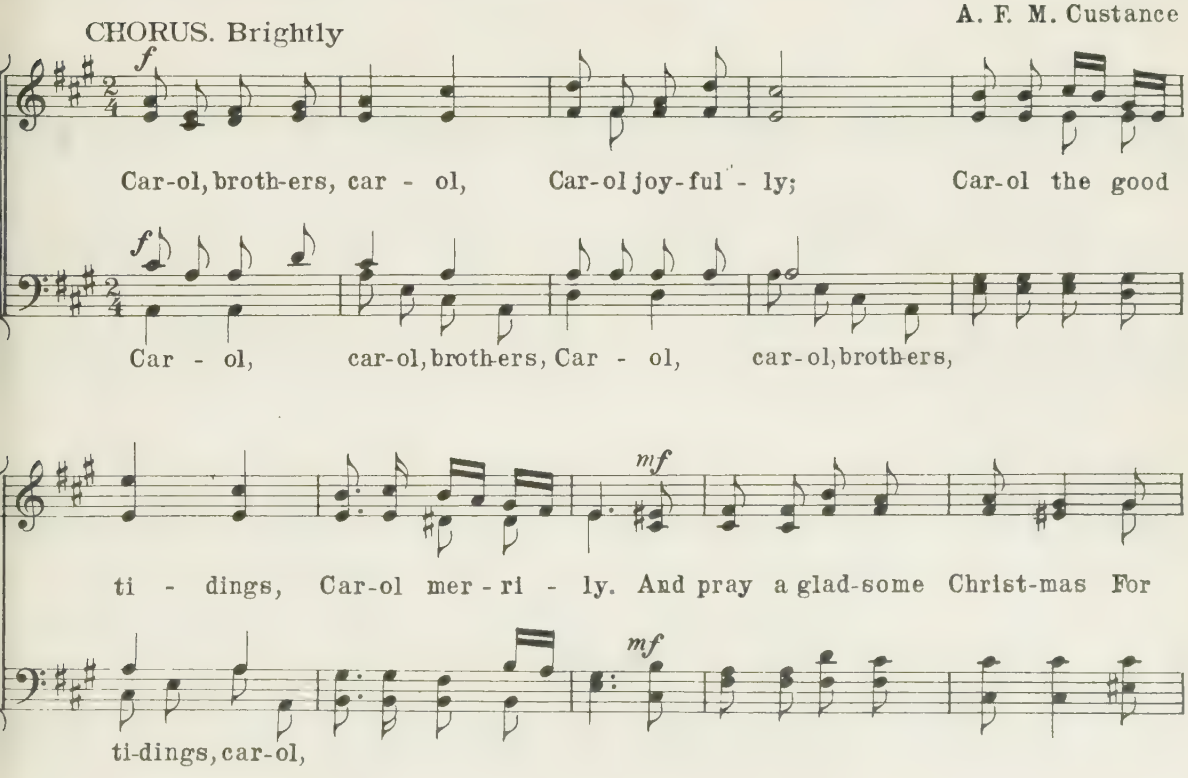

Moderato
mf
1. Old San - ta Claus sat all a - lone, as qui - et as could be,
2. He had been bus - y as a bee, had stuffed his pack with toys,
3. He clapped his specs up - on his nose, picked up his rust - y pen,
mf
A fun - ny look a - bout his eyes, for a fun - ny chap was he;
Had gath - ered worlds of odds and ends, his gifts for girls and boys;
And wrote more lines in one short hour than you could write in ten;
His queer old cap was twist - ed, torn, his wig was all a - wry;
"I'm al - most read - y now," he said, "and Christ-mas near - ly here;
Then, Christ-mas eve and all in bed, quick down the chim - ney flew,
He sat and mused, quite lost in thought, while time went fly - ing by.
But one thing more, I need a book for lit - tle folks this year."
And left, be - side the stock-ing filled, the book he meant for you.


CHORUS
f
San-ta Claus, who fears no dan-ger, O-ver all the world a ran-ger,
f
Ev-'ry-where a wel-come stran-ger, Speeds a-far on Christ-mas eve!

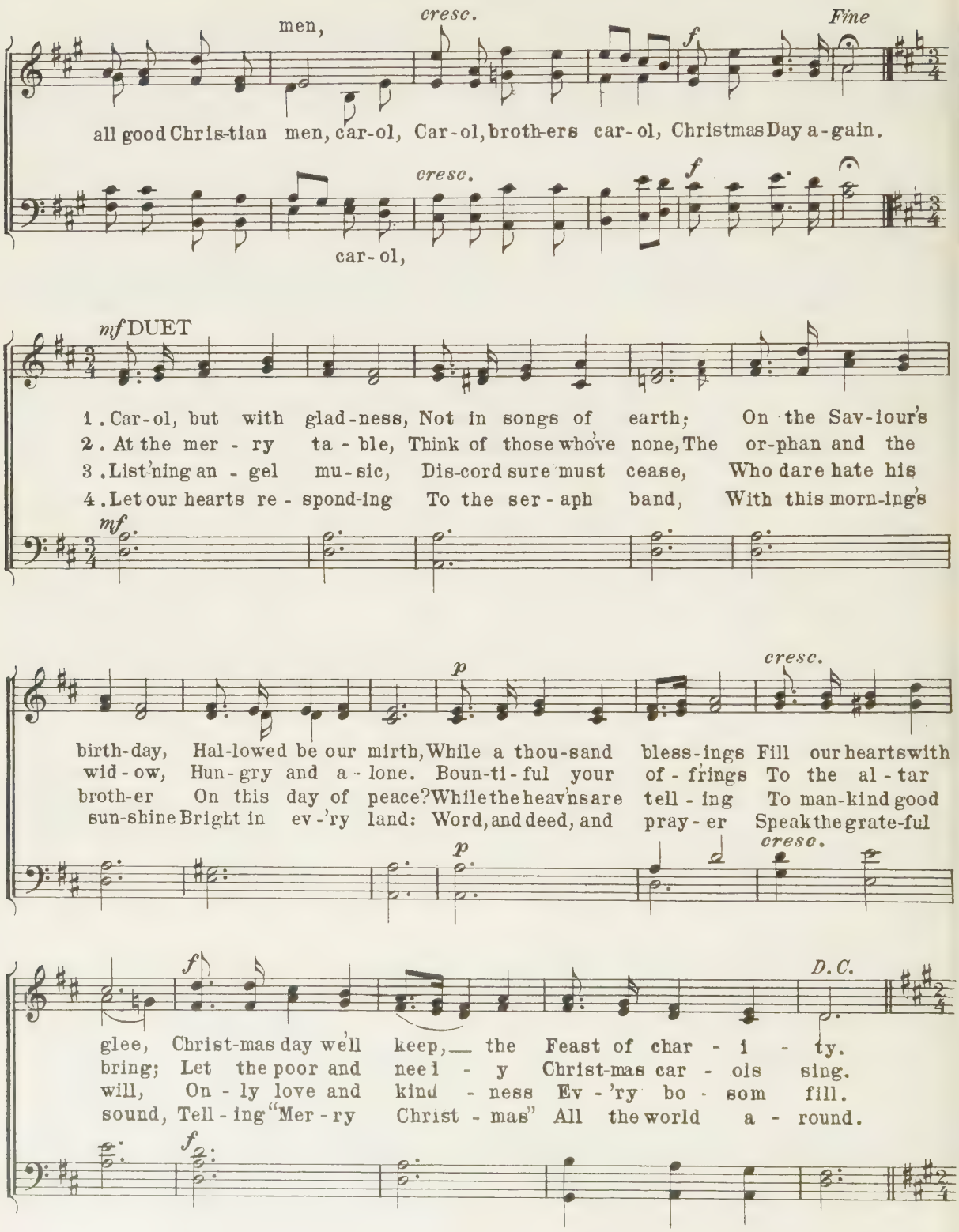
A Christmas Carol

Christmas Carol

A. F. M. Custance



A Christmas Carol (concluded)


men,
cresc.
Fine
f
all good Chris-tian men, car-ol, Car-ol, broth-ers car-ol, Christmas Day a-gain.
cresc.
f
car-ol,
mf DUET
1. Car-ol, but with glad-ness, Not in songs of earth; On the Sav-iour's
2. At the mer - ry ta - ble, Think of those who've none, The or-phan and the
3. List'ning an - gel mu-sic, Dis-cord sure must cease, Who dare hate his
4. Let our hearts re - spond-ing To the ser - aph band, With this morn-ing's
mf
p
cresc.
birth-day, Hal-lowed be our mirth, While a thou-sand bless-ings Fill our hearts with
wid - ow, Hun - gry and a - lone. Boun-ti - ful your of - frings To the al - tar
broth-er On this day of peace? While the heav'ns are tell - ing To man-kind good
sun-shine Bright in ev - 'ry land: Word, and deed, and pray - er Speak the grate-ful
p
cresc.
f
D.C.
glee, Christ-mas day we'll keep, the Feast of char - i - ty.
bring; Let the poor and nee i - y Christ-mas car - ols sing.
will, On - ly love and kind - ness Ev - 'ry bo - som fill.
sound, Tell - ing "Mer - ry Christ - mas" All the world a - round.
f

Hurrah! The Snow Again Is Here!

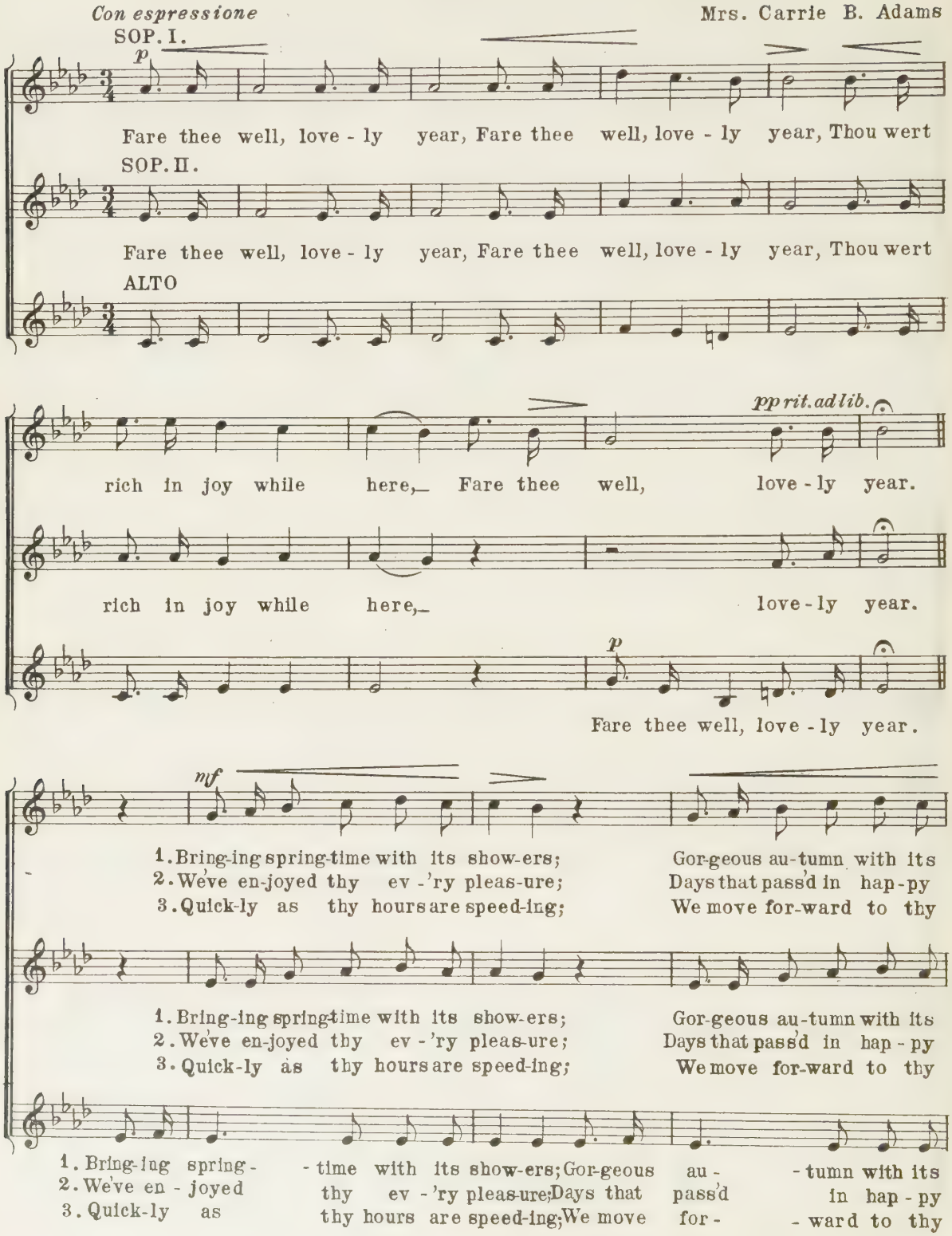
Words and Music by Leo Oehmler

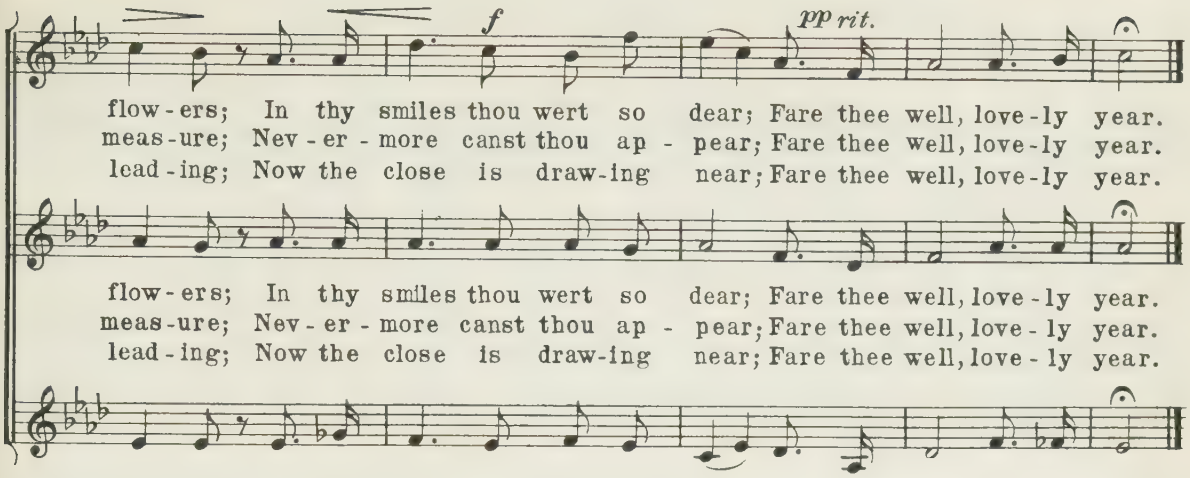
Allegretto giocoso

mf
1. Hur - rah! the snow a - gain is here! White flakes are fall - ing
2. For snow-ball sport will keep us warm, What sled - ding we will
mf
rinf
rinf
f
fast! Hur - rah! to win - ter and good cheer, King Frost has come at last. With-
do! And in fine skat-ing there's a charm That gives us pleas-ure too. So
rinf.
rinf.
f
mf
rinf
in our school-room, snug and warm, Let's stud - y with good will, But
let us do our teach - er's will To earn such jol - ly fun, Let
mf
rinf.
rinf
rinf
f
when we're thro' we'll face the storm, And laugh at win - ter's chill.
Du - ty be our mas - ter till Our school-day work is done.
rinf.
rinf.
f

Fare Thee Well, Lovely Year

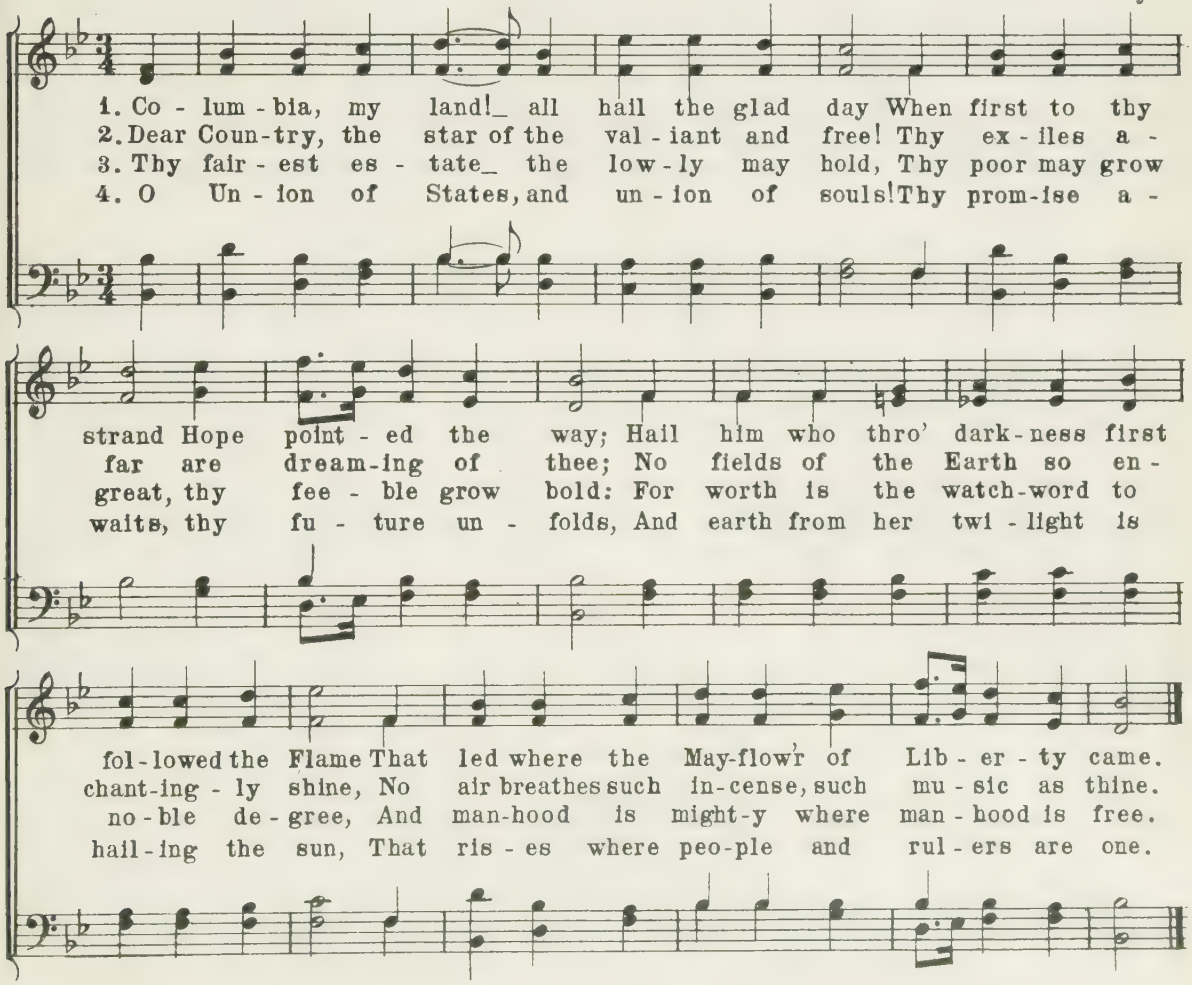
Con espressione Mrs. Carrie B. Adams


SOP. I.
p
Fare thee well, love - ly year, Fare thee well, love - ly year, Thou wert
SOP. II.
Fare thee well, love - ly year, Fare thee well, love - ly year, Thou wert
ALTO
pp rit. ad lib.
rich in joy while here, Fare thee well, love - ly year.
rich in joy while here, love - ly year.
p
Fare thee well, love - ly year.
mf
1. Bring-ing spring-time with its show-ers; Gor-geous au-tumn with its
2. We've en-joyed thy ev - 'ry pleas-ure; Days that pass'd in hap-py
3. Quick-ly as thy hours are speed-ing; We move for-ward to thy
1. Bring-ing spring-time with its show-ers; Gor-geous au-tumn with its
2. We've en-joyed thy ev - 'ry pleas-ure; Days that pass'd in hap - py
3. Quick-ly as thy hours are speed-ing; We move for-ward to thy
1. Bring-ing spring - - time with its show-ers; Gor-geous au - - tumn with its
2. We've en - joyed thy ev - 'ry pleas-ure; Days that pass'd in hap - py
3. Quick-ly as thy hours are speed-ing; We move for - - ward to thy


f
pp rit.
flow-ers; In thy smiles thou wert so dear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
meas-ure; Nev-er-more canst thou ap-pear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
lead-ing; Now the close is draw-ing near; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
flow-ers; In thy smiles thou wert so dear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
meas-ure; Nev-er-more canst thou ap-pear; Fare thee well, love-ly year.
lead-ing; Now the close is draw-ing near; Fare thee well, love-ly year.

Song Of Columbus Day

Theron Brown — Michael Haydn


1. Co-lum-bia, my land! all hail the glad day When first to thy
2. Dear Coun-try, the star of the val-iant and free! Thy ex-iles a-
3. Thy fair-est es-tate the low-ly may hold, Thy poor may grow
4. O Un-ion of States, and un-ion of souls! Thy prom-ise a-
strand Hope point-ed the way; Hail him who thro' dark-ness first
far are dream-ing of thee; No fields of the Earth so en-
great, thy fee-ble grow bold: For worth is the watch-word to
waits, thy fu-ture un-folds, And earth from her twi-light is
fol-lowed the Flame That led where the May-flow'r of Lib-er-ty came.
chant-ing-ly shine, No air breathes such in-cense, such mu-sic as thine.
no-ble de-gree, And man-hood is might-y where man-hood is free.
hail-ing the sun, That ris-es where peo-ple and rul-ers are one.

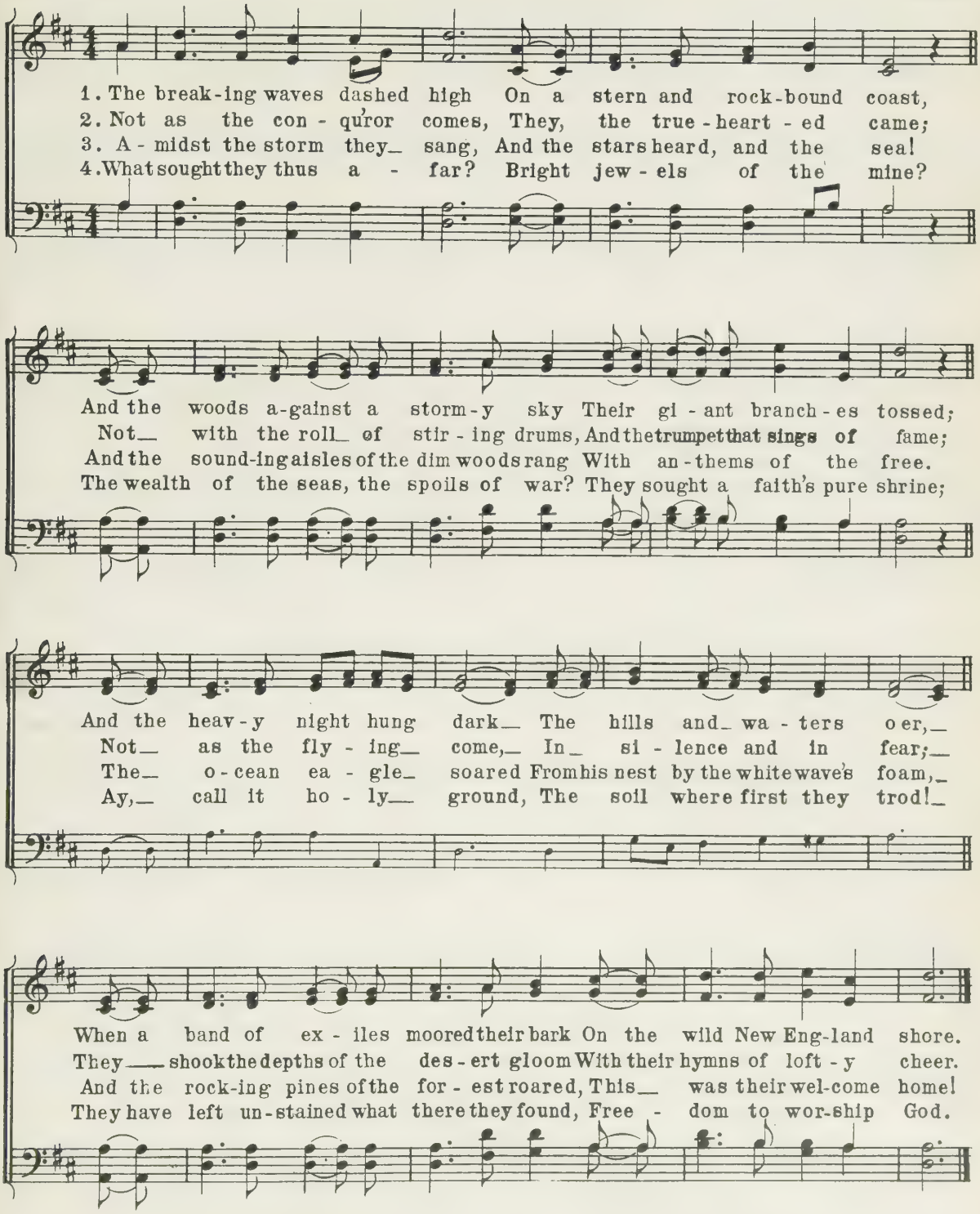
The Blue Bells Of Scotland

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone?
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell?
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad?
4. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die?
O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone?
O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell?
What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad?
Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die?
cresc.
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up-on the throne;
He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
His bon-net's Sax-on green, and his waist-coat is of plaid;
The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and cry;
cresc.
And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my lad-die well.
And it's oh! in my heart, that I love my High-land lad.
But it's oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High

Mrs. Hemans

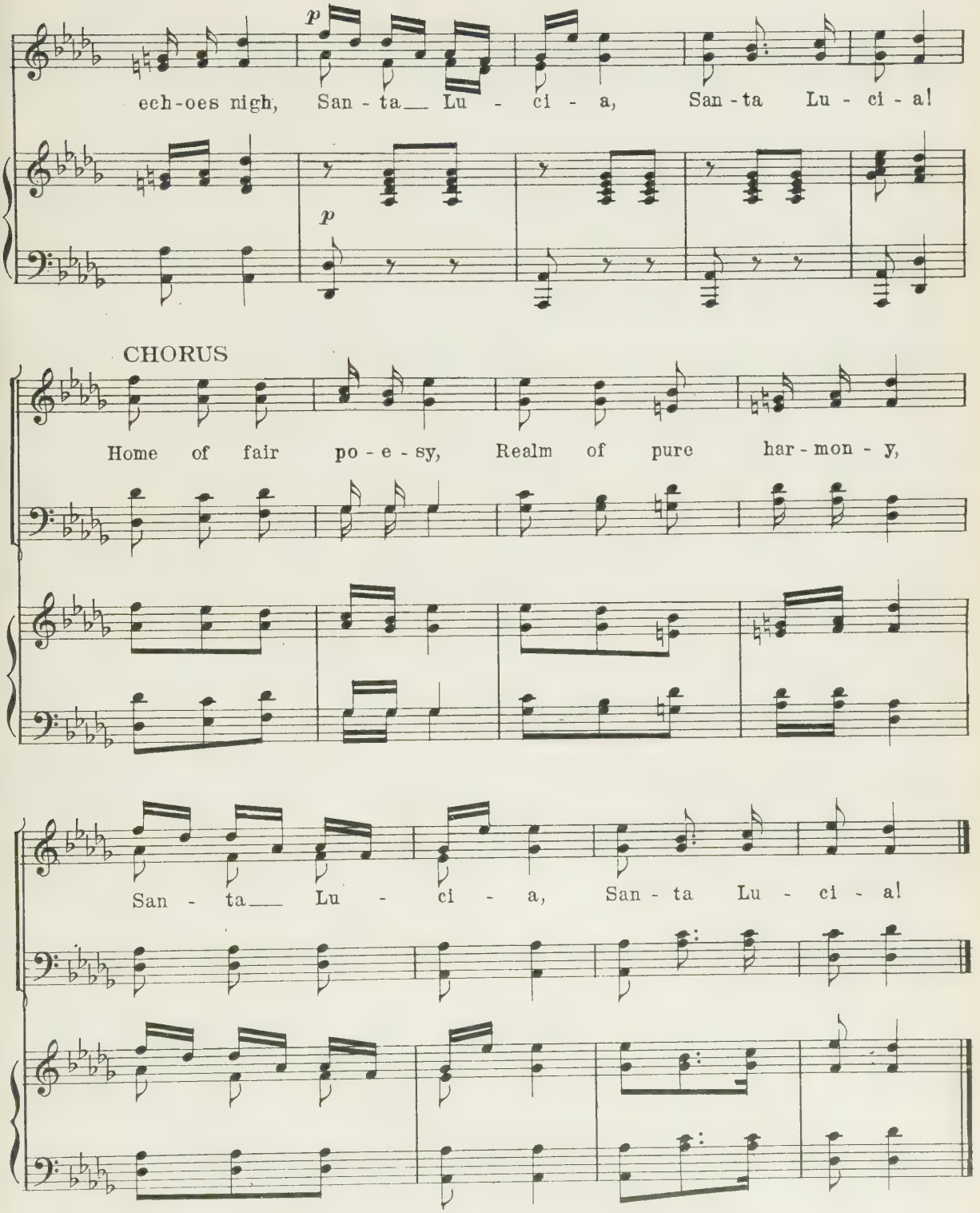
Browne


1. The break-ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast,
2. Not as the con - qu'ror comes, They, the true-heart - ed came;
3. A - midst the storm they_ sang, And the stars heard, and the sea!
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?
And the woods a-gainst a storm-y sky Their gi - ant branch - es tossed;
Not_ with the roll_ of stir - ing drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame;
And the sound-ing aisles of the dim woods rang With an-thems of the free.
The wealth of the seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine;
And the heav-y night hung dark_ The hills and_ wa - ters o er,_
Not_ as the fly - ing_ come,_ In_ si - lence and in fear;_
The_ o - cean ea - gle_ soared From his nest by the white wave's foam,_
Ay,_ call it ho - ly_ ground, The soil where first they trod!_
When a band of ex - iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng-land shore.
They_ shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of loft - y cheer.
And the rock-ing pines of the for - est roared, This_ was their wel-come home!
They have left un-stained what there they found, Free - dom to wor-ship God.

Santa Lucia

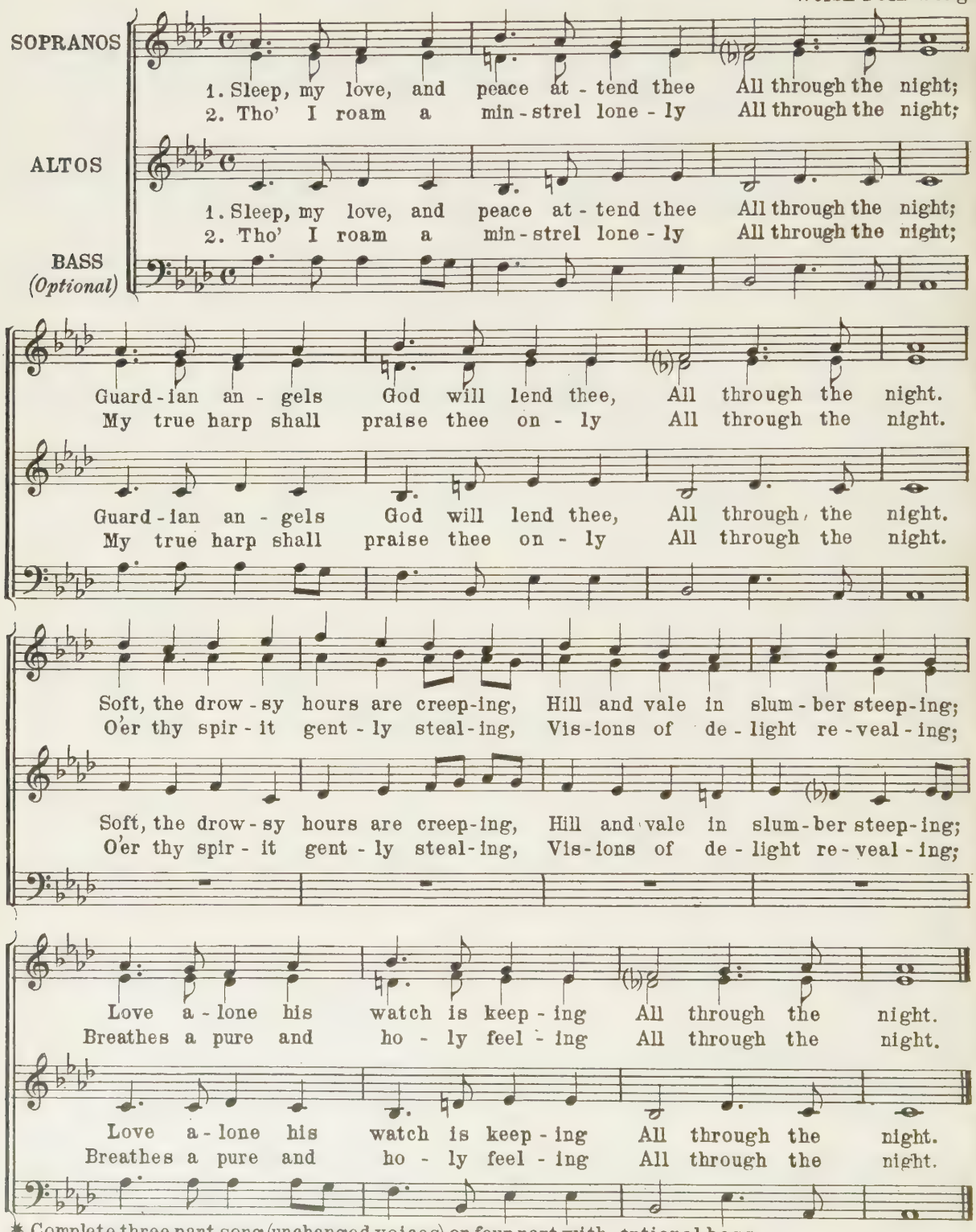
Italian Folk Song

1. Now 'neath the sil-ver moon
2. When o'er thy wa - ters
O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are blow-ing.
Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can sooth us, All care al - lay - ing.
Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us And as we
To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre -
f
gent-ly row All things de - light us.
a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en. Hark, how the sai-lors cry Joy-ous-ly
f


ech-oes nigh, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
p
p
CHORUS
Home of fair po - e - sy, Realm of pure har - mon - y,
San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

All Through The Night

Welsh Folk Song


SOPRANOS
1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee All through the night;
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly All through the night;
ALTOS
1. Sleep, my love, and peace at - tend thee All through the night;
2. Tho' I roam a min - strel lone - ly All through the night;
BASS (Optional)
Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly All through the night.
Guard - ian an - gels God will lend thee, All through the night.
My true harp shall praise thee on - ly All through the night.
Soft, the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing;
O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, Vis - ions of de - light re - veal - ing;
Soft, the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep - ing;
O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, Vis - ions of de - light re - veal - ing;
Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing All through the night.
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing All through the night.
Love a - lone his watch is keep - ing All through the night.
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing All through the night.

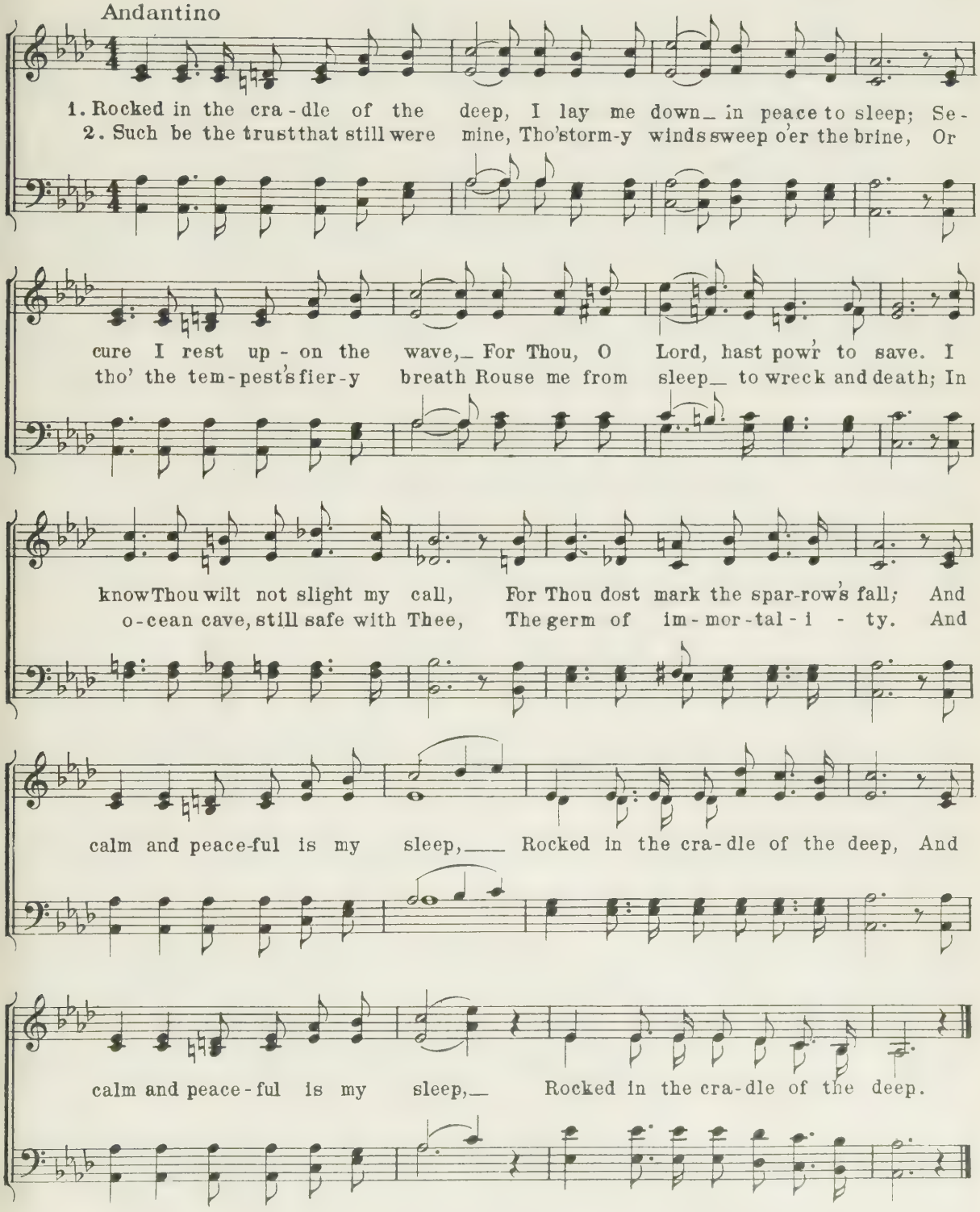
* Complete three part song (unchanged voices) or four part with optional bass

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

Emma Willard

Joseph P. Knight

Andantino

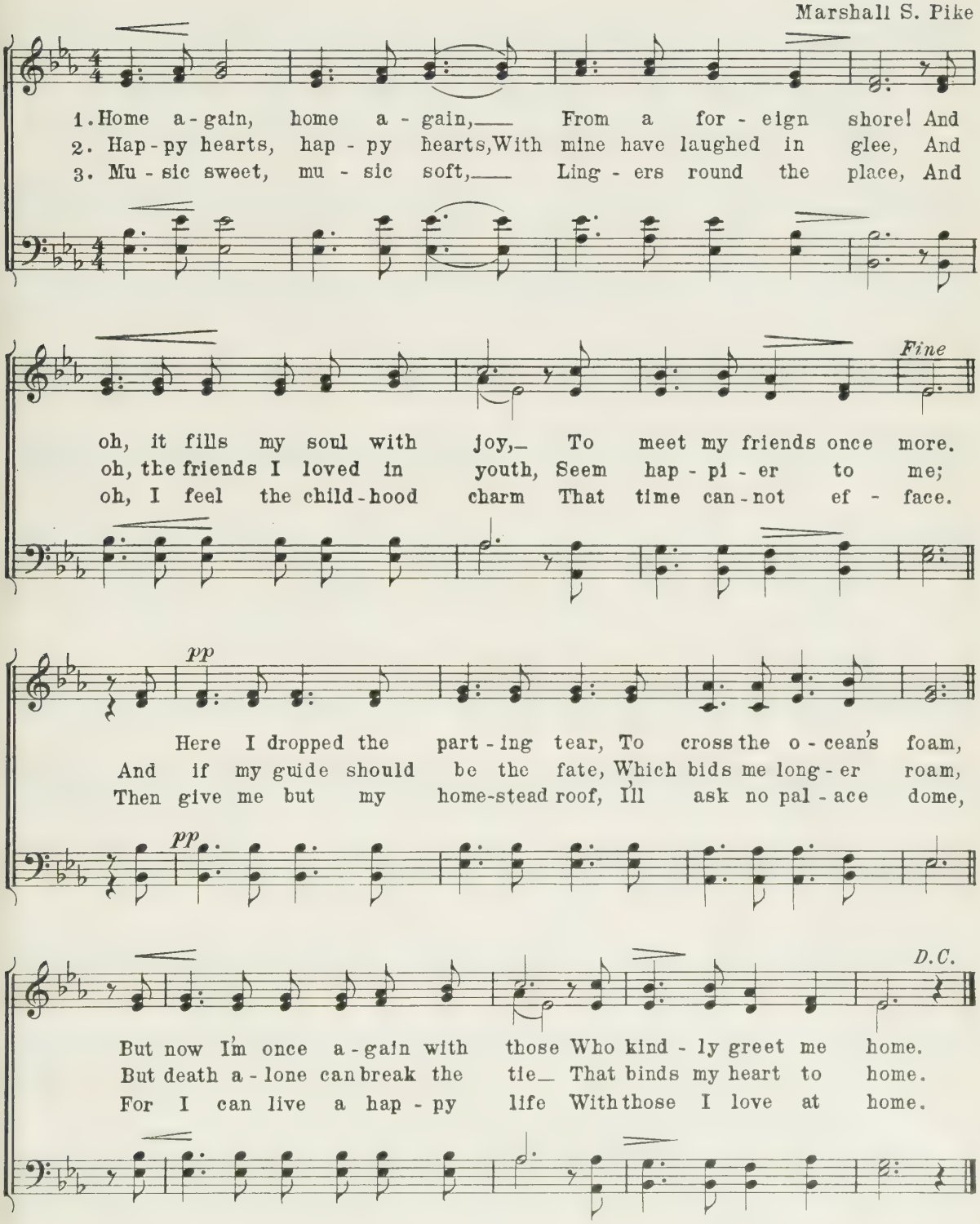

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se -
2. Such be the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine, Or
cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
tho' the tem - pest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death; In
know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
o - cean cave, still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty. And
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, And
calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

My Bonnie

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, My
2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, And
4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, The
Bon - nie lies o - ver the sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
night as I lay on my bed; Last night as I lay on my
blow, ye winds, o - ver the sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the
winds have blown o - ver the sea; The winds have blown o - ver the
o - cean, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me.
pil - low, I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead.
o - cean, And bring back my Bon - nie to me.
o - cean, And brought back my Bon - nie to me.
CHORUS
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me!

Home Again

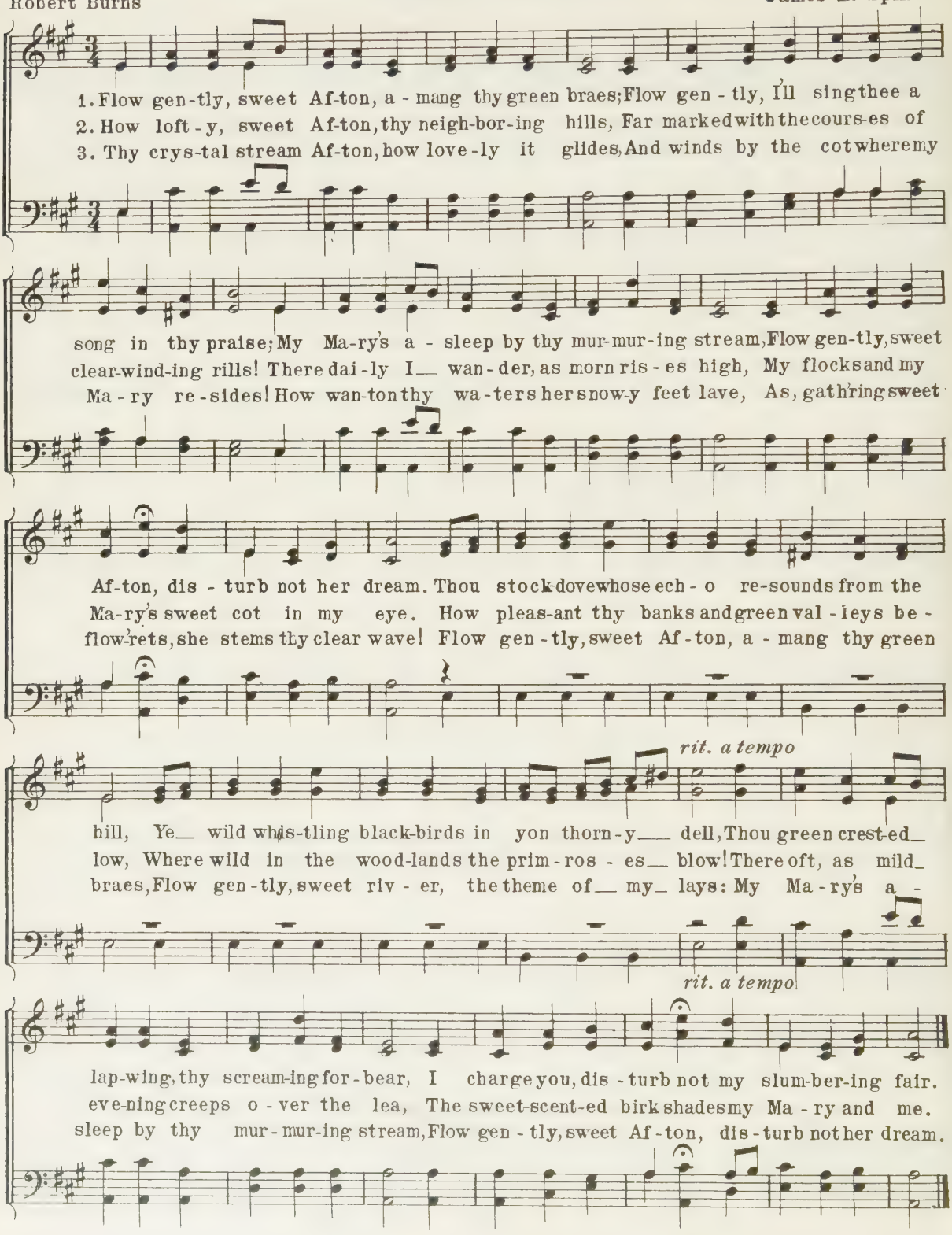
Marshall S. Pike


1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign shore! And
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, And
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Ling - ers round the place, And
Fine
oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
oh, the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me;
oh, I feel the child - hood charm That time can - not ef - face.
pp
Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam,
And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me long - er roam,
Then give me but my home-stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome,
pp
D.C.
But now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.
But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

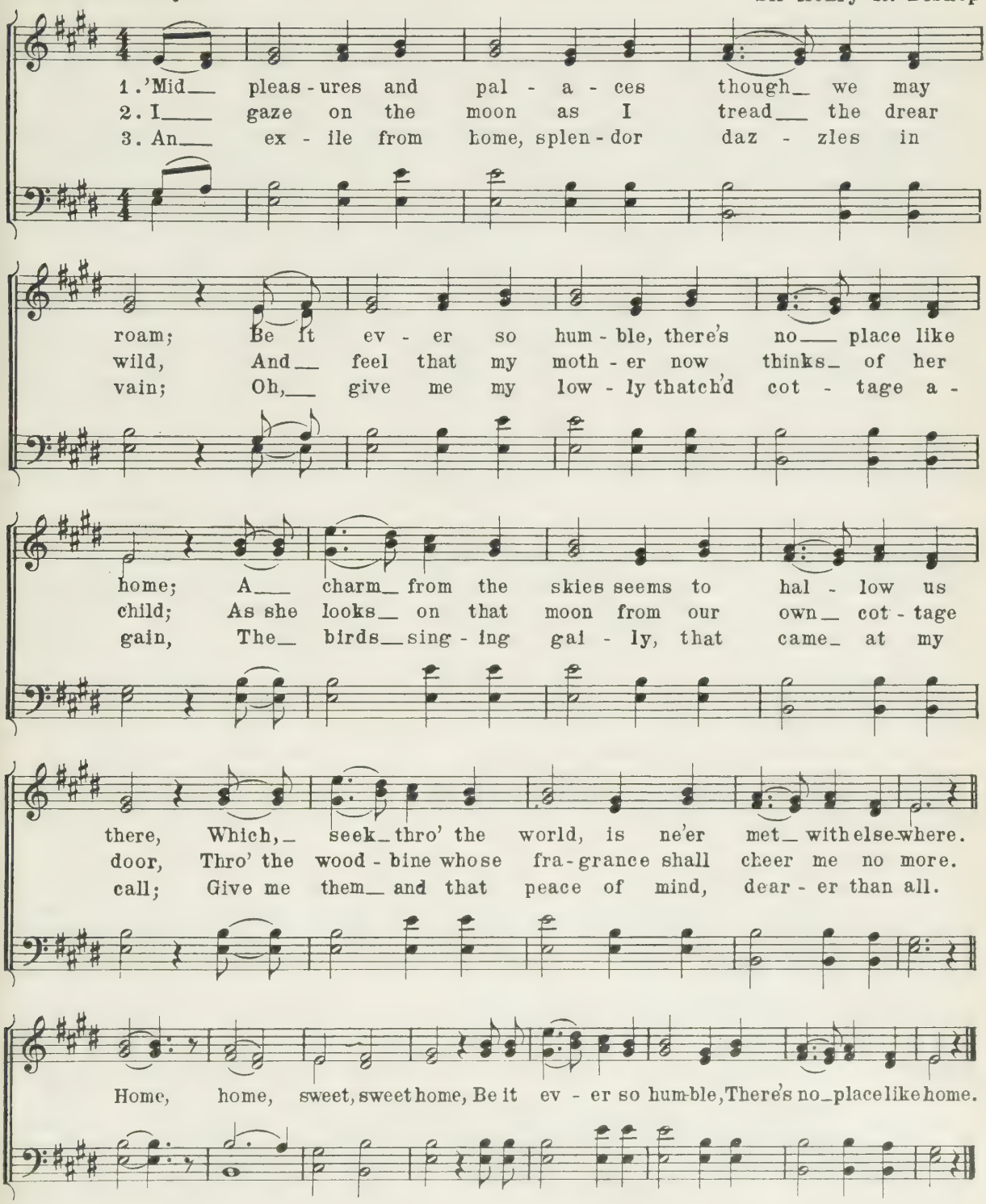
Robert Burns

James E. Spilman


1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet
Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green
rit. a tempo
hill, Ye wild whis-tling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-
rit. a tempo
lap-wing, thy scream-ing for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Home, Sweet Home

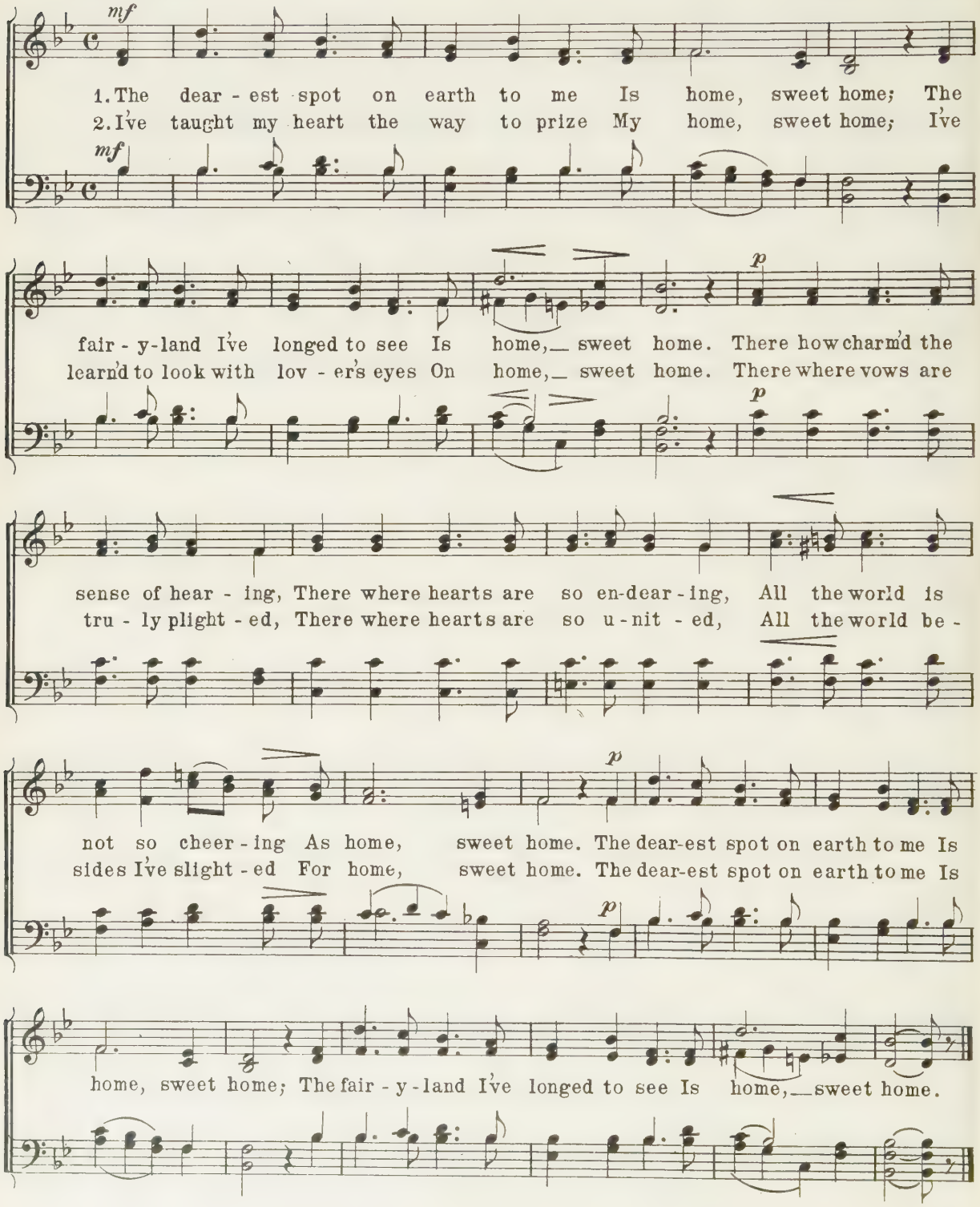
John Howard Payne — Sir Henry R. Bishop


1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam; Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her
3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a -
home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.
gain, The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Give me them and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, There's no place like home.

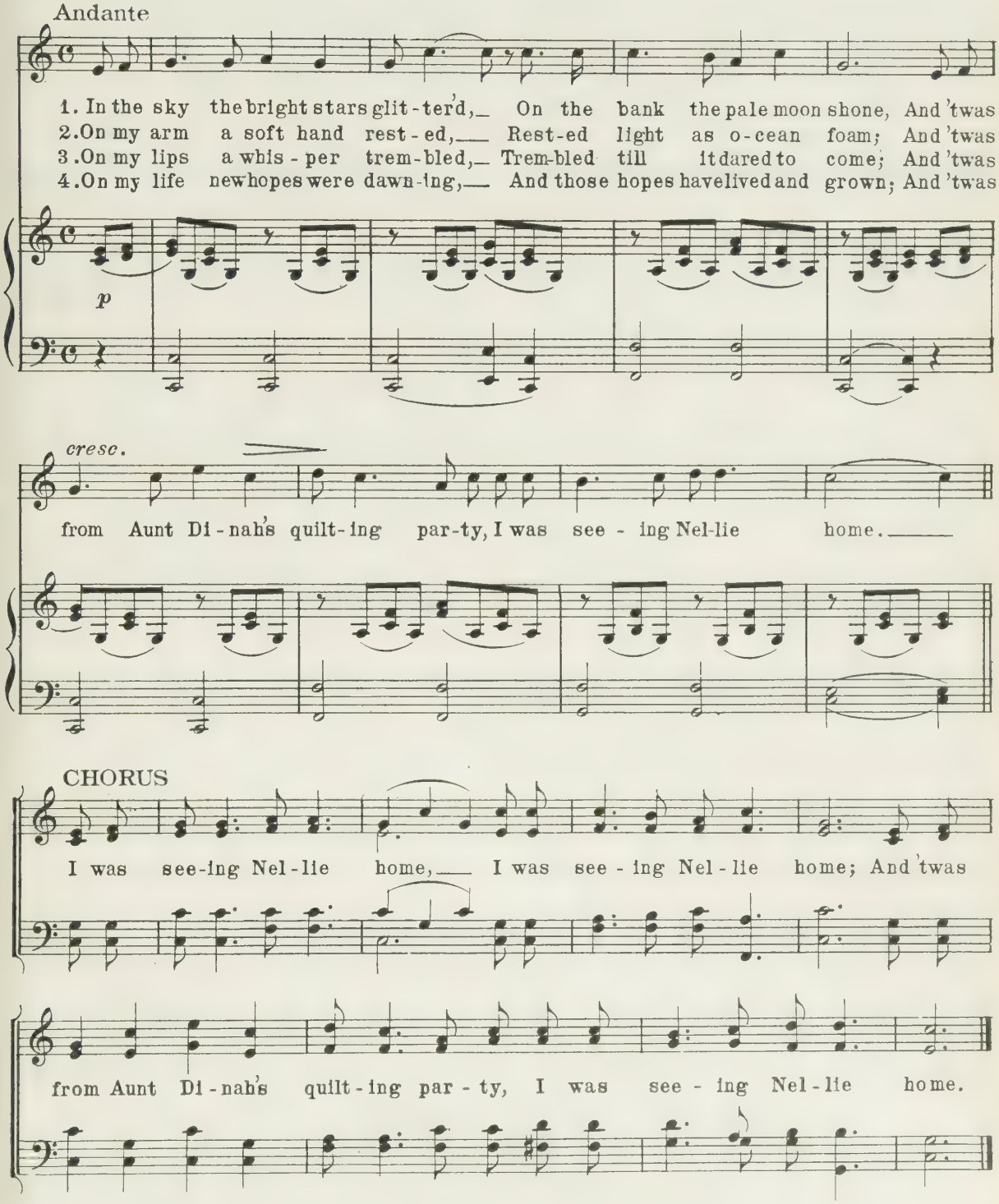
The Dearest Spot Is Home

Moderato

W. T. Wrighton


mf
1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've
mf
fair - y-land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the
learn'd to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are
p
p
sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en-dear - ing, All the world is
tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world be -
not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is
sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is
p
p
home, sweet home; The fair - y - land I've longed to see Is home, sweet home.

The Quilting Party


Andante
1. In the sky the bright stars glit-ter'd, On the bank the pale moon shone, And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o-cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, Trem-bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas
p
cresc.
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
CHORUS
I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

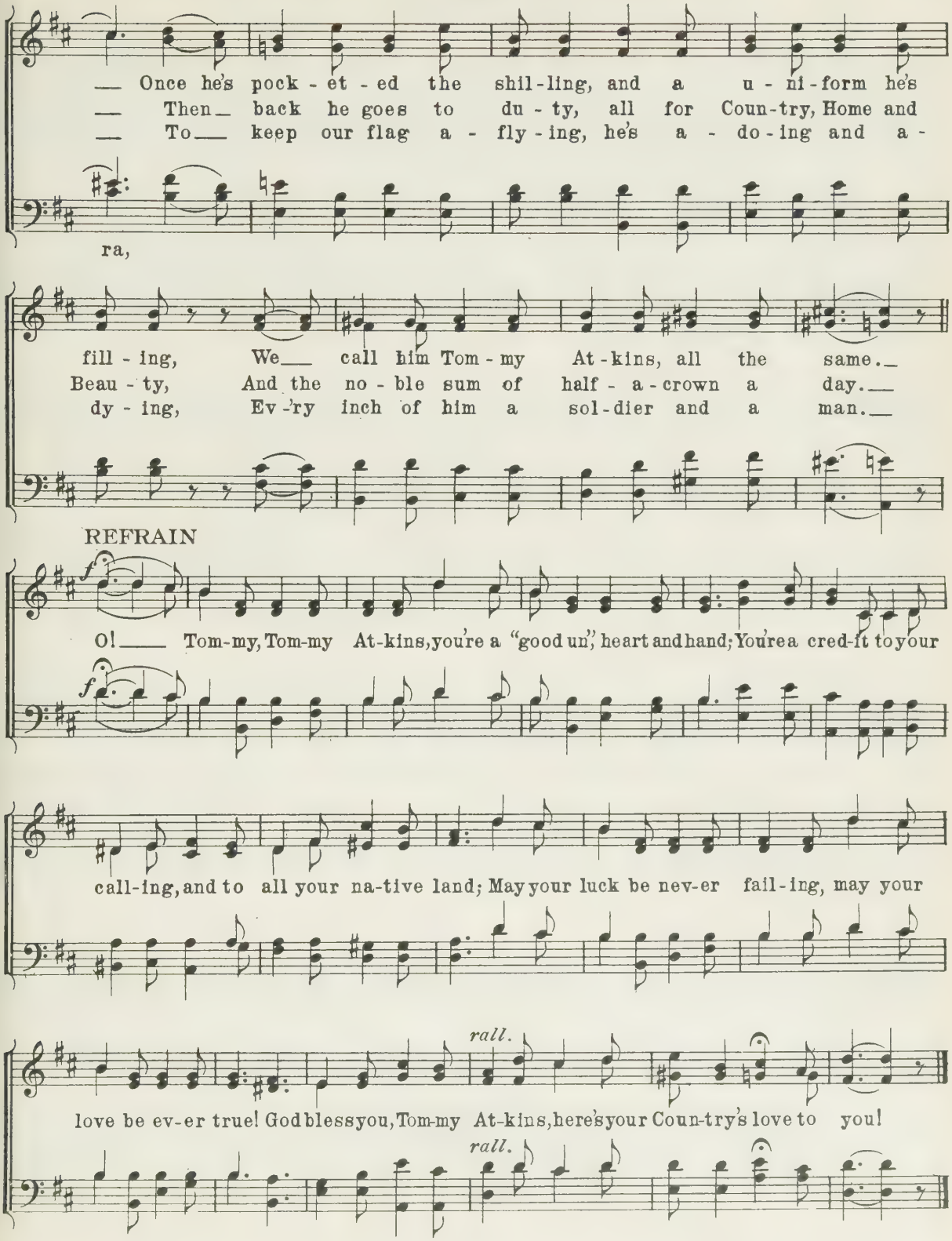
Private Tommy Atkins*

Henry Hamilton — S. Potter

Tempo di marcia

1. O, we take him from the cit - y or the plough,— And we
2. In— time of peace he hears the bu-gle - call.— In—
3. In— war-time, then, its "Tom-my to the front!" And we
Ta-ran-ta ra,
drill him and we dress him up so neat;— We teach him to up -
Bar-racks, from "Re - val - ly" to "Lights out!"— If "Sen-try go" and
ship him off in "Troop-ers" to the fray,— We sit at home while
Ta-ran-ta ra,
hold his man - ly brow,— And how to walk, and where to put his
"Pipe-clay" ev - er pall,— There's al-ways plen-ty more of work a -
Tom-my bears the brunt,— A - fight-ing for his coun-try and his
Ta-ran-ta ra,
feet. It does not mat-ter who he was be -
bout. On leave, o' nights, you meet him in the
pay. And wheth-er he's on In-dia's cor - al
ta - ran - ta - ran - ta ra,
fore,— Or what his par-ents fa-vord for his name;—
street,— As hap-py as a school-boy, and as gay;—
strand,— Or pour-ing out his blood in the Sou - dan,—
Ta-ran-ta ra,
Ta-ran-ta

*This popular English song found favor with the "Tommies" and as such has some historic interest.

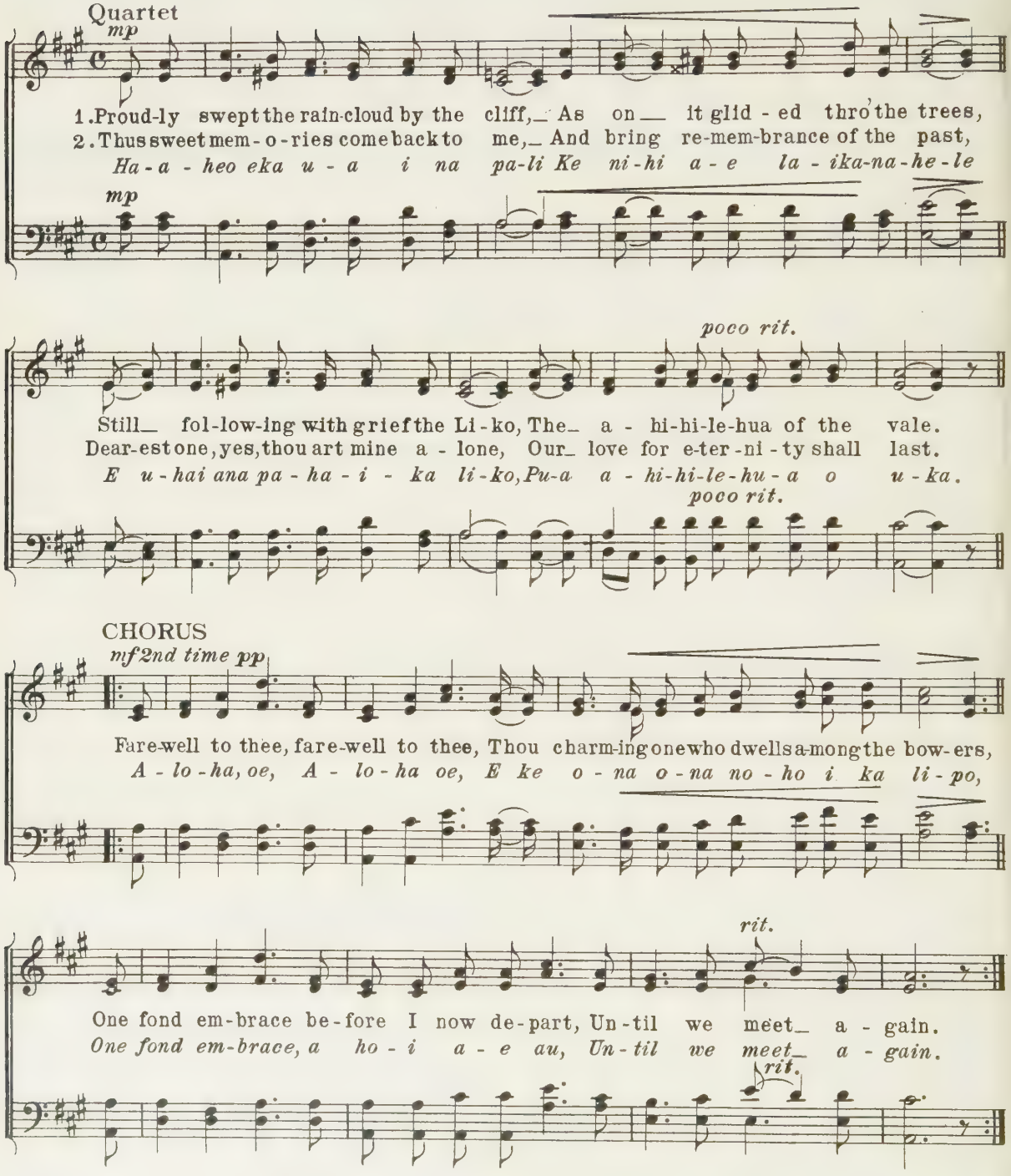

— Once he's pock - et - ed the shil - ling, and a u - ni - form he's
— Then— back he goes to du - ty, all for Coun-try, Home and
— To— keep our flag a - fly - ing, he's a - do - ing and a -
ra,
fill - ing, We— call him Tom - my At - kins, all the same.—
Beau - ty, And the no - ble sum of half - a - crown a day.—
dy - ing, Ev - 'ry inch of him a sol - dier and a man.—
REFRAIN
f
O!— Tom-my, Tom-my At-kins, you're a "good un", heart and hand; You're a cred-it to your
f
call-ing, and to all your na-tive land; May your luck be nev-er fail-ing, may your
rall.
love be ev-er true! God bless you, Tom-my At-kins, here's your Coun-try's love to you!
rall.

Aloha Oe

Hawaii

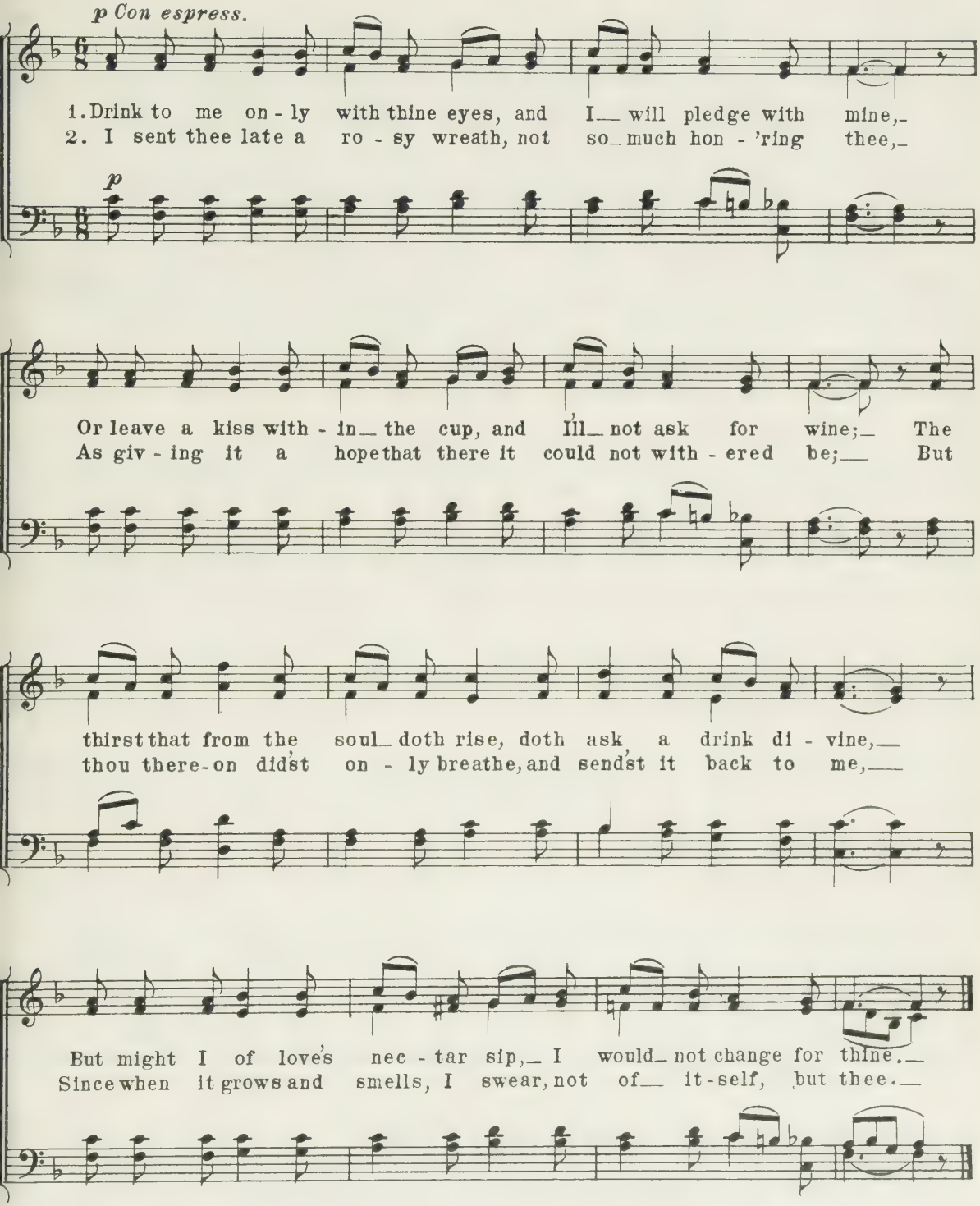
Andantino
Quartet

Composed by H. M. Queen Lihuokalani

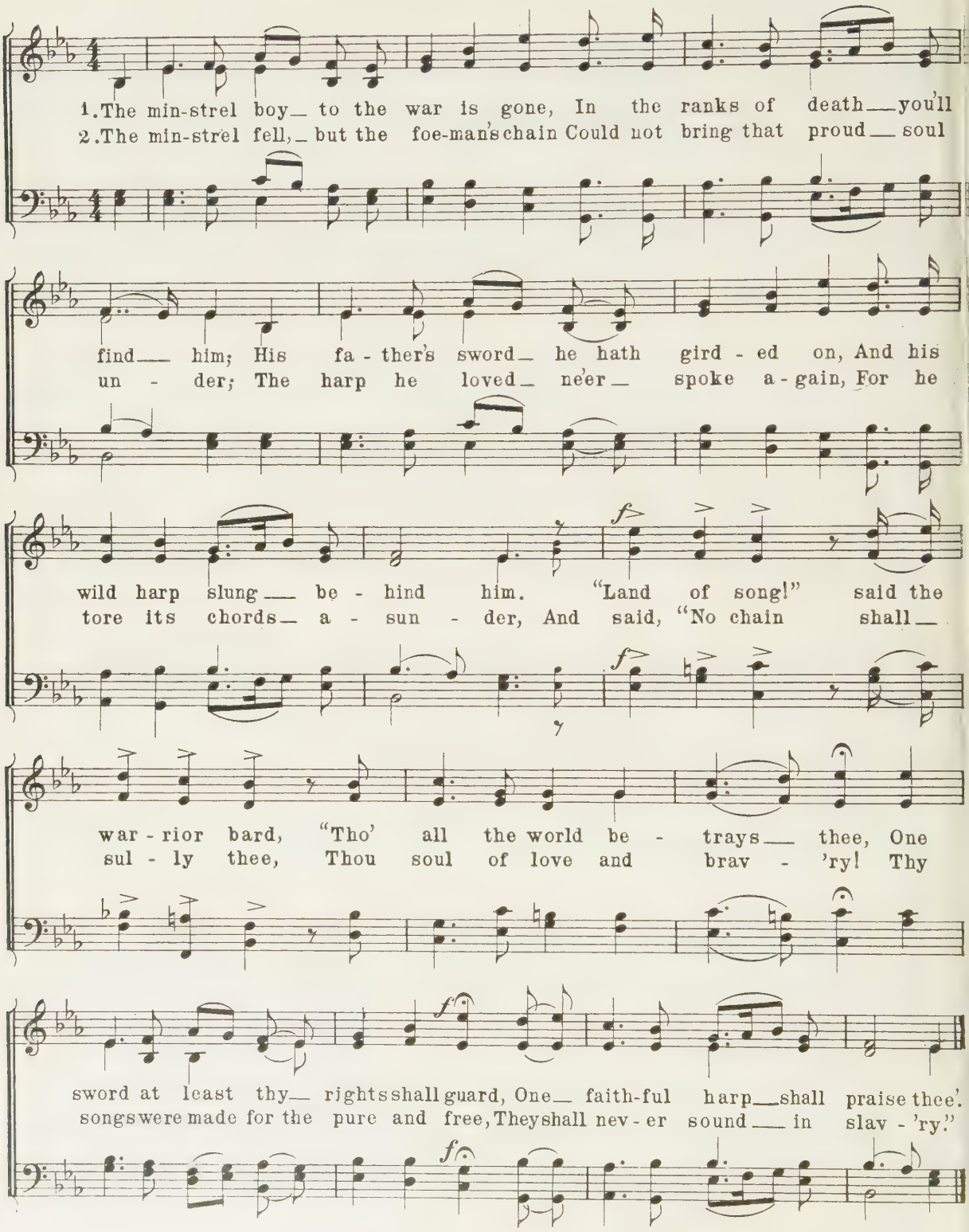

mp
1. Proud-ly swept the rain-cloud by the cliff,_ As on__ it glid - ed thro' the trees,
2. Thus sweet mem - o - ries come back to me,_ And bring re-mem-brance of the past,
Ha - a - heo eka u - a i na pa-li Ke ni-hi a-e la - ika-na-he-le
mp
poco rit.
Still_ fol-low-ing with grief the Li - ko, The_ a - hi-hi-le-hua of the vale.
Dear-est one, yes, thou art mine a - lone, Our_ love for e-ter-ni - ty shall last.
E u-hai ana pa - ha - i - ka li-ko, Pu-a a - hi-hi-le-hu - a o u - ka.
poco rit.
CHORUS
mf 2nd time pp
Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Thou charm-ing one who dwells a-mong the bow-ers,
A - lo - ha, oe, A - lo - ha oe, E ke o - na o - na no - ho i ka li - po,
rit.
One fond em-brace be-fore I now de-part, Un-til we meet_ a - gain.
One fond em-brace, a ho - i a - e au, Un-til we meet_ a - gain.
rit.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Ben. Jonson

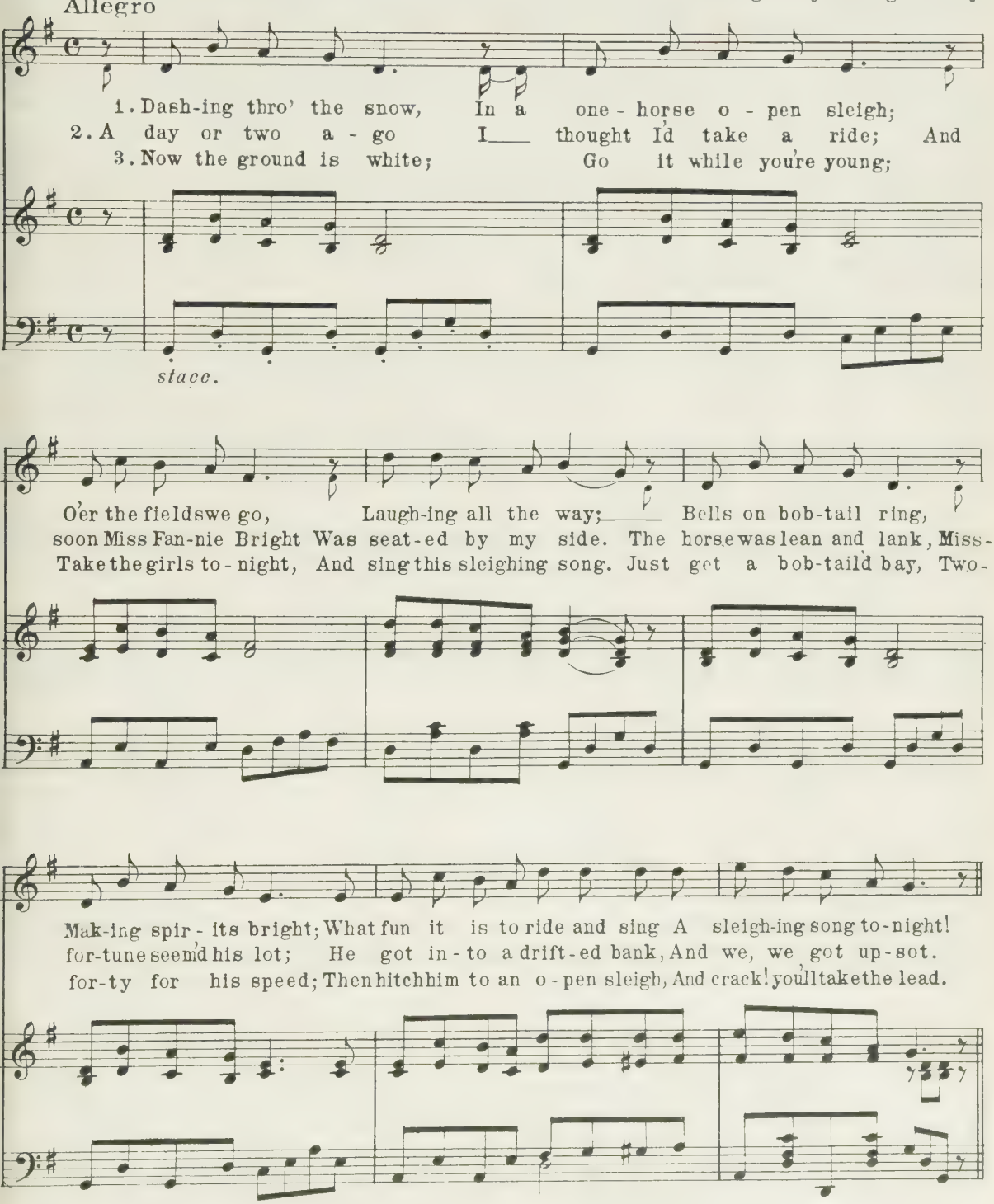

p Con espress.
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee,
p
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine,
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, and sendst it back to me,
But might I of love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it-self, but thee.

The Minstrel Boy


1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his
2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he
wild harp slung be - hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
tore its chords a - sun - der, And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy
sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee'.
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry."

Jingle, Bells

Arranged by George Rosey


Allegro
1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh;
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride; And
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;
stacc.
O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring,
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank, Miss-
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-
Mak-ing spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!
for-tune seem'd his lot; He got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS

Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells!

Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

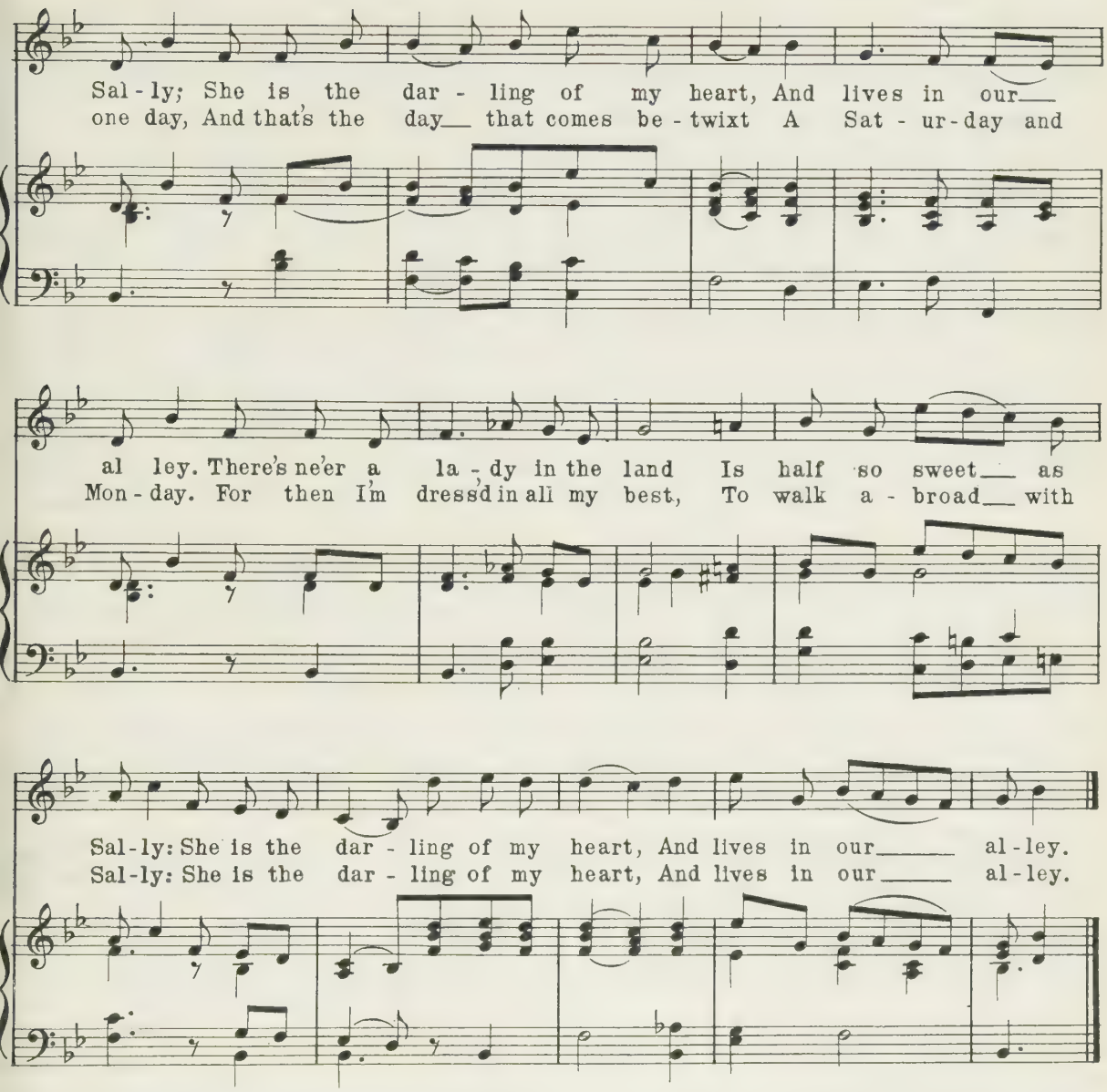
Sally In Our Alley

Words by Henry Carey

Tune: "The Country Lass"
Dr. Arne's arrangement

Slowly and Tenderly

1. Of all the girls___ that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days___ are in the week, I dear - ly love but


Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our
one day, And that's the day that comes be - twixt A Sat - ur - day and
al ley. There's ne'er a la - dy in the land Is half so sweet as
Mon - day. For then I'm dress'd in all my best, To walk a - broad with
Sal - ly: She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.
Sal - ly: She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.

3

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up and, box and all,
I'll give unto my honey.
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

4

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she I'd better be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally;
And then how happily we'll live—
But not in our alley.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
lec-tion pre-sent them to view! The wide spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell;
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en
buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-covered buck-et that hung in the well.

2

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

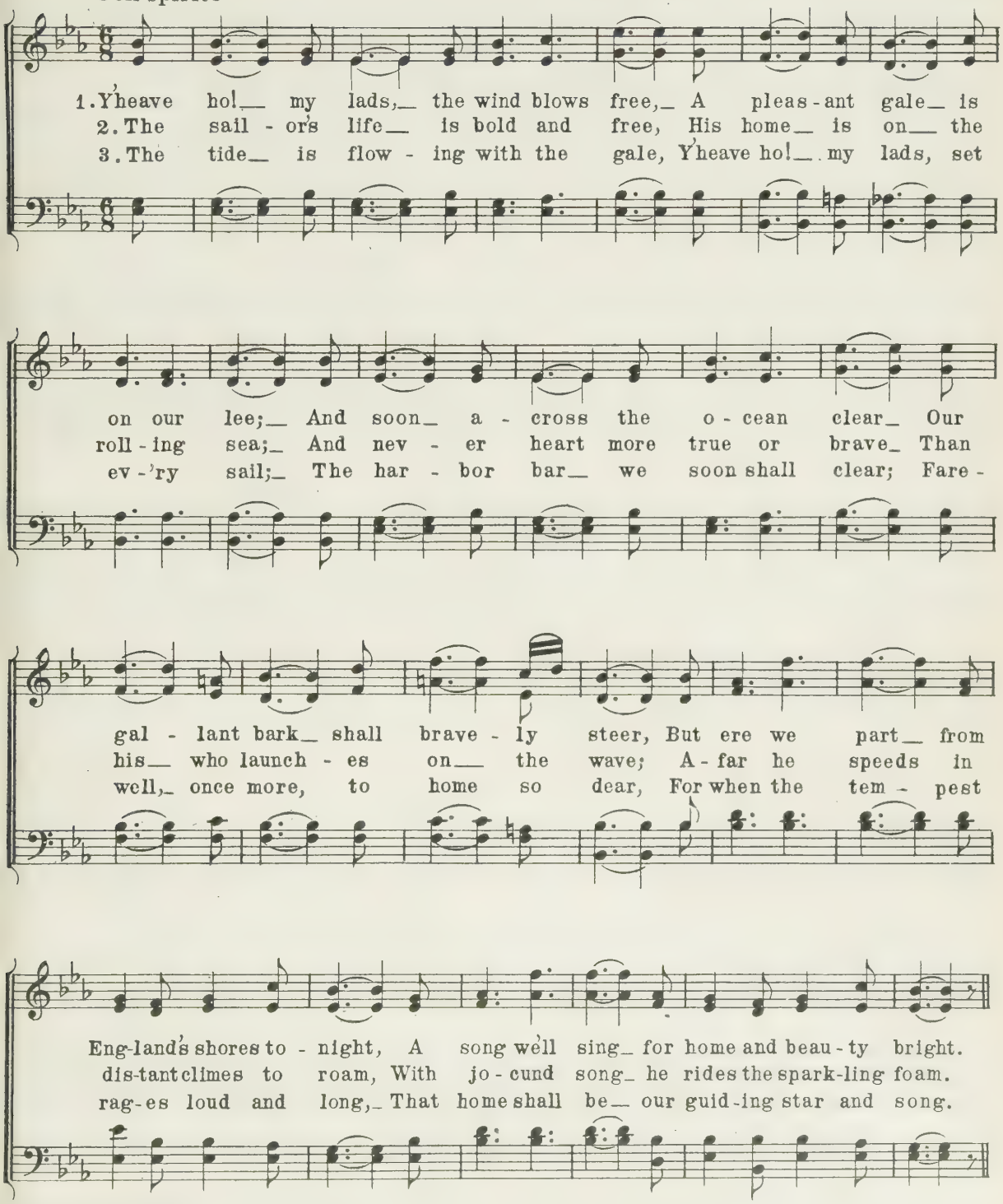
3

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Sailing

Con spirito

Godfrey Marks


1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas-ant gale is
2. The sail-or's life is bold and free, His home is on the
3. The tide is flow-ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set
on our lee; And soon a-cross the o-cean clear Our
roll-ing sea; And nev-er heart more true or brave Than
ev-'ry sail; The har-bor bar we soon shall clear; Fare-
gal-lant bark shall brave-ly steer, But ere we part from
his who launch-es on the wave; A-far he speeds in
well, once more, to home so dear, For when the tem-pest
Eng-land's shores to-night, A song we'll sing for home and beau-ty bright.
dis-tant climes to roam, With jo-cund song he rides the spark-ling foam.
rag-es loud and long, That home shall be our guid-ing star and song.

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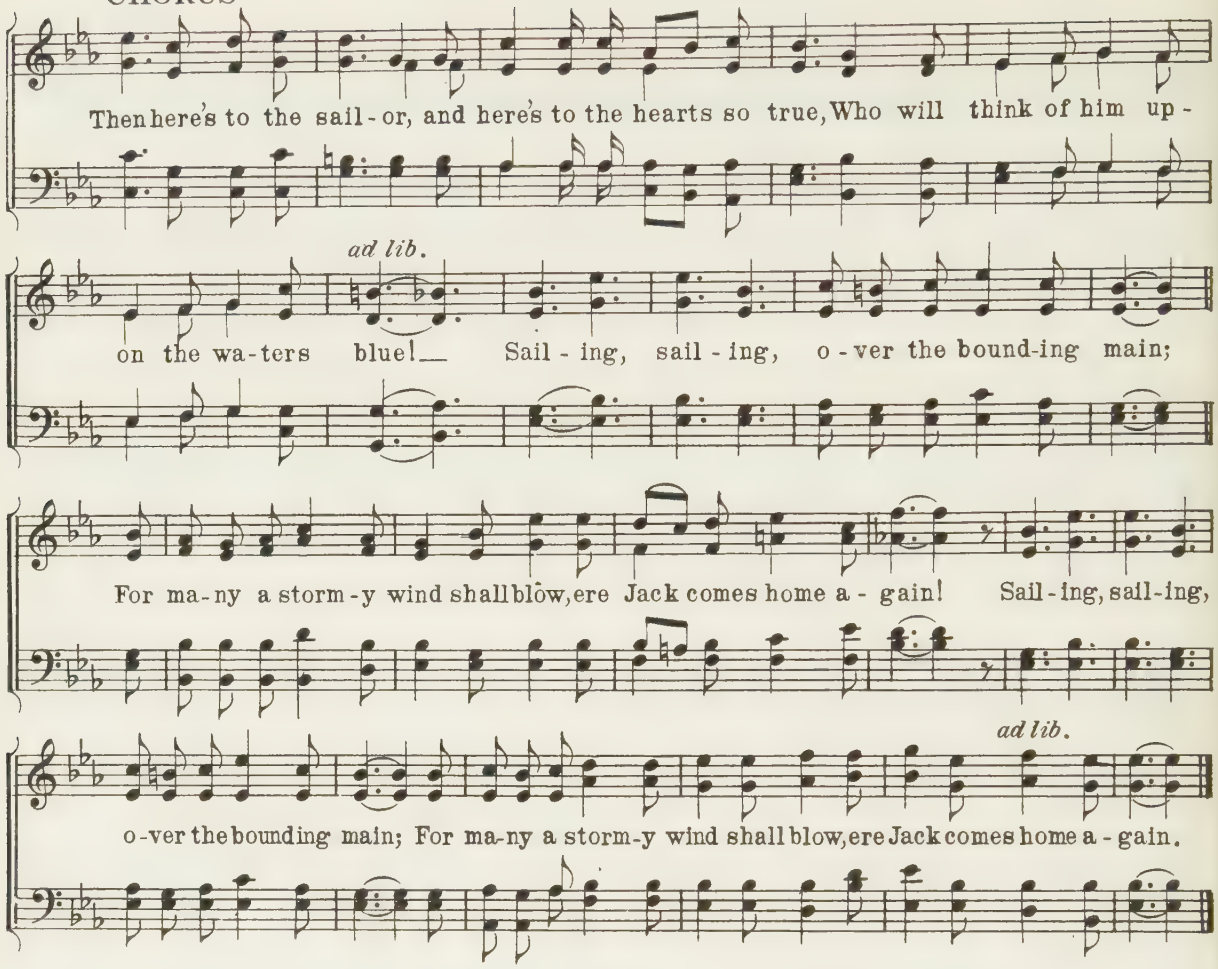
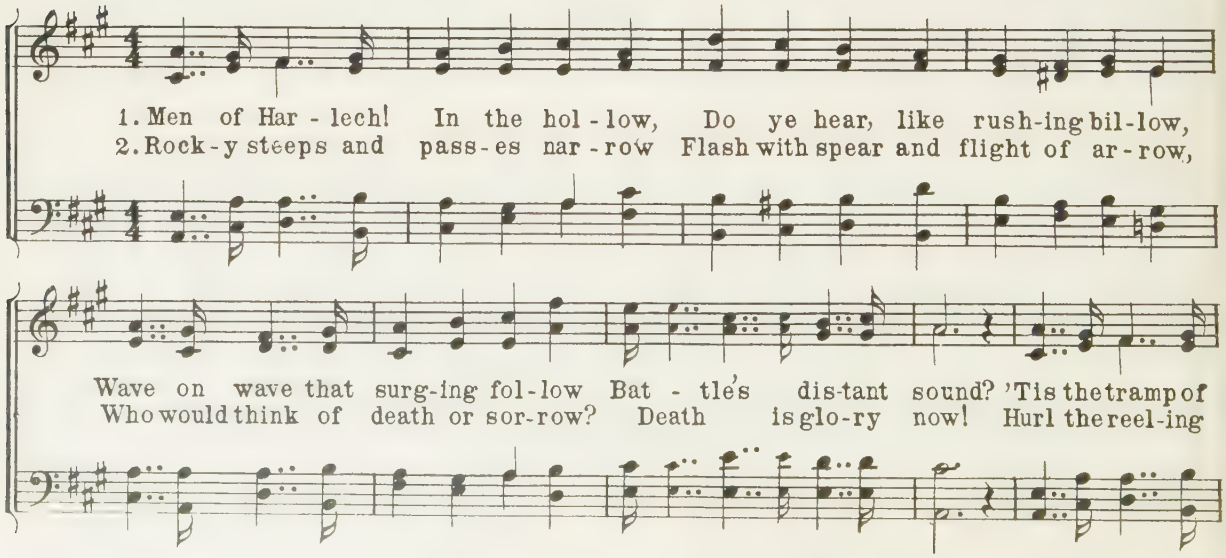
Sailing (concluded)

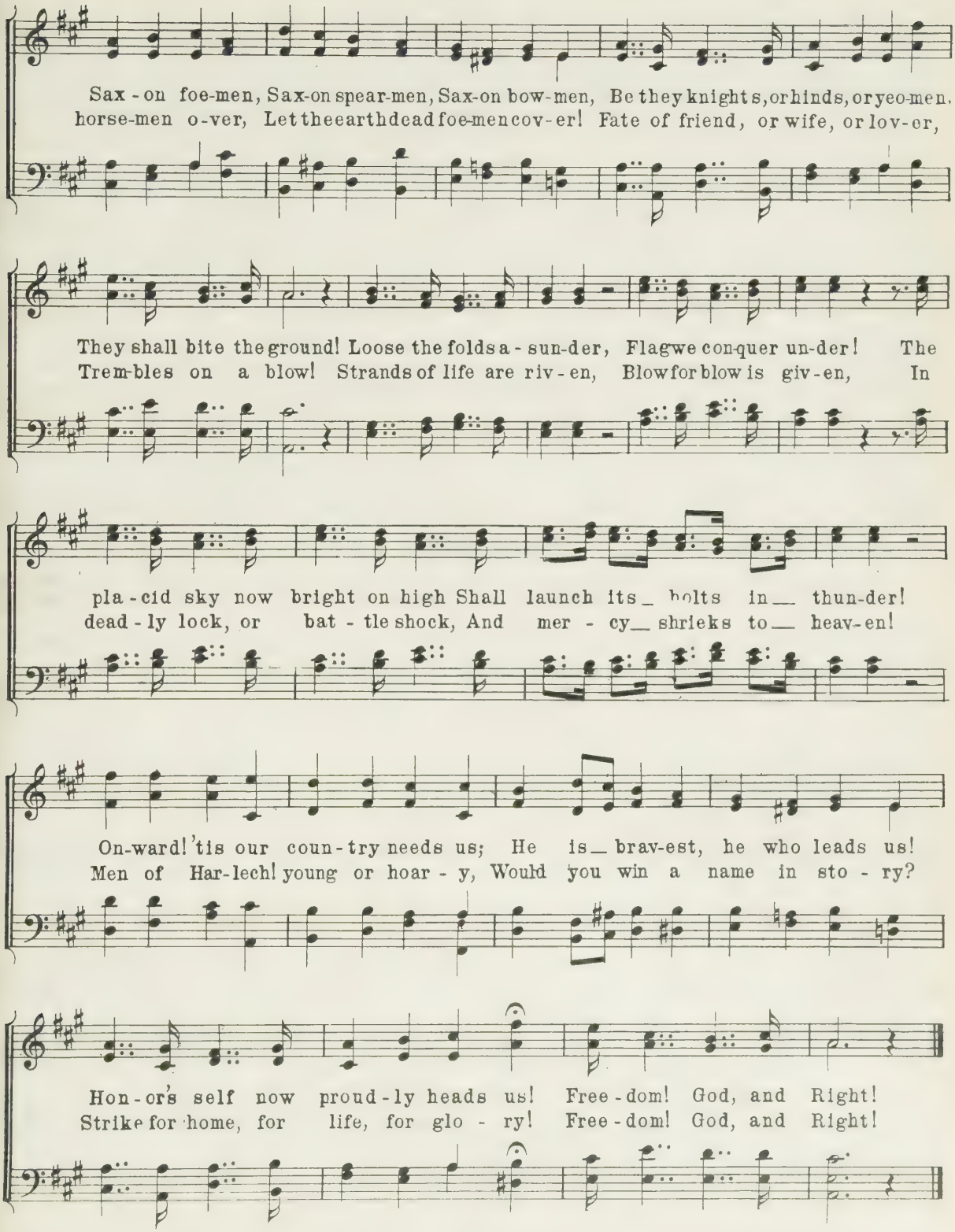
CHORUS


Then here's to the sail-or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up-
ad lib.
on the wa-ters blue! Sail-ing, sail-ing, o-ver the bound-ing main;
For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a-gain! Sail-ing, sail-ing,
ad lib.
o-ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a-gain.

Men Of Harlech

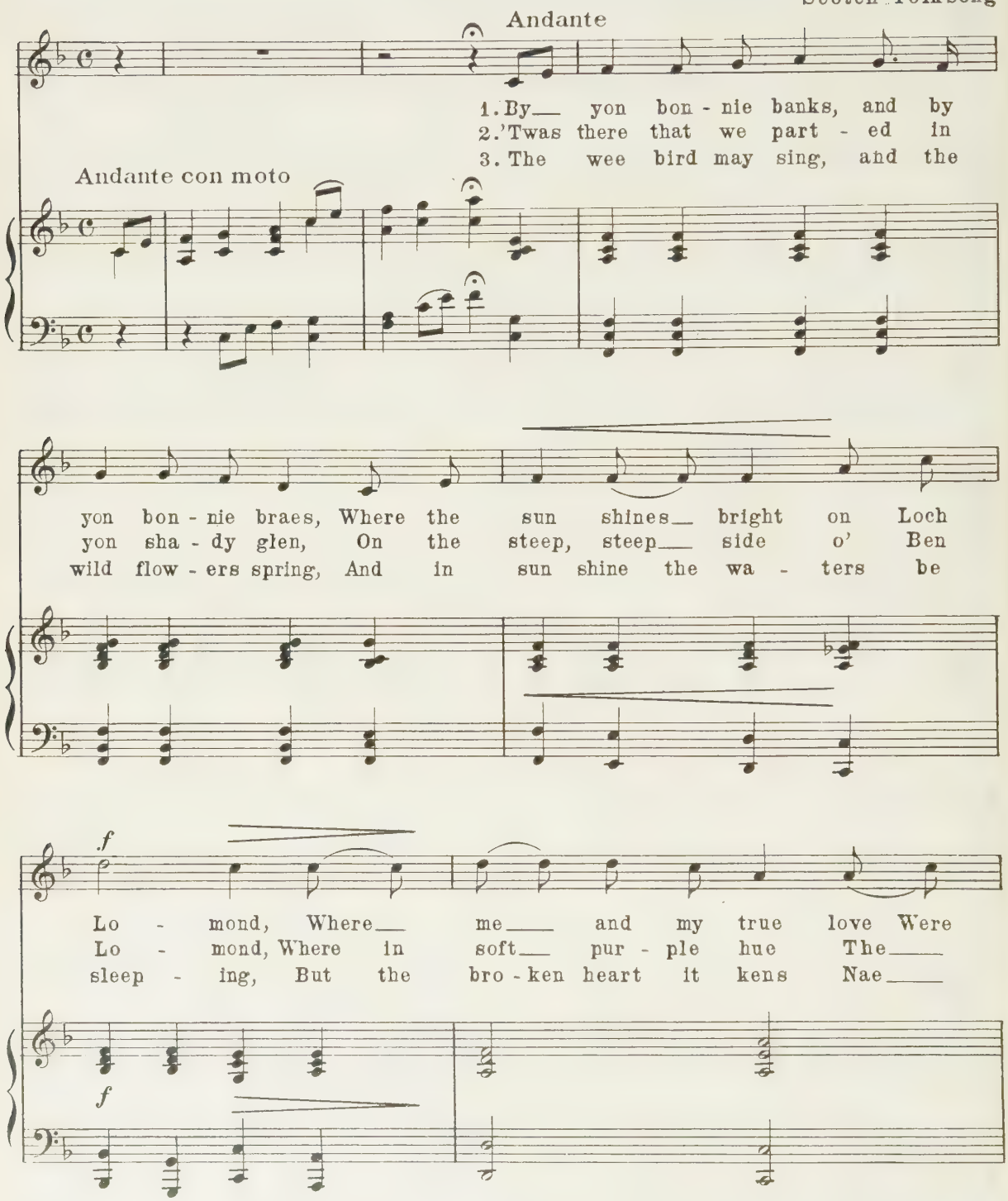

1. Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,
Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? 'Tis the tramp of
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing

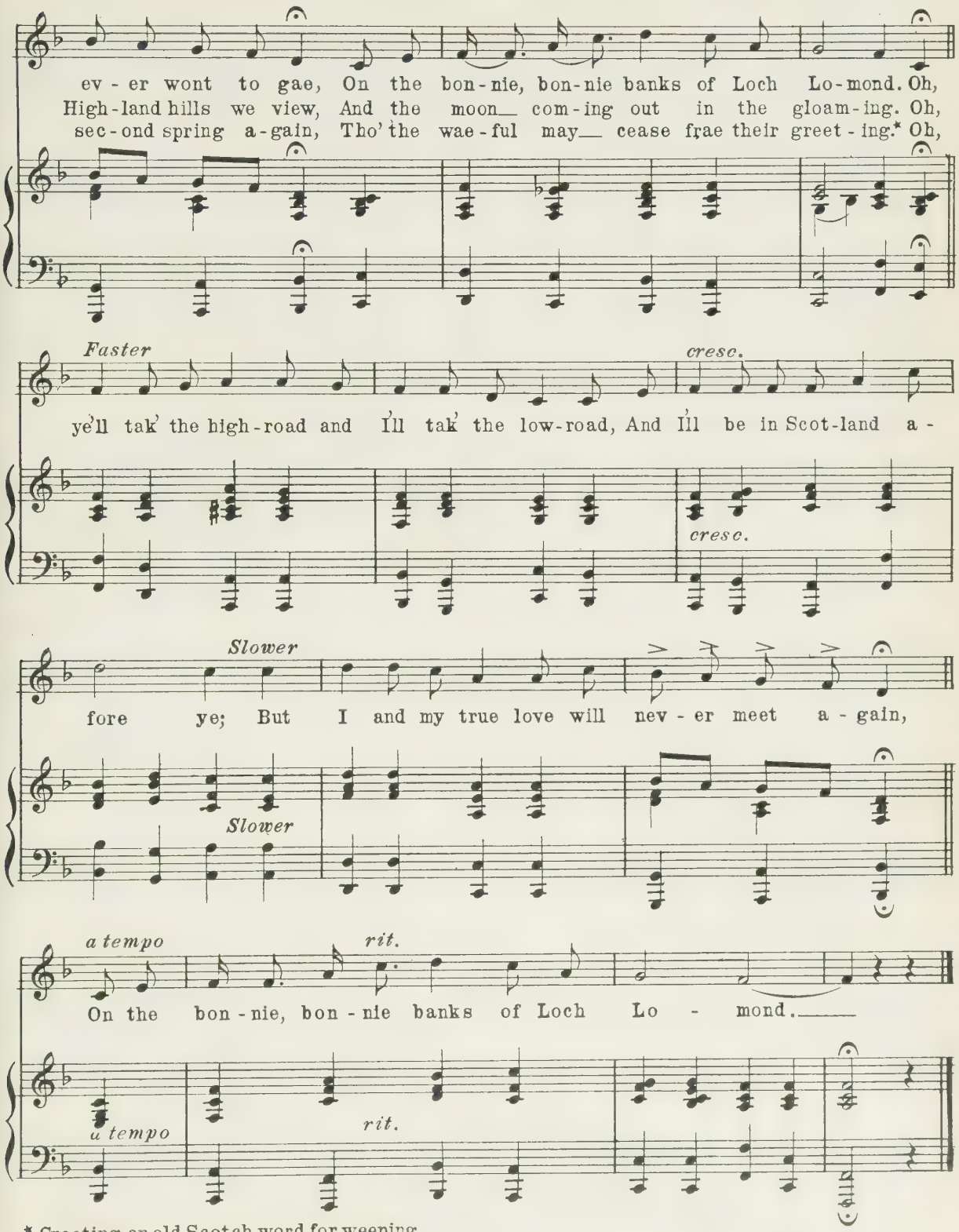
Men Of Harlech (concluded)


Sax - on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men, Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men,
horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, or wife, or lov-er,
They shall bite the ground! Loose the folds a - sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The
Trem-bles on a blow! Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv-en, In
pla - cid sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav-en!
On-ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav-est, he who leads us!
Men of Har-lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?
Hon-or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free - dom! God, and Right!

Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong


Andante
1. By__ yon bon - nie banks, and by
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in
3. The wee bird may sing, and the
Andante con moto
yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines__ bright on Loch
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep__ side o' Ben
wild flow - ers spring, And in sun shine the wa - ters be
f
Lo - mond, Where__ me__ and my true love Were
Lo - mond, Where in soft__ pur - ple hue The__
sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart it kens Nae__
f

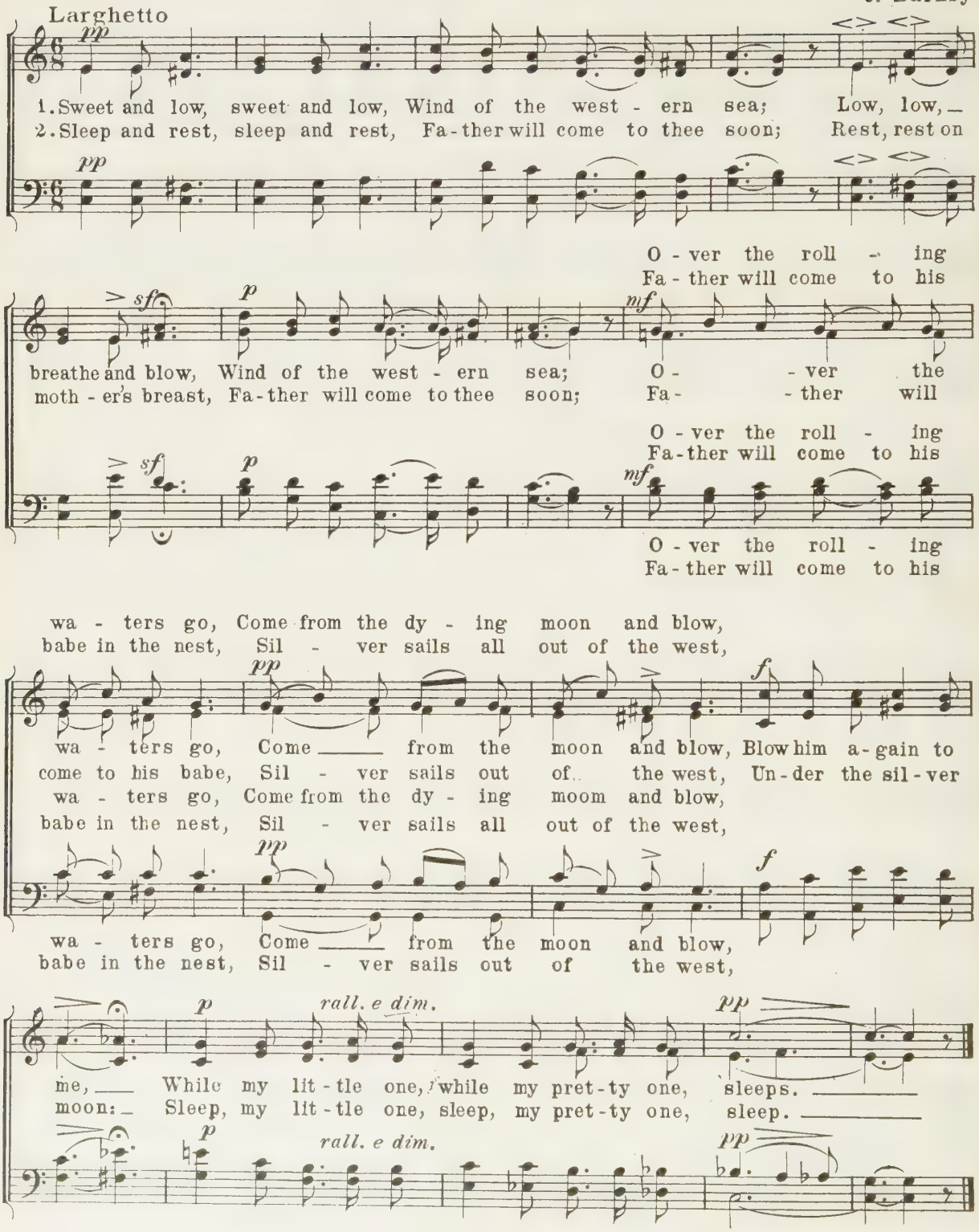

ev - er wont to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond. Oh,
High - land hills we view, And the moon__ com - ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh,
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - ful may__ cease frae their greet - ing.* Oh,
Faster
cresc.
ye'll tak' the high - road and I'll tak' the low - road, And I'll be in Scot - land a -
cresc.
Slower
fore ye; But I and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain,
Slower
a tempo
rit.
On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
a tempo
rit.

* Greeting, an old Scotch word for weeping.

Sweet And Low

Alfred Tennyson

J. Barnby


Larghetto
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his
sf
p
mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Fa- - ther will
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa-ther will come to his
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
f
wa - ters go, Come ____ from the moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moom and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come ____ from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,
rall. e dim.
me, ____ While my lit - tle one, while my pret-ty one, sleeps. ____
moon: ____ Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep. ____

A Warrior Bold

Edw. Thomas — Stephen Adams

Con spirito

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And ba-rons held their sway, A war-rior bold, with
2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gay-ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but

spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay:
ere the night, His soul had passed a-way, His soul had passed a-way.

"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
The plight-ed ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried:

That none with her com-pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die,
"I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die,

1 2

So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
So what care I, tho' *Omit* death be nigh, I've

ad lib. *molto rallentando e dim.*

fought for love, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

p *p*

Killarney

M. W. Balfe

Drs Tacet

Moderato

Str. Horns. Trpts. Tromb

Fl. Cl.

1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
2. Mu - sic there for e - cho dwells, Makes each sound a

wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er
har - mo - ny; Man - y voiced the cho - rus swells, Till it faints in

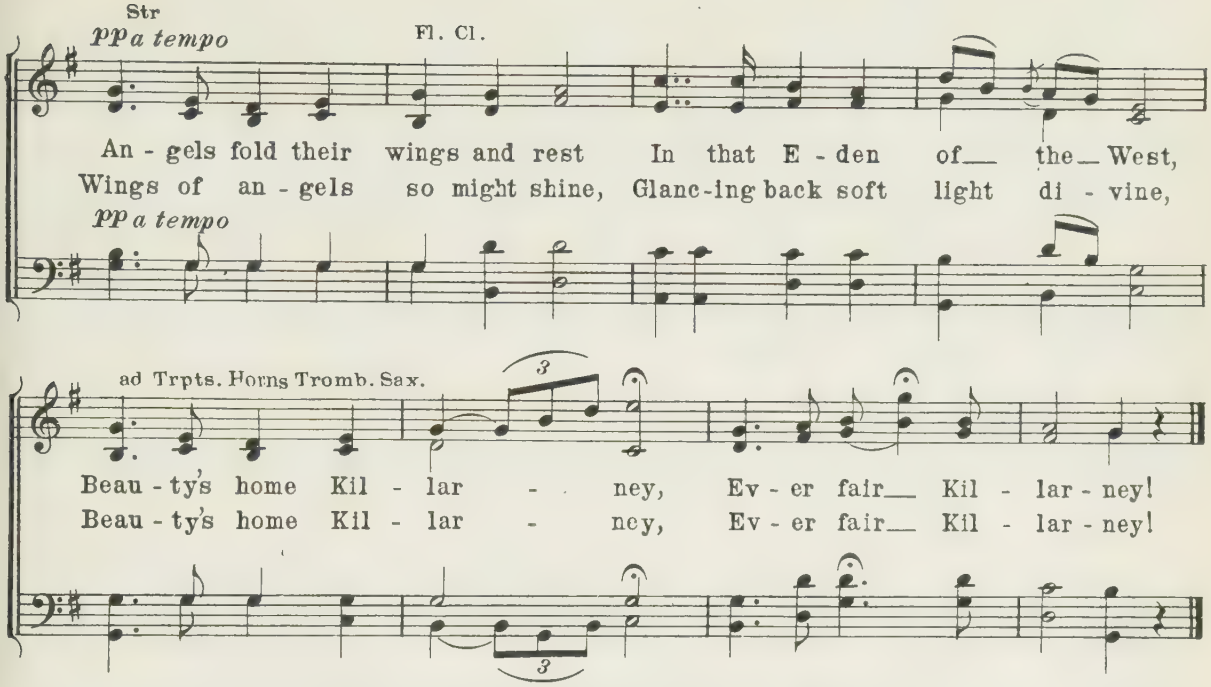
fond - ly strays. Boun - teous na - ture loves all lands;
ec - sta - sy. With the charm - ful tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where; Foot - prints leaves on
Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors

rit. *dim.*

man - y strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
that we know, Tinge the cloud wreaths in that sky.

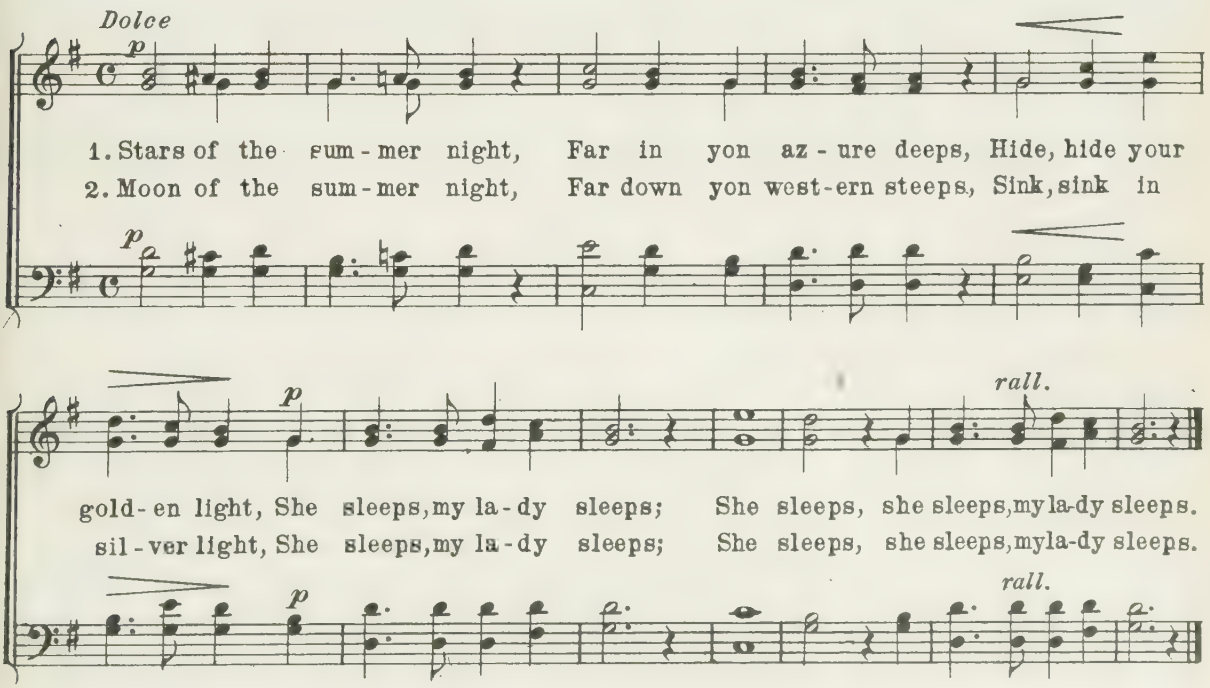
rit. *dim.*


Str
pp a tempo
Fl. Cl.
An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the West,
Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di - vine,
pp a tempo
ad Trpts. Horns Tromb. Sax.
Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney!
Beau - ty's home Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney!

Stars Of The Summer Night

(Serenada)

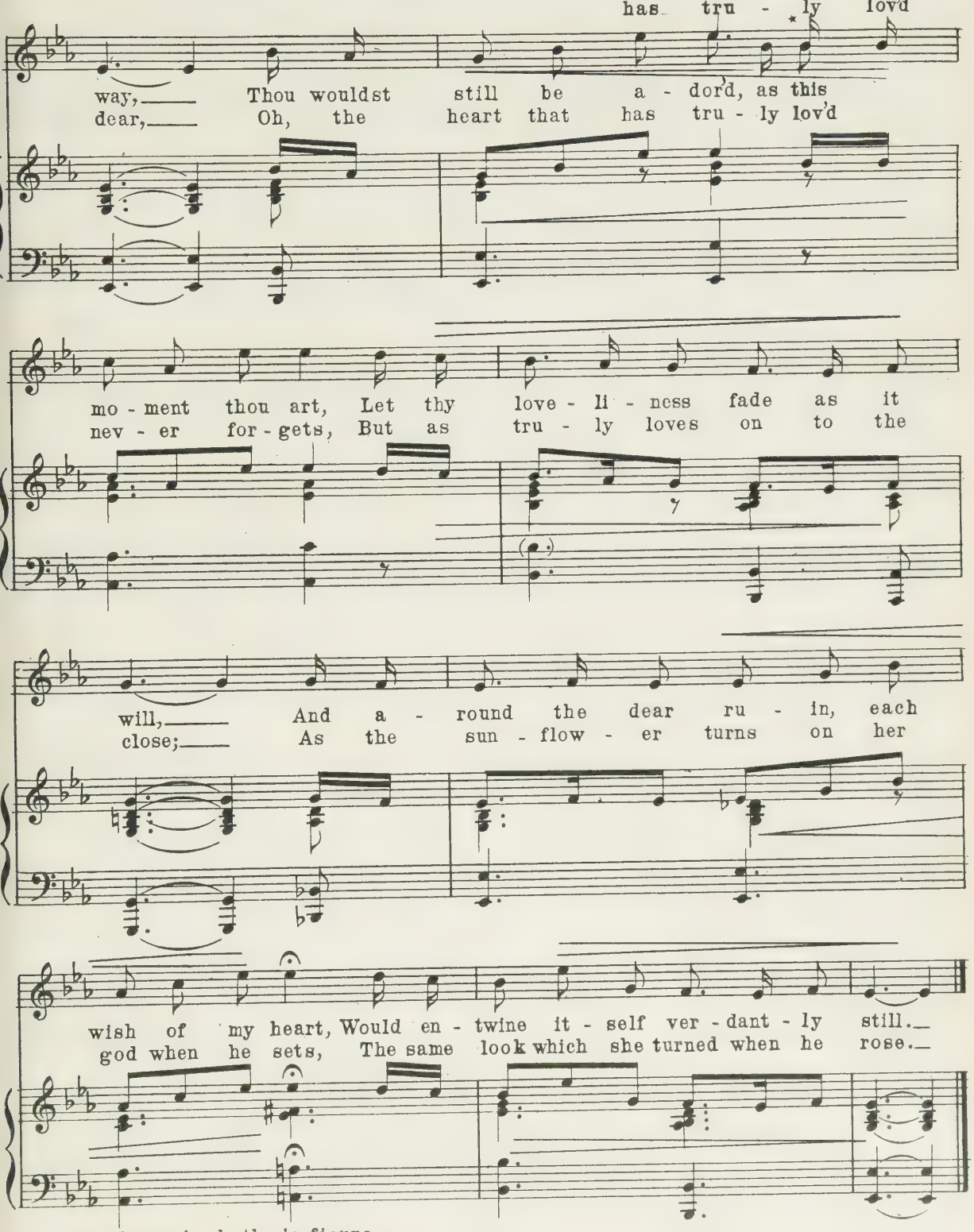
Longfellow


Dolce
p
1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
p
p
rall.
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
p
rall.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore — Old Irish

mf legato
1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
2. It is not__ while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy
mf Tutti exeept Drs.
gaze on so fond - ly to - day,__ Were to change by to - mor - row and
cheek un - pro - faned by a tear,__ That the fer - vor and faith of a
fleet in my arms, Like__ fair - y gifts fa - ding a -
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more


a - dor'd as this
has tru - ly lov'd
way, Thou wouldst still be a - dor'd, as this
dear, Oh, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd
mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the
will, And a - round the dear ru - in, each
close; As the sun - flow - er turns on her
wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
god when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose.

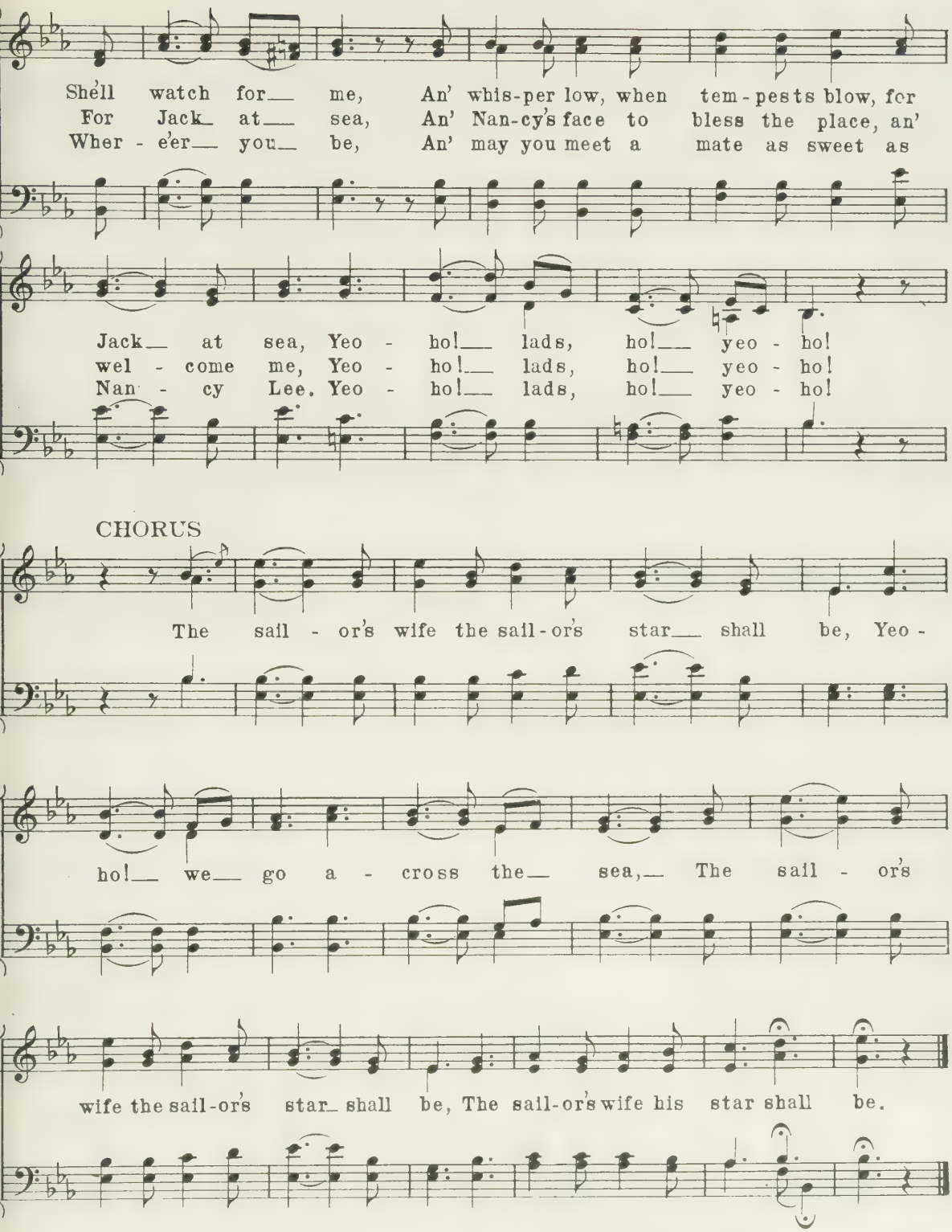
* Note change in rhythmic figure

Nancy Lee

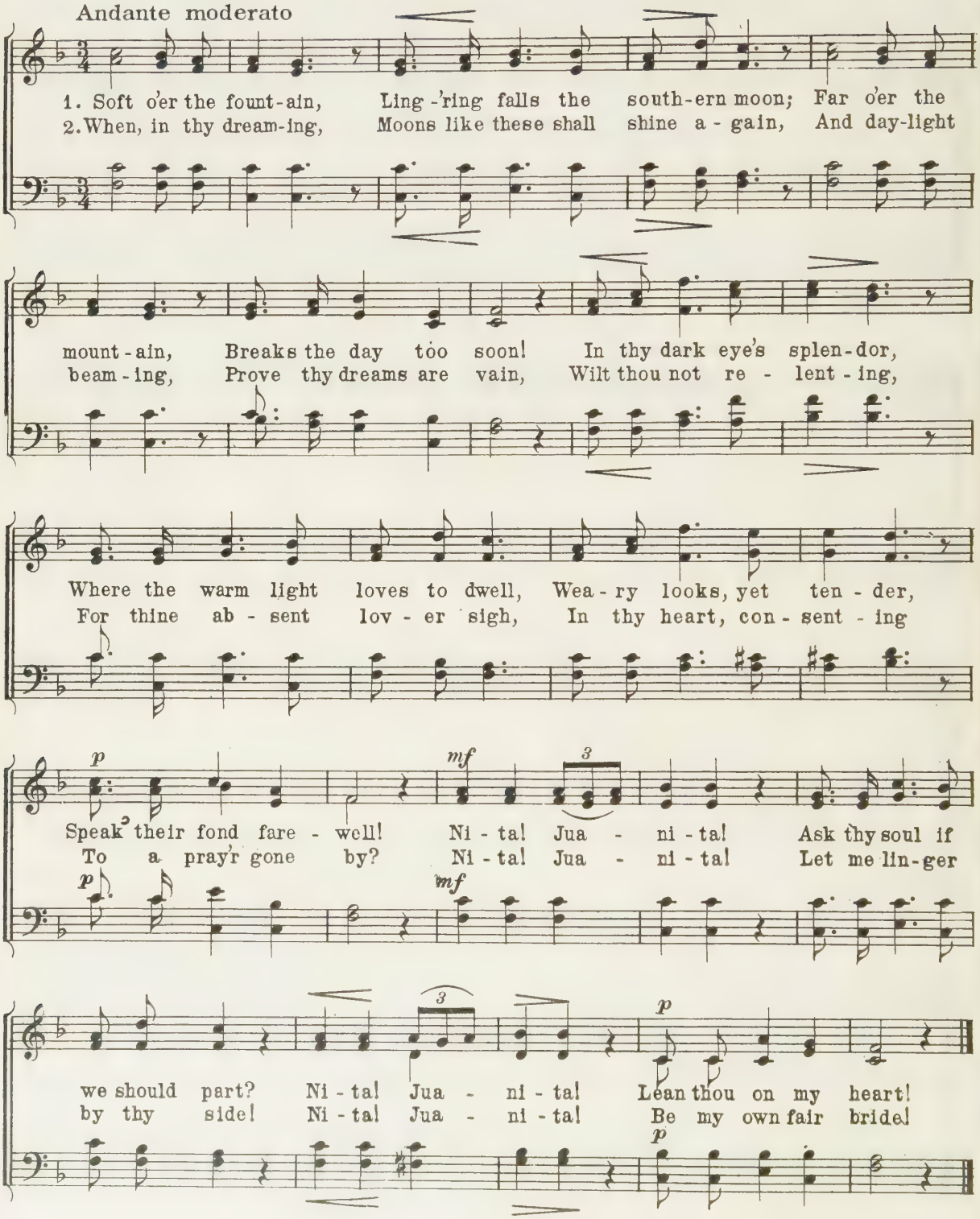
Fred E. Weatherly — Stephen Adams

Spirited

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo - ho! lads,
2. The har - bor's past, the breez - es blow, Yeo - ho! lads,
3. The boa's - 'n pipes the watch be - low, Yeo - ho! lads,
ho! Yeo - ho! yeo - ho! There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow, Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know, Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! yeo - ho! Then here's a health be-fore we go, Yeo-
ho! lads, ho! yeo - ho! See there she stands and
ho! lads, ho! yeo - ho! But true and bright, from
ho! lads, ho! yeo - ho! A long, long life to
waves her hands, up - on the quay, An' ev -'ry day when I'm a-way
morn till night, my home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet
my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An' keep your bones from Da-vy Jones


She'll watch for me, An' whis-per low, when tem-pests blow, for
For Jack at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an'
Wher-e'er you be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as
Jack at sea, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
wel-come me, Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
Nan-cy Lee. Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
CHORUS
The sail-or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, Yeo-
ho! we go a-cross the sea, The sail-or's
wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

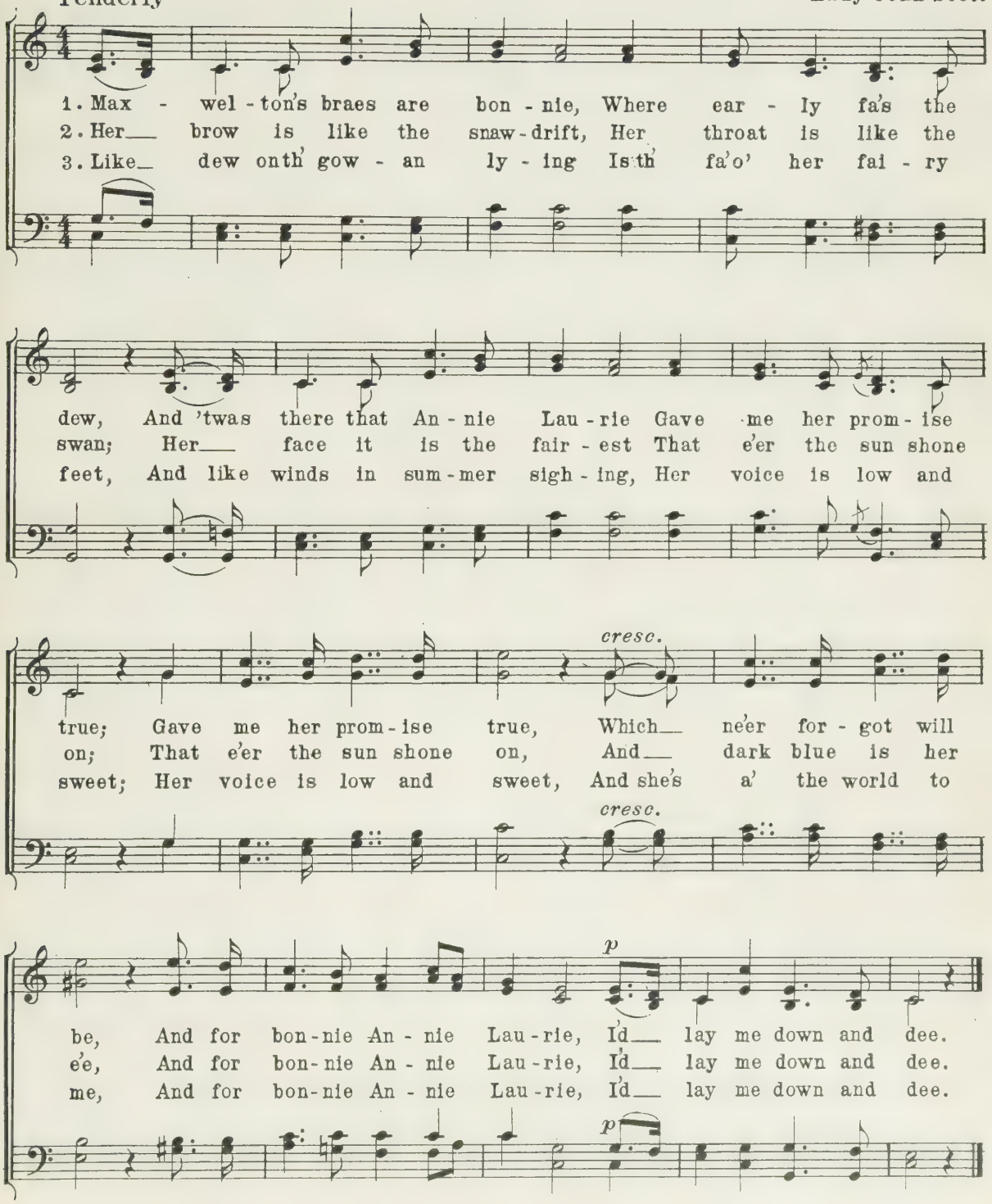
Juanita


Andante moderato
1. Soft o'er the fount-ain, Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the
2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light
mount-ain, Breaks the day tóo soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor,
beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re-lent-ing,
Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der,
For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart, con-sent-ing
p
Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger
mf
3
we should part? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart!
by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

Annie Laurie

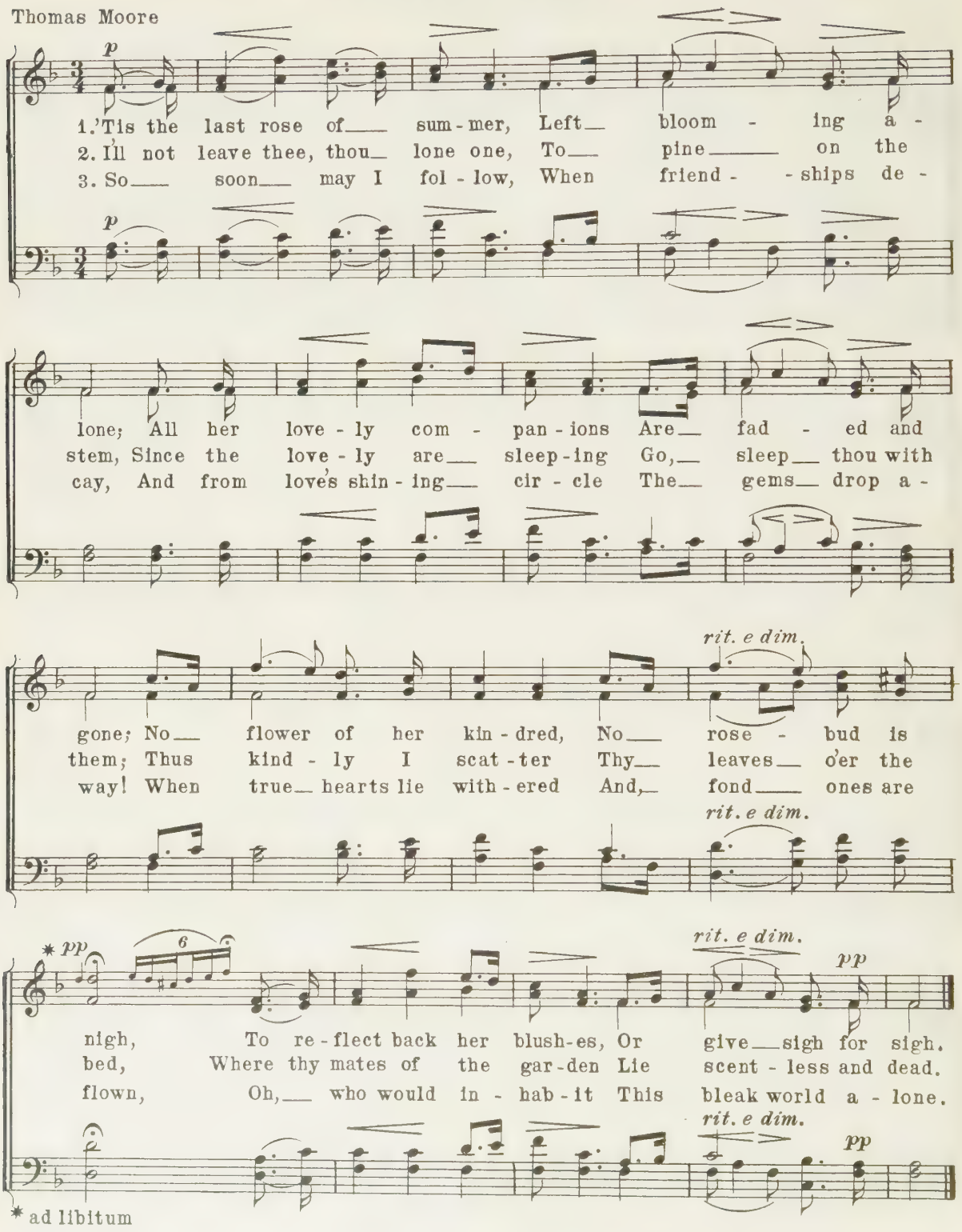
Tenderly

Lady John Scott


1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan;
3. Like dew onth' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa'o' her fai - ry feet,
And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true;
Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on;
And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet;
Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
cresc.
cresc.
p
p

'Tis The Last Rose Of Summer

Thomas Moore


p
1.'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - - ships de -
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing Go, sleep thou with
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a -
rit. e dim.
gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
way! When true hearts lie with - ered And, fond ones are
rit. e dim.
* pp
6
rit. e dim.
pp
nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.
rit. e dim.
pp

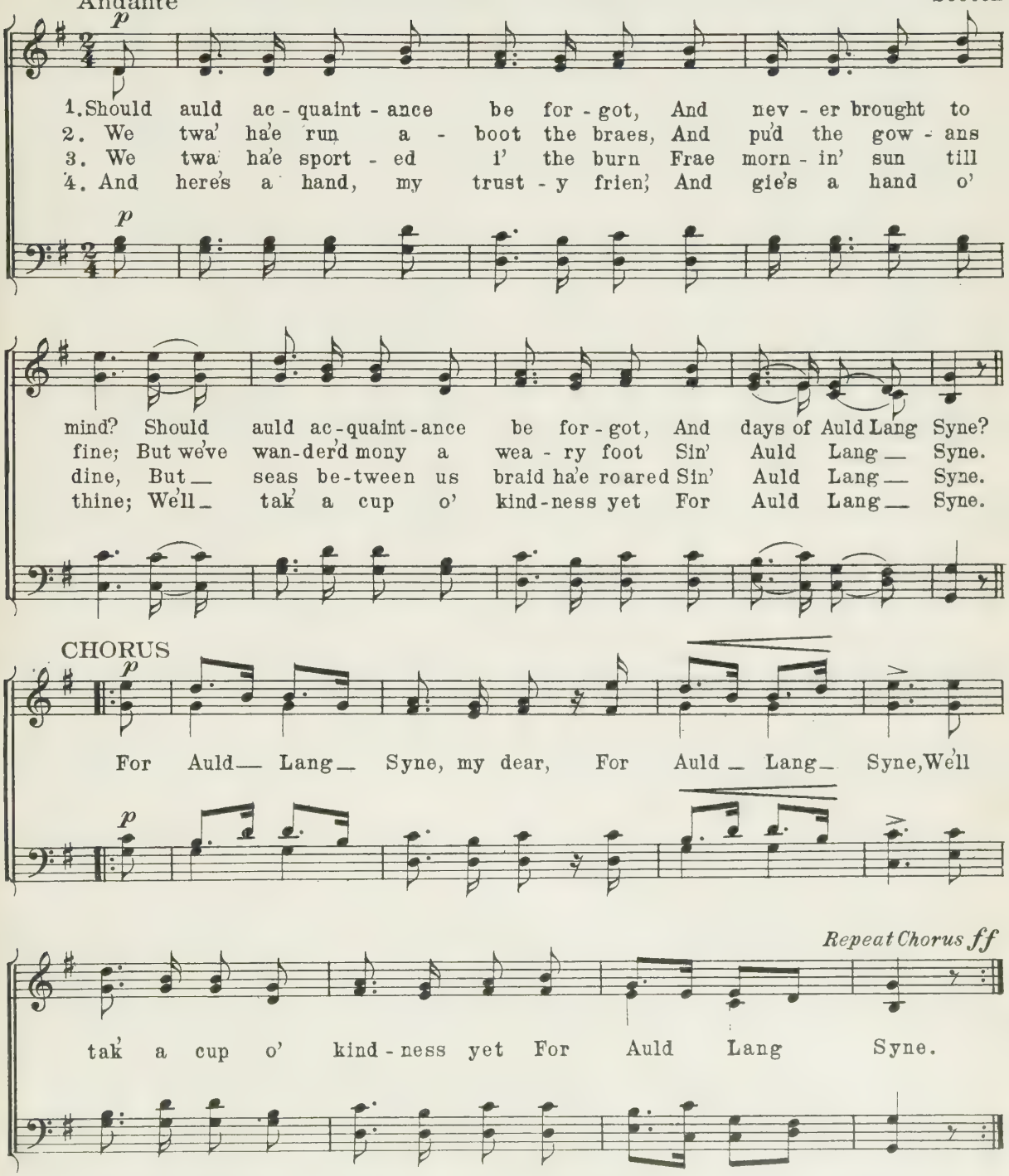
* ad libitum

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Andante

Scotch


p
1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to
2. We twa' ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans
3. We twa' ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o'
mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of Auld Lang Syne?
fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
dine, But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For Auld Lang Syne.
CHORUS
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang Syne, We'll
Repeat Chorus ff
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For Auld Lang Syne.

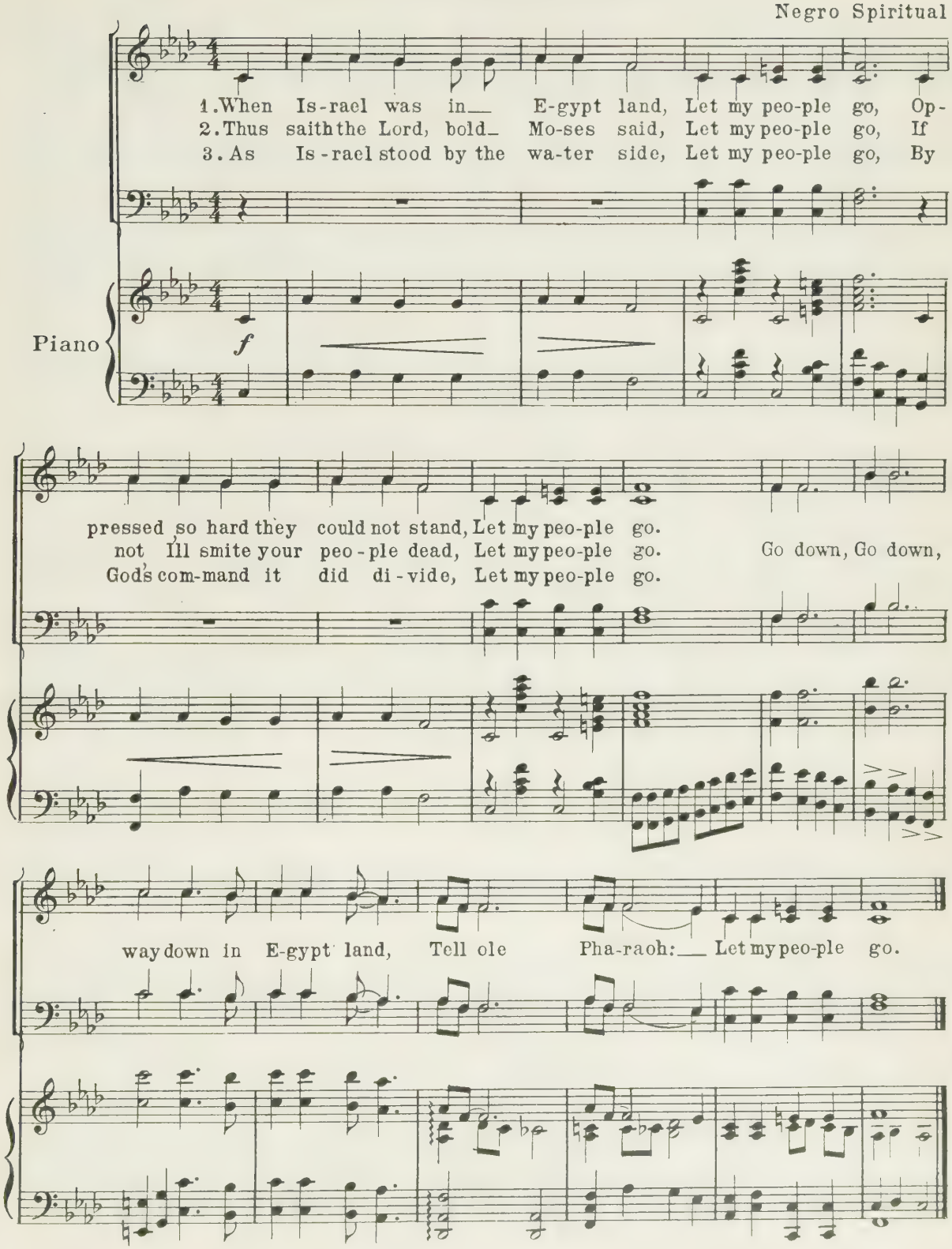
Massa's In The Cold Ground

Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de mead-ows am a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song,
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas-sa make de dark-ies love him, Cayse he was so kind,
While de mock-ing-bird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long.
hard to hear old Mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now they sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I
Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de grassy mound, Dere old Mas-sa am a-
Now de or-ange trees am bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am
can-not work be-fore to-mor-row, Cayse de tear-drops flow; I try to drive a-way my
CHORUS
sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more. Down in the corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
sor-row, Pick-ing on de old ban-jo.
sound; All de dark-ies am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

Go Down, Moses

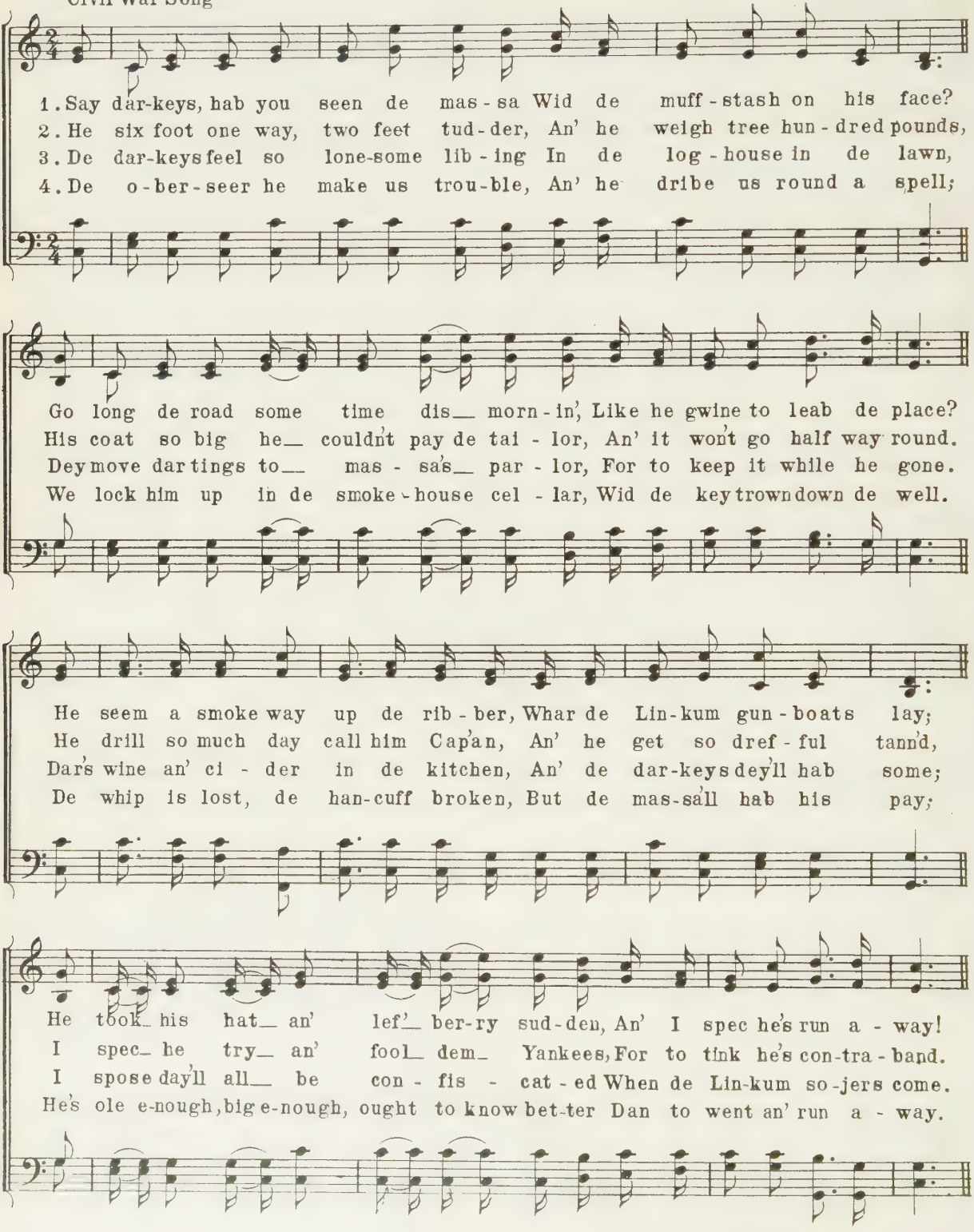
Negro Spiritual


1. When Is-rael was in E-gypt land, Let my peo-ple go, Op-
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo-ses said, Let my peo-ple go, If
3. As Is-rael stood by the wa-ter side, Let my peo-ple go, By
Piano
f
pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go.
not I'll smite your peo-ple dead, Let my peo-ple go.
God's com-mand it did di-vide, Let my peo-ple go.
Go down, Go down,
way down in E-gypt land, Tell ole Pha-raoh: Let my peo-ple go.

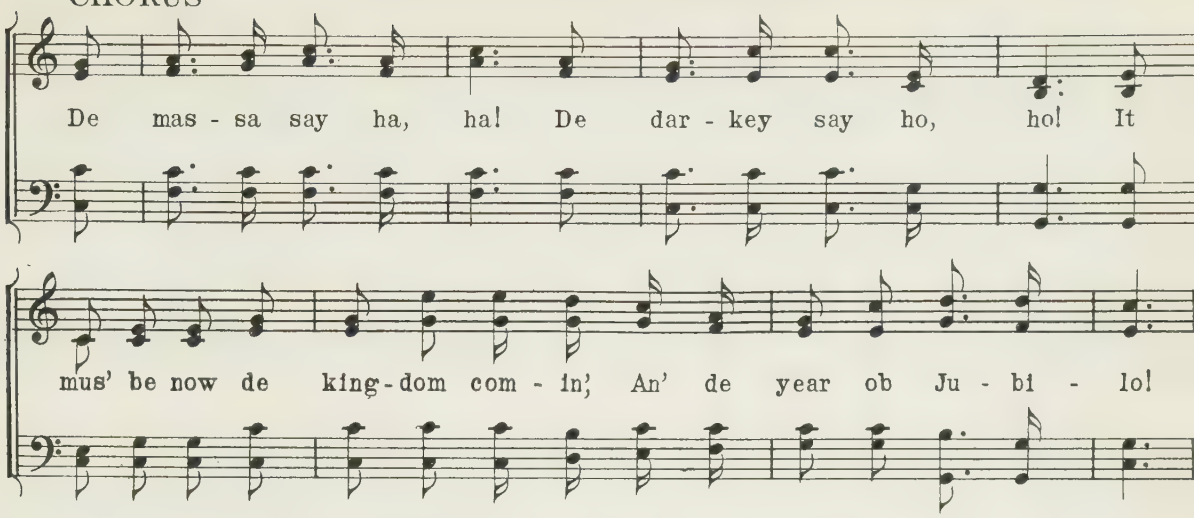
Kingdom Coming

Civil War Song

Henry C. Work


1. Say dar-keys, hab you seen de mas-sa Wid de muff-stash on his face?
Go long de road some time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seem a smoke way up de rib-ber, Whar de Lin-kum gun-boats lay;
He took his hat an' lef' ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
2. He six foot one way, two feet tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred pounds,
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tai-lor, An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much day call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref-ful tann'd,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees, For to tink he's con-tra-band.
3. De dar-keys feel so lone-some lib-ing In de log-house in de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to mas-sa's par-lor, For to keep it while he gone.
Dar's wine an' ci-der in de kitchen, An' de dar-keys dey'll hab some;
I spose day'll all be con-fis-cat-ed When de Lin-kum so-jers come.
4. De o-ber-seer he make us trou-ble, An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cel-lar, Wid de key trown down de well.
De whip is lost, de han-cuff broken, But de mas-sa'll hab his pay;
He's ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know bet-ter Dan to went an' run a-way.

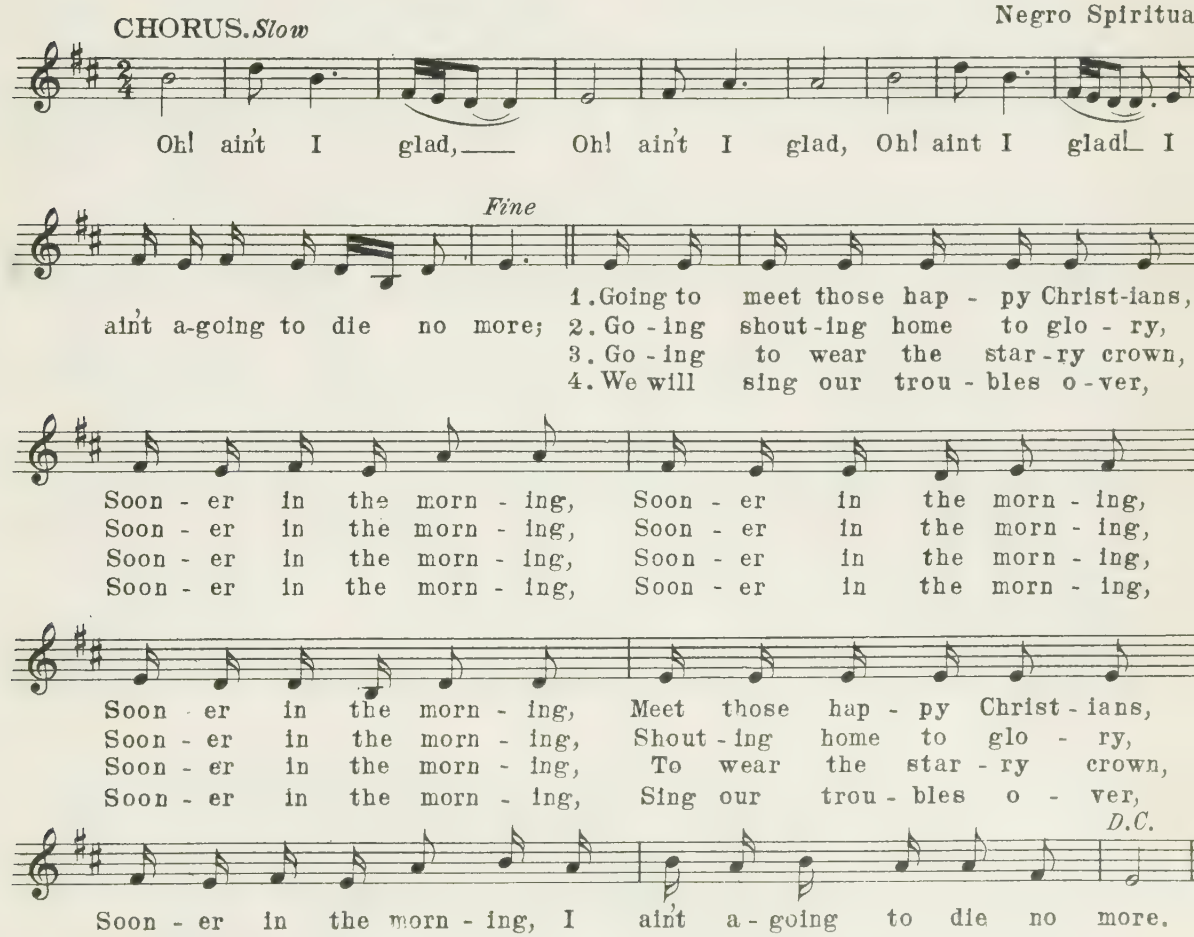
CHORUS



I Ain't Going To Die No More

Negro Spiritua

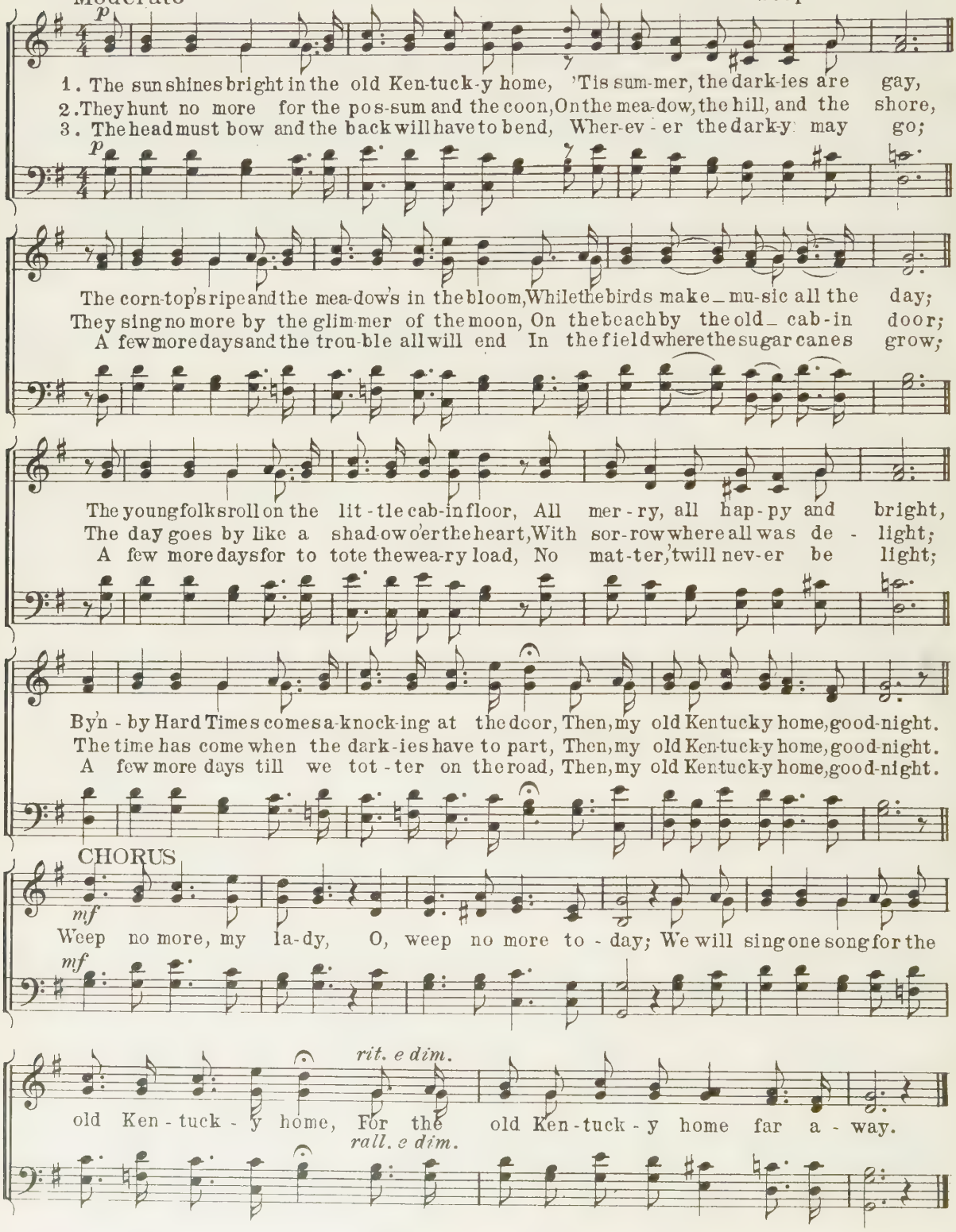
CHORUS. *Slow*


Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! ain't I glad, Oh! aint I glad! I
Fine
ain't a-going to die no more;
1. Going to meet those hap - py Christ-ians,
2. Go - ing shout-ing home to glo - ry,
3. Go - ing to wear the star-ry crown,
4. We will sing our trou - bles o-ver,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Soon - er in the morn - ing,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Meet those hap - py Christ - ians,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Shout - ing home to glo - ry,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, To wear the star - ry crown,
Soon - er in the morn - ing, Sing our trou - bles o - ver,
D.C.
Soon - er in the morn - ing, I ain't a - going to die no more.

My Old Kentucky Home

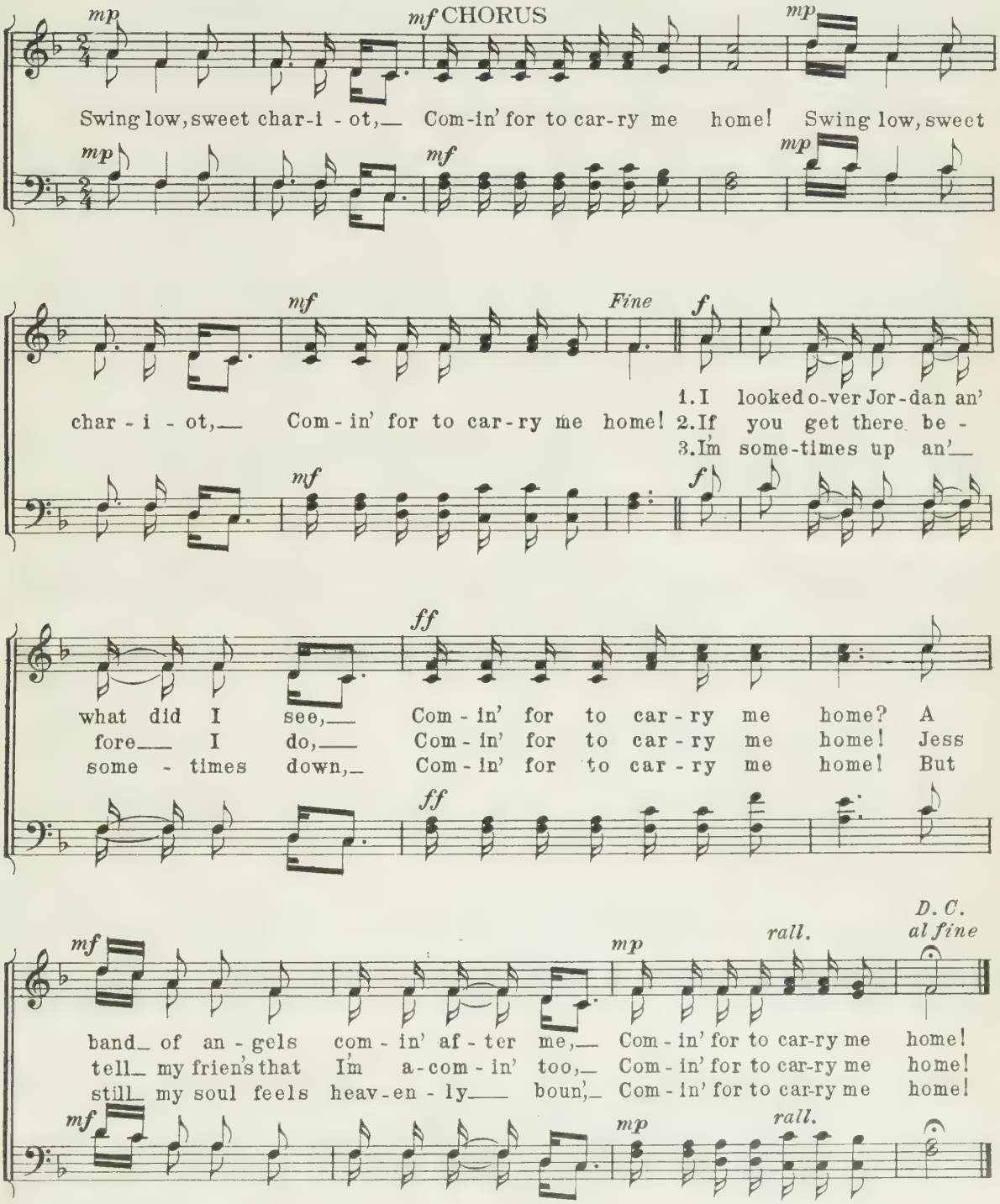
Moderato

Stephen C. Foster

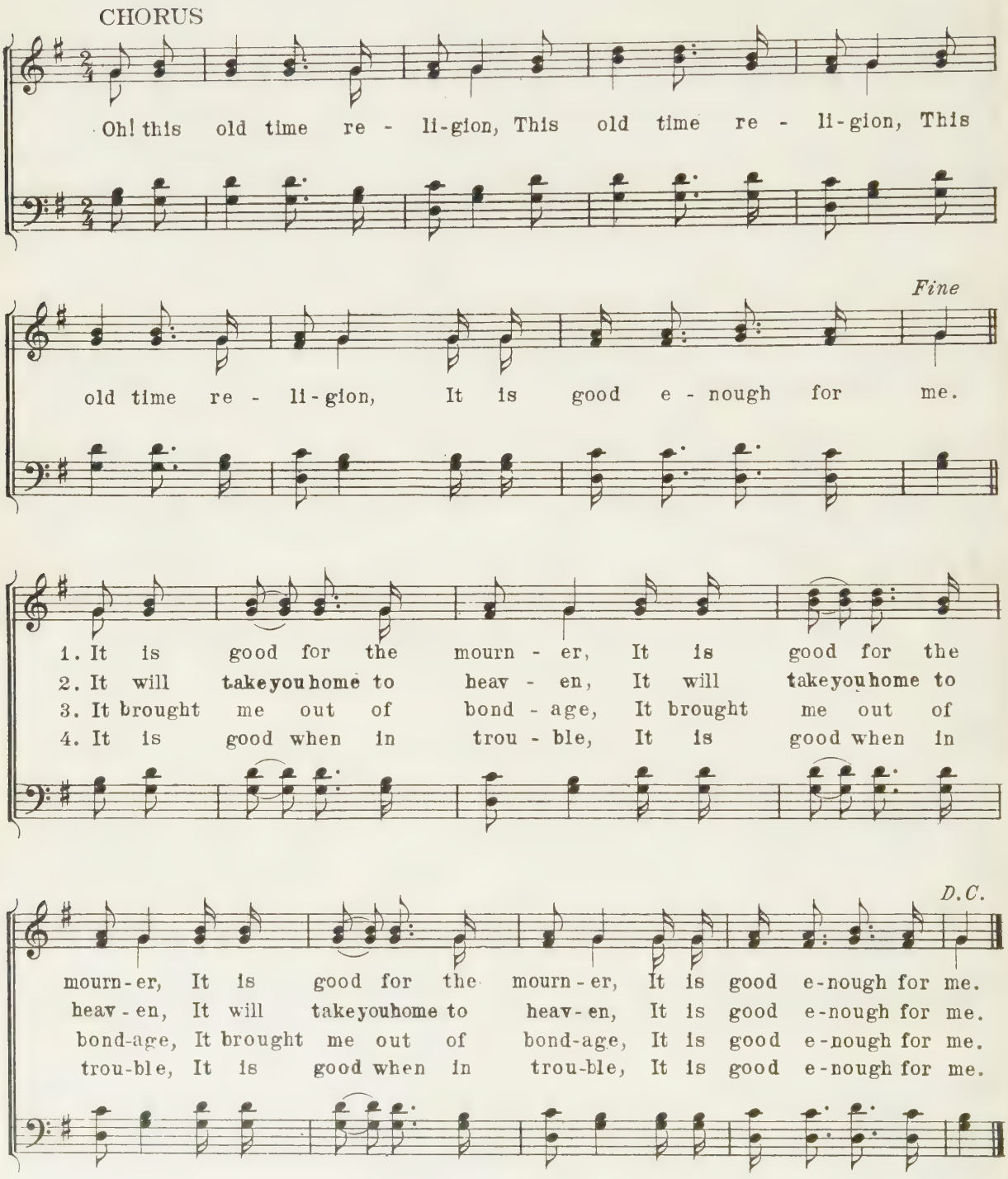

p
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mea-dow, the hill, and the shore,
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev - er the dark-y may go;
The corn-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day;
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the beach by the old cab-in door;
A few more days and the trou-ble all will end In the field where the sugar canes grow;
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright,
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de - light;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;
By'n - by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.
A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night.
CHORUS
mf
Weep no more, my la-dy, O, weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the
mf
rit. e dim.
old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.
rall. e dim.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Melody

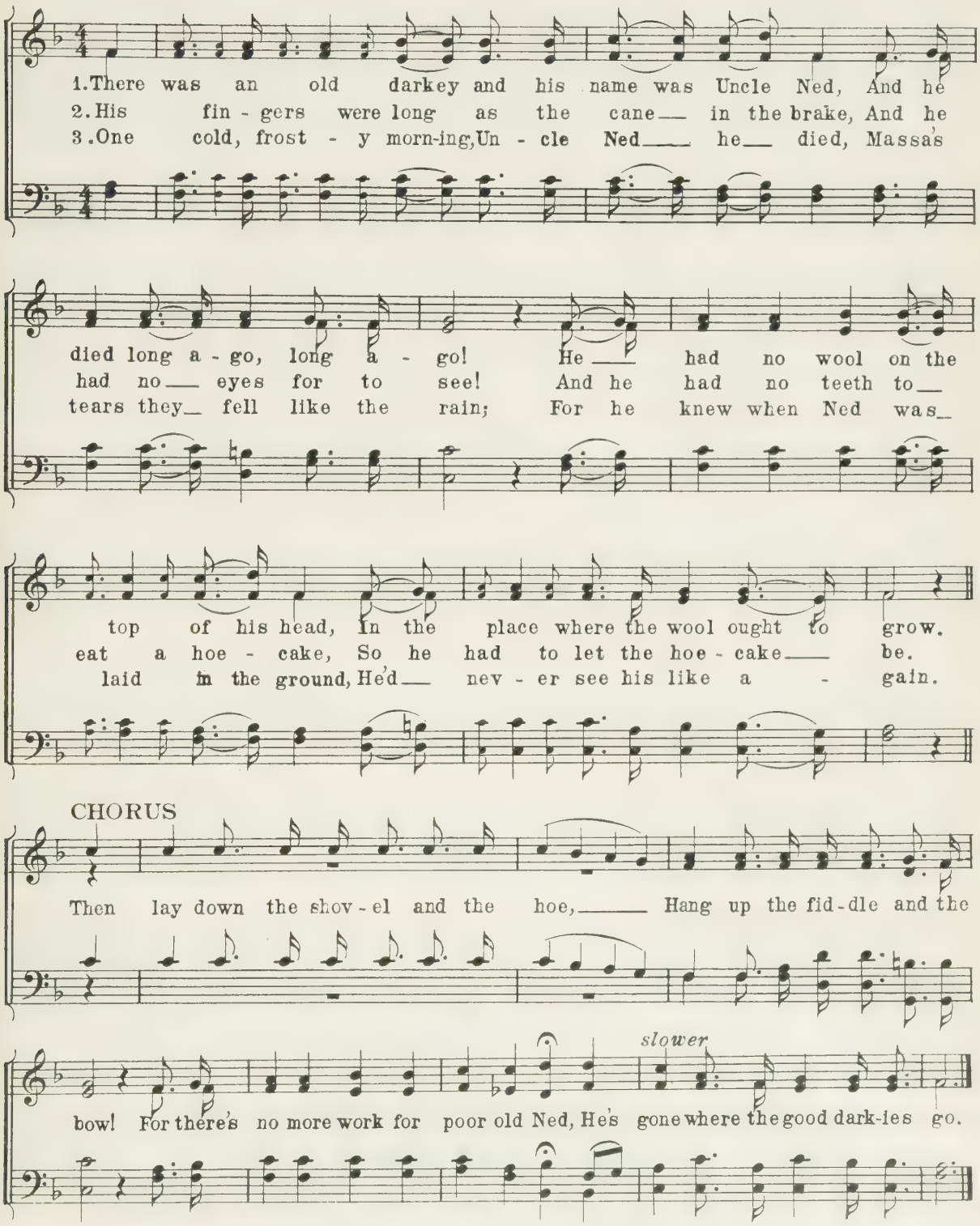

mp
mf CHORUS
mp
Swing low, sweet char-i - ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home! Swing low, sweet
mp
mf
mp
mf
Fine
f
char - i - ot,— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!
1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan an'
2. If you get there be -
3. Im some-times up an'—
mf
f
ff
what did I see,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home? A
fore— I do,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home! Jess
some - times down,— Com - in' for to car - ry me home! But
ff
D. C.
al fine
mf
mp
rall.
band— of an - gels com - in' af - ter me,— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!
tell— my frien's that I'm a-com - in' too,— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!
still— my soul feels heav-en - ly— boun',— Com - in' for to car-ry me home!
mf
mp
rall.

This Old Time Religion


CHORUS
Oh! this old time re - li-gion, This old time re - li-gion, This
Fine
old time re - li-gion, It is good e - nough for me.
1. It is good for the mourn - er, It is good for the
2. It will takeyouhome to heav - en, It will takeyouhome to
3. It brought me out of bond - age, It brought me out of
4. It is good when in trou - ble, It is good when in
D.C.
mourn-er, It is good for the mourn-er, It is good e-nough for me.
heav-en, It will takeyouhome to heav-en, It is good e-nough for me.
bond-age, It brought me out of bond-age, It is good e-nough for me.
trou-ble, It is good when in trou-ble, It is good e-nough for me.

Uncle Ned

Stephen C. Foster


1.There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he
2.His fin - gers were long as the cane in the brake, And he
3.One cold, frost - y morn-ing,Un - cle Ned he died, Massa's
died long a - go, long a - go! He had no wool on the
had no eyes for to see! And he had no teeth to
tears they fell like the rain; For he knew when Ned was
top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
eat a hoe - cake, So he had to let the hoe - cake be.
laid in the ground, He'd nev - er see his like a - gain.
CHORUS
Then lay down the shov - el and the hoe, Hang up the fid - dle and the
slower
bow! For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good dark-ies go.

Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

Poco adagio

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free?

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way;
Why do I sigh when my friends come not a - gain?
The chil - dren dear, that I held up - on my knee?

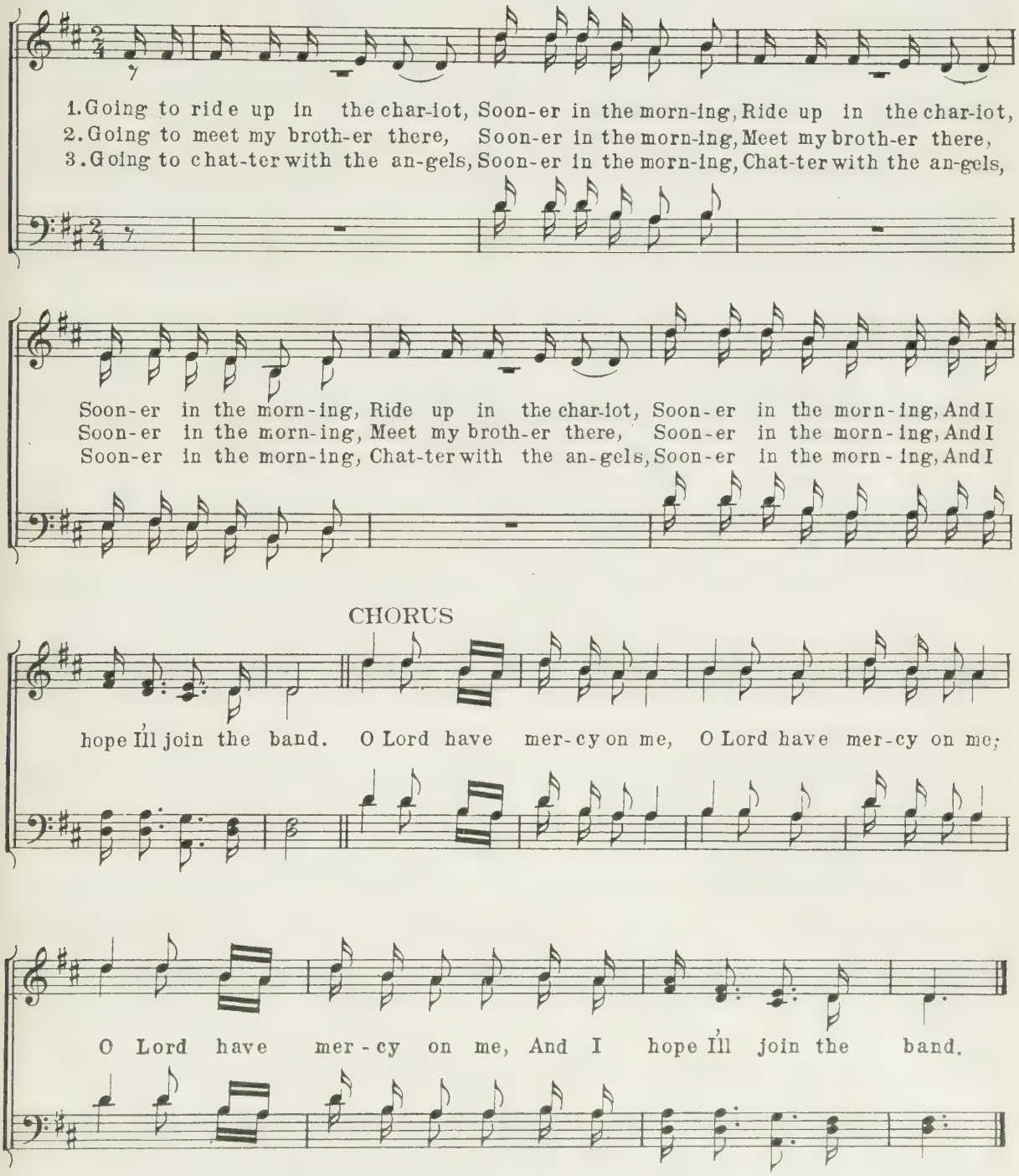
Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

CHORUS

hear their gen - tle voi-ces call - ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

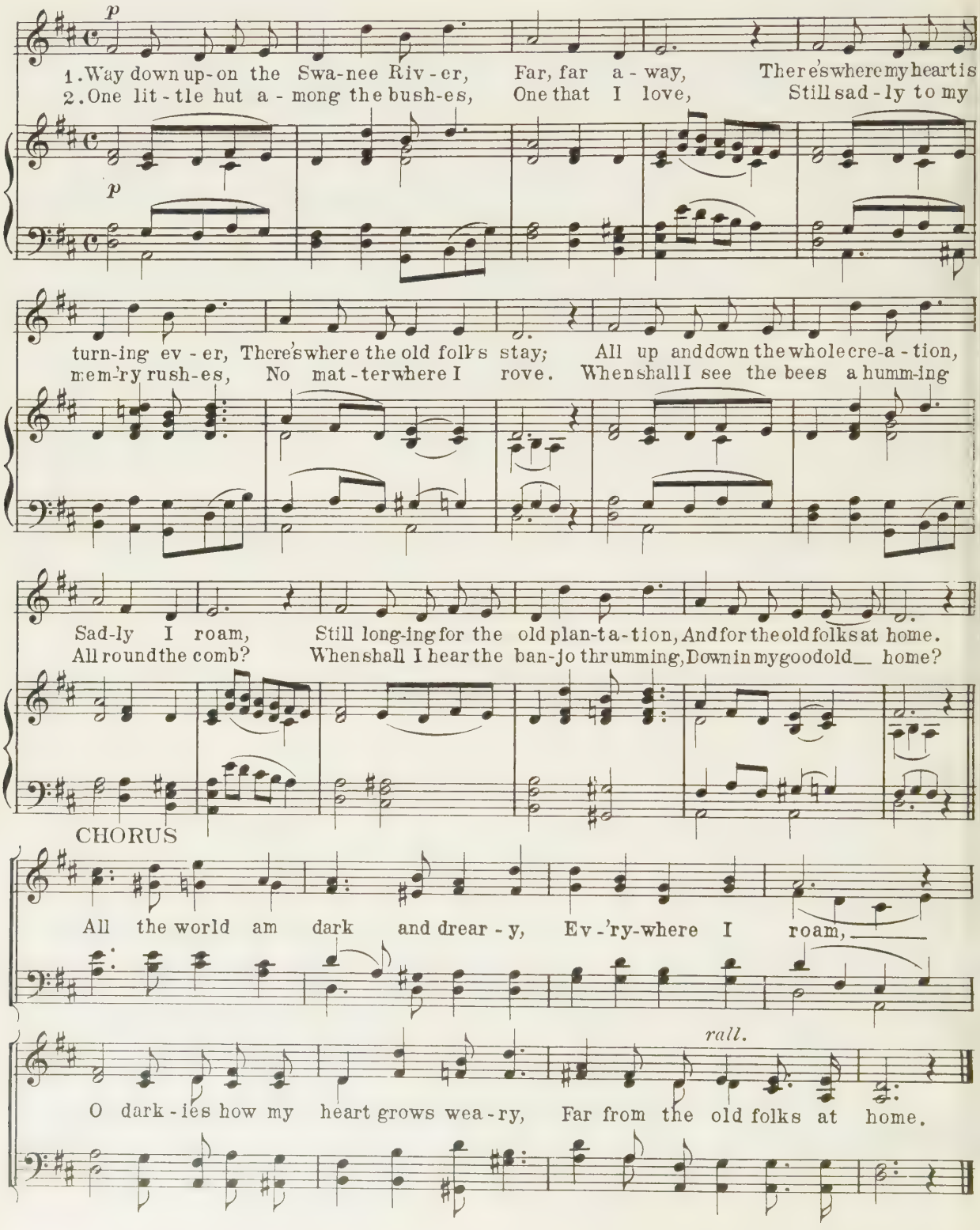
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Going To Ride Up In The Chariot


1. Going to ride up in the char-iot, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Ride up in the char-iot,
2. Going to meet my broth-er there, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Meet my broth-er there,
3. Going to chat-ter with the an-gels, Soon-er in the morn-ing, Chat-ter with the an-gels,
Soon-er in the morn-ing, Ride up in the char-iot, Soon-er in the morn-ing, And I
Soon-er in the morn-ing, Meet my broth-er there, Soon-er in the morn-ing, And I
Soon-er in the morn-ing, Chat-ter with the an-gels, Soon-er in the morn-ing, And I
CHORUS
hope I'll join the band. O Lord have mer-cy on me, O Lord have mer-cy on me;
O Lord have mer-cy on me, And I hope I'll join the band.

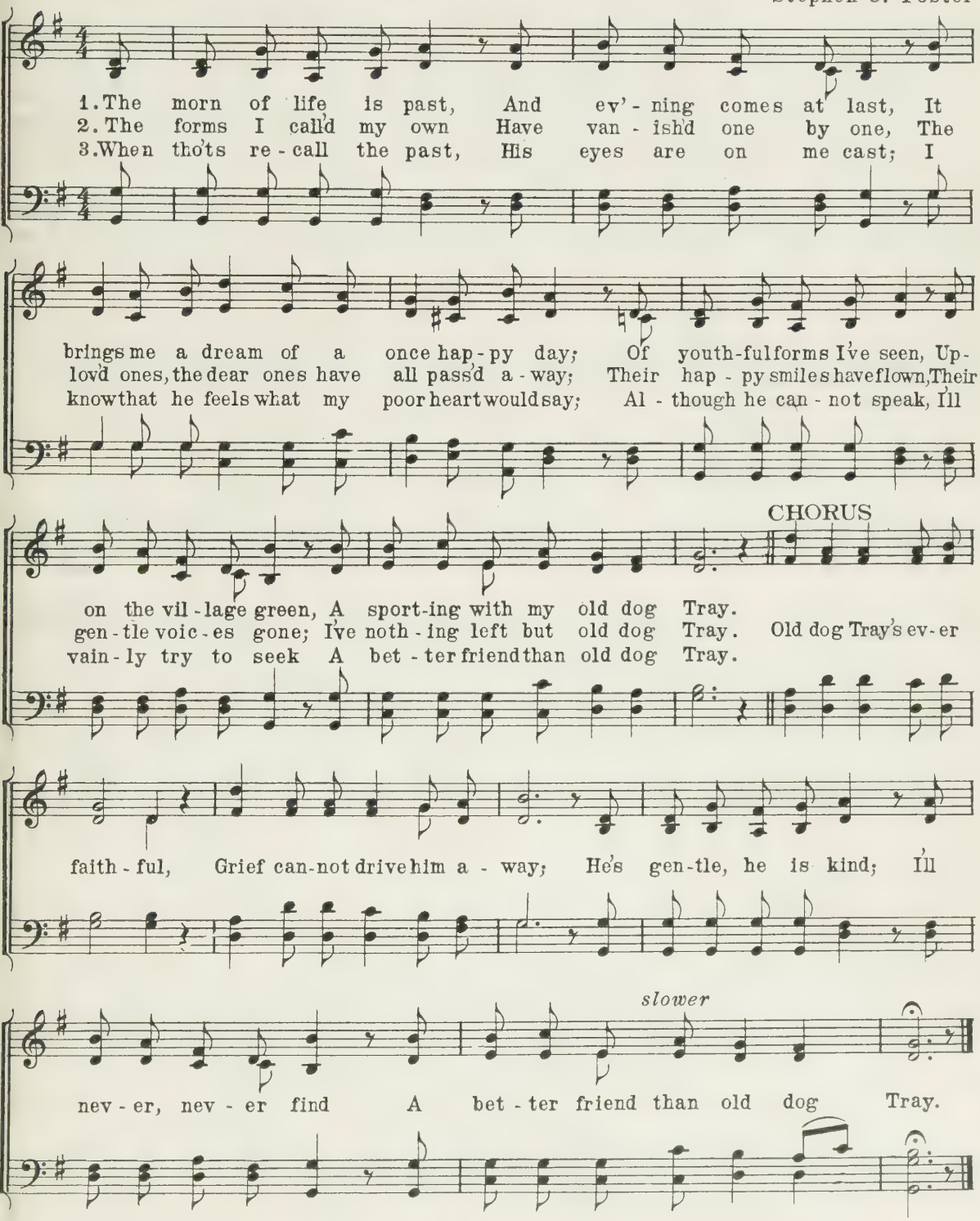
Old Folks At Home

Stephen C. Foster


p
1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my
p
turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the whole cre-a-tion,
mem'-ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the bees a humm-ing
Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old__ home?
CHORUS
All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,
rall.
O dark-ies how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

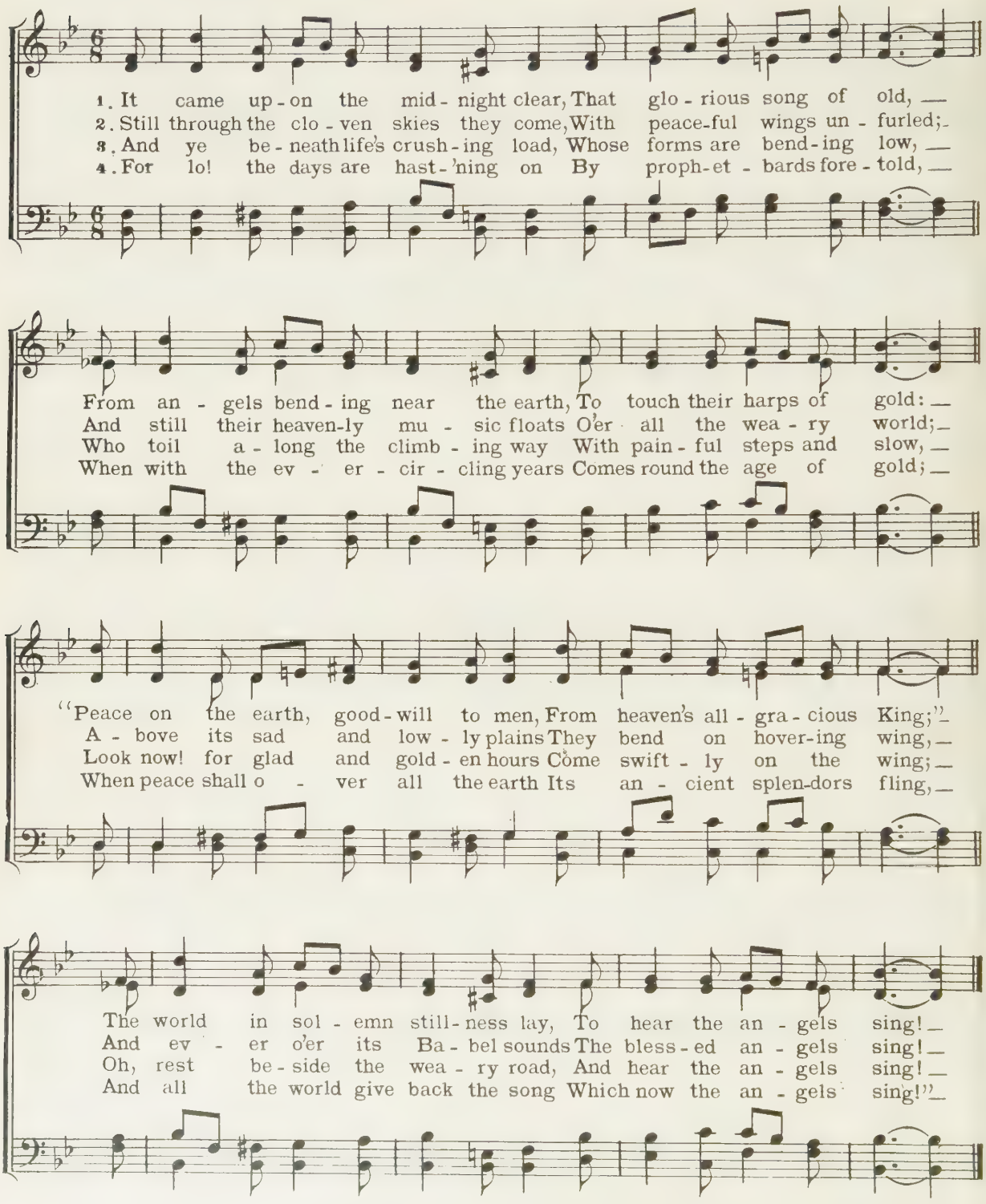
Old Dog Tray

Stephen C. Foster


1. The morn of life is past, And ev'-ning comes at last, It
2. The forms I call'd my own Have van-ish'd one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast; I
brings me a dream of a once hap-py day; Of youth-ful forms I've seen, Up-
lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a-way; Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their
know that he feels what my poor heart would say; Al-though he can-not speak, I'll
CHORUS
on the vil-lage green, A sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
gen-tle voic-es gone; I've noth-ing left but old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev-er
vain-ly try to seek A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.
faith-ful, Grief can-not drive him a-way; He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll
slower
nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

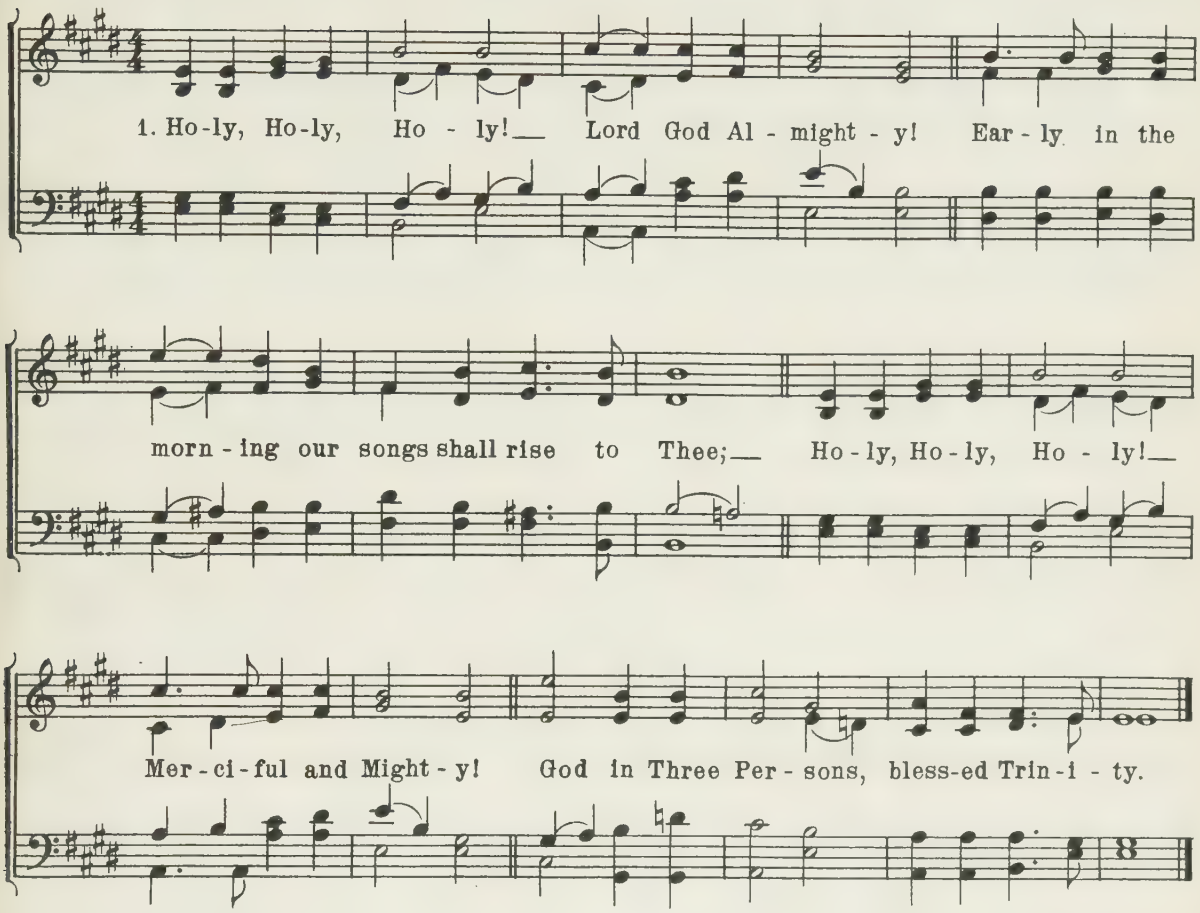
Edwin H. Sears — R. S. Willis


1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un-furled;
3. And ye be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast-'ning on By proph-et-bards fore-told,
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heaven-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
Who toil a-long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King;"
A-bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hover-ing wing,
Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
When peace shall o-ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling,
The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing!
And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing!
Oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing!
And all the world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing!"

Holy, Holy, Holy

Reginald Heber

J. B. Dykes

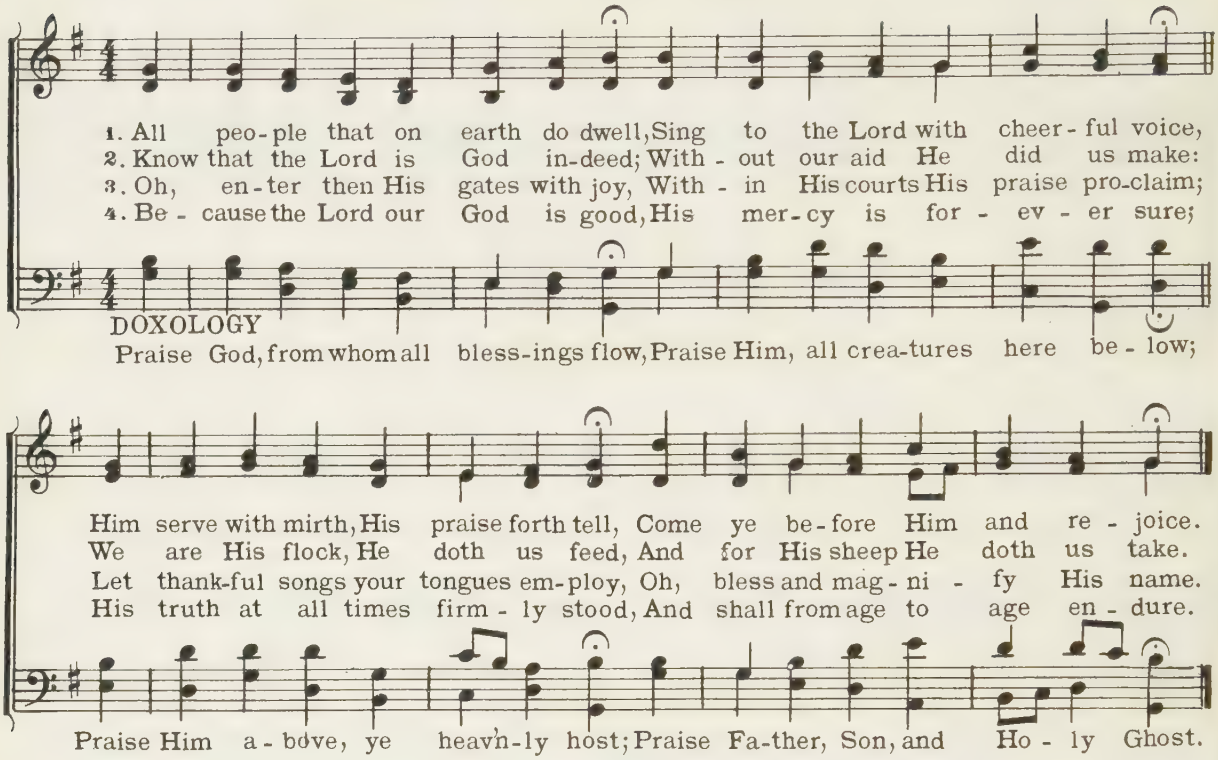

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!__ Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee;__ Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!__
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3. Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

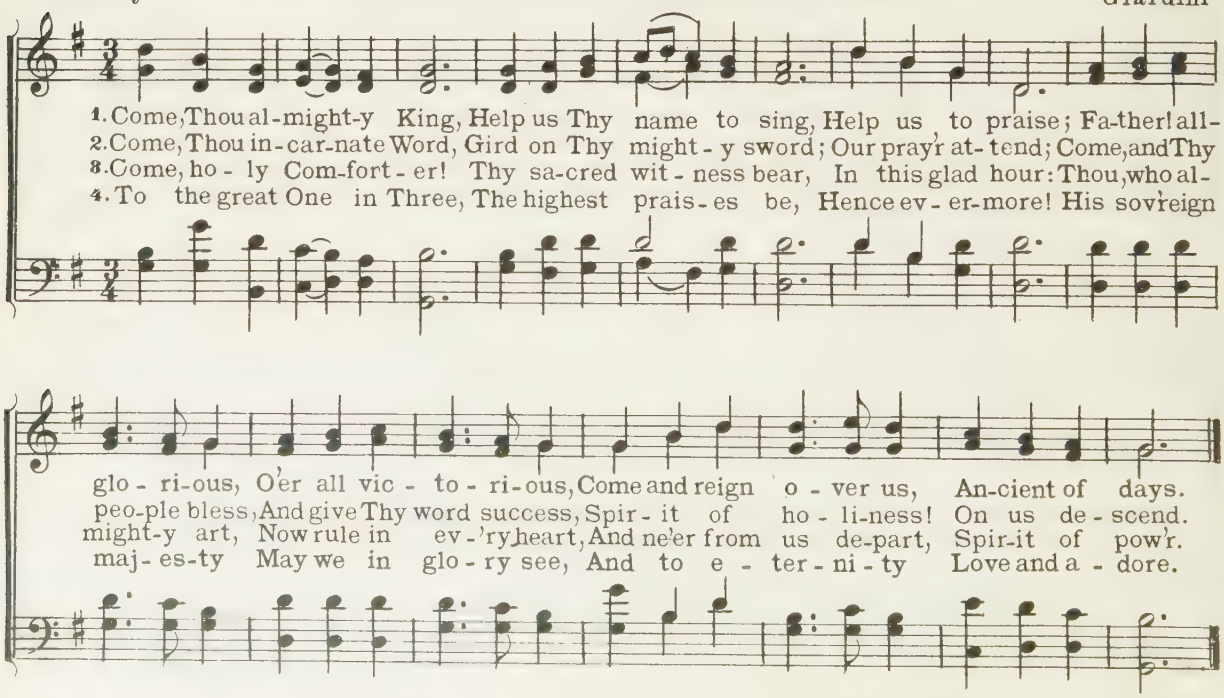
4. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Old Hundred


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en-ter then His gates with joy, With-in His courts His praise pro-claim;
4. Be-cause the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure;
DOXOLOGY
Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Let thank-ful songs your tongues em-ploy, Oh, bless and mag-ni-fy His name.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Come, Thou Almighty King

Wesley — Giardini

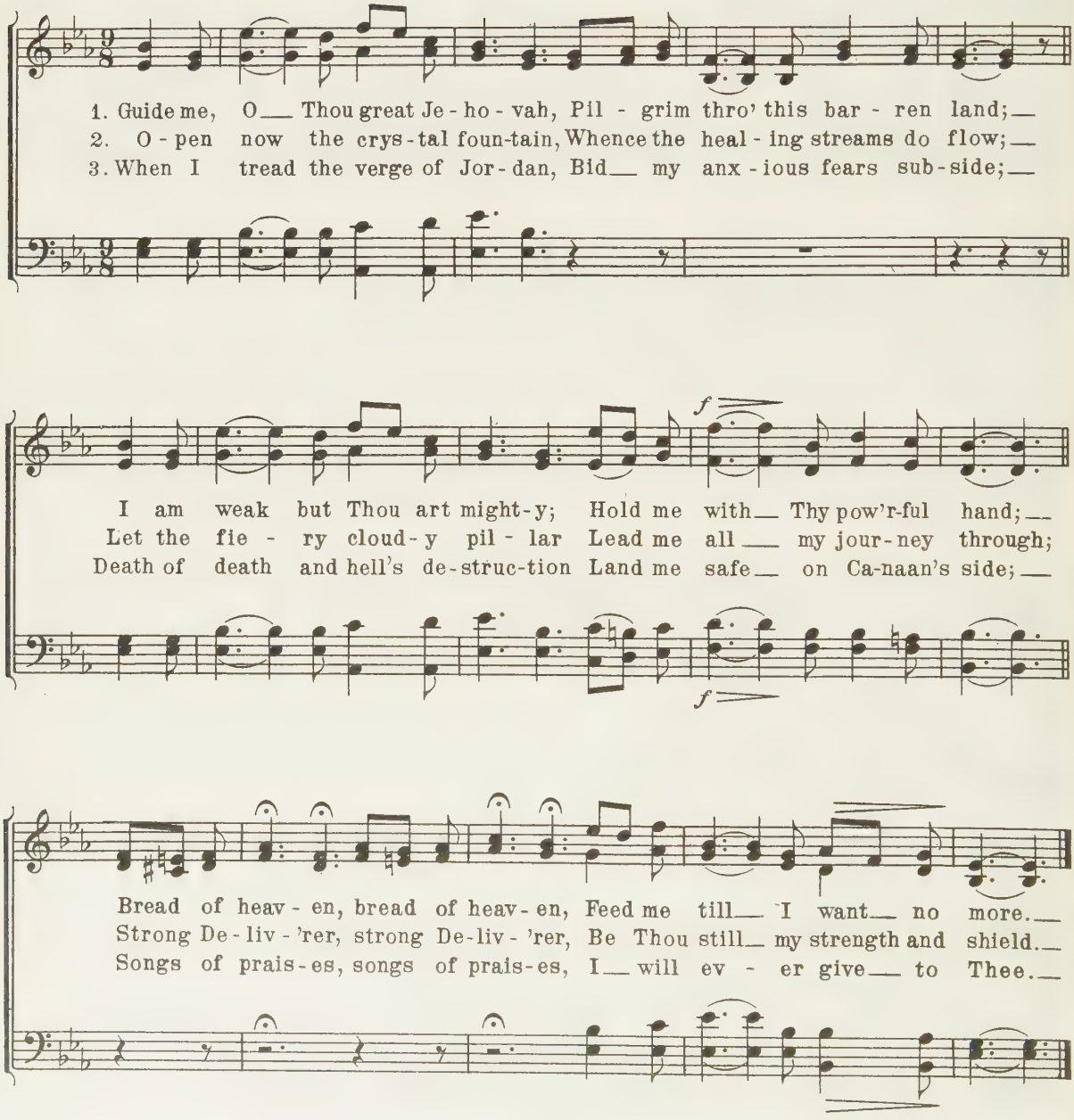

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

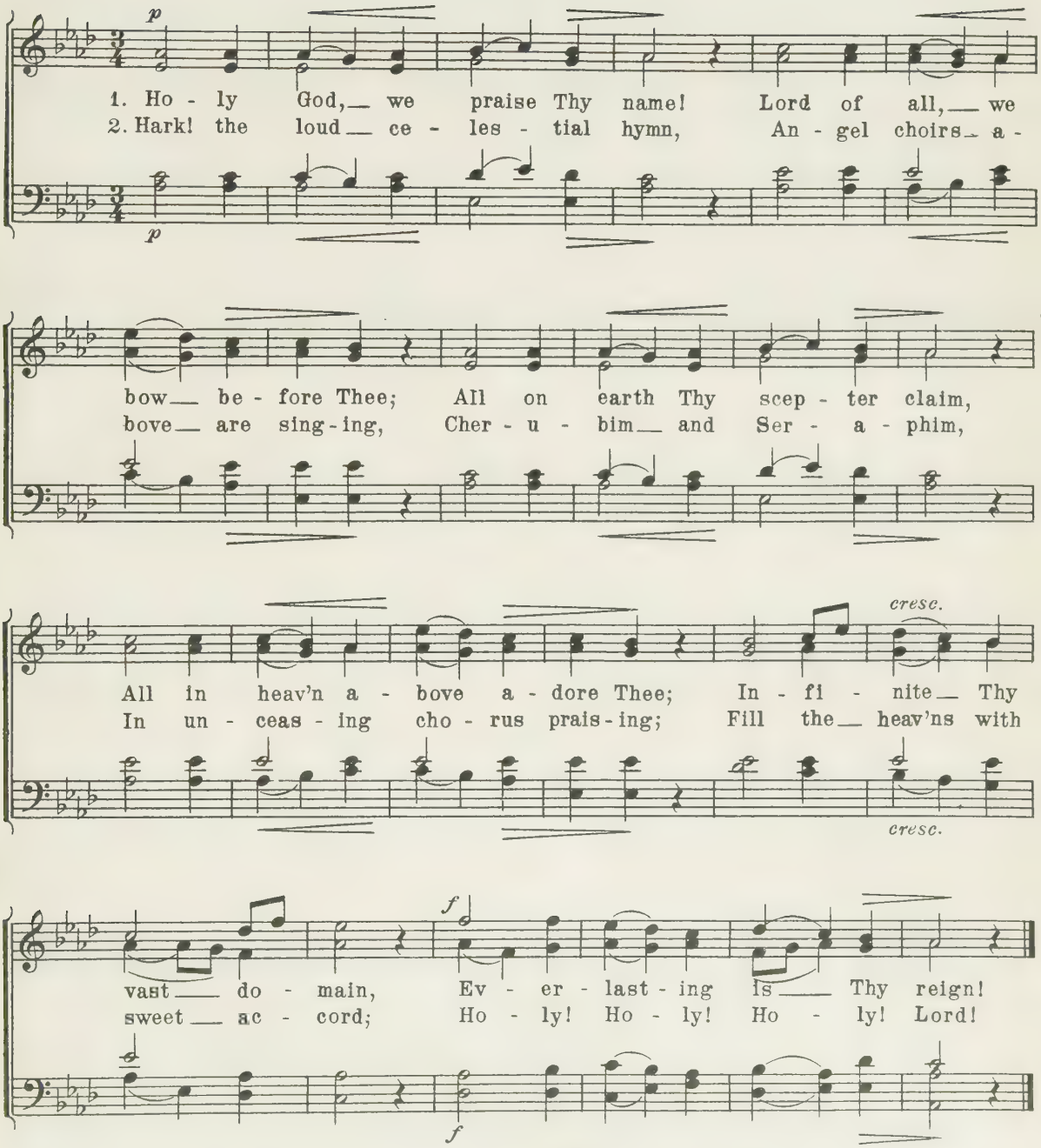
mf
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O
2. Sing, choirs of An - gels; Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,
mf
come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem! Come and be
Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to
Je - sus, to Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the
p
hold Him Born the King of An - gels! O come let us a - dore Him, O
God In the high - est! O come let us a - dore Him, O
Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing. O come let us a - dore Him, O
f
come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
come let us a - dore Him, O come let us a dore Him, Christ the Lord.
f

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Wm. Williams — Joseph P. Holbrook

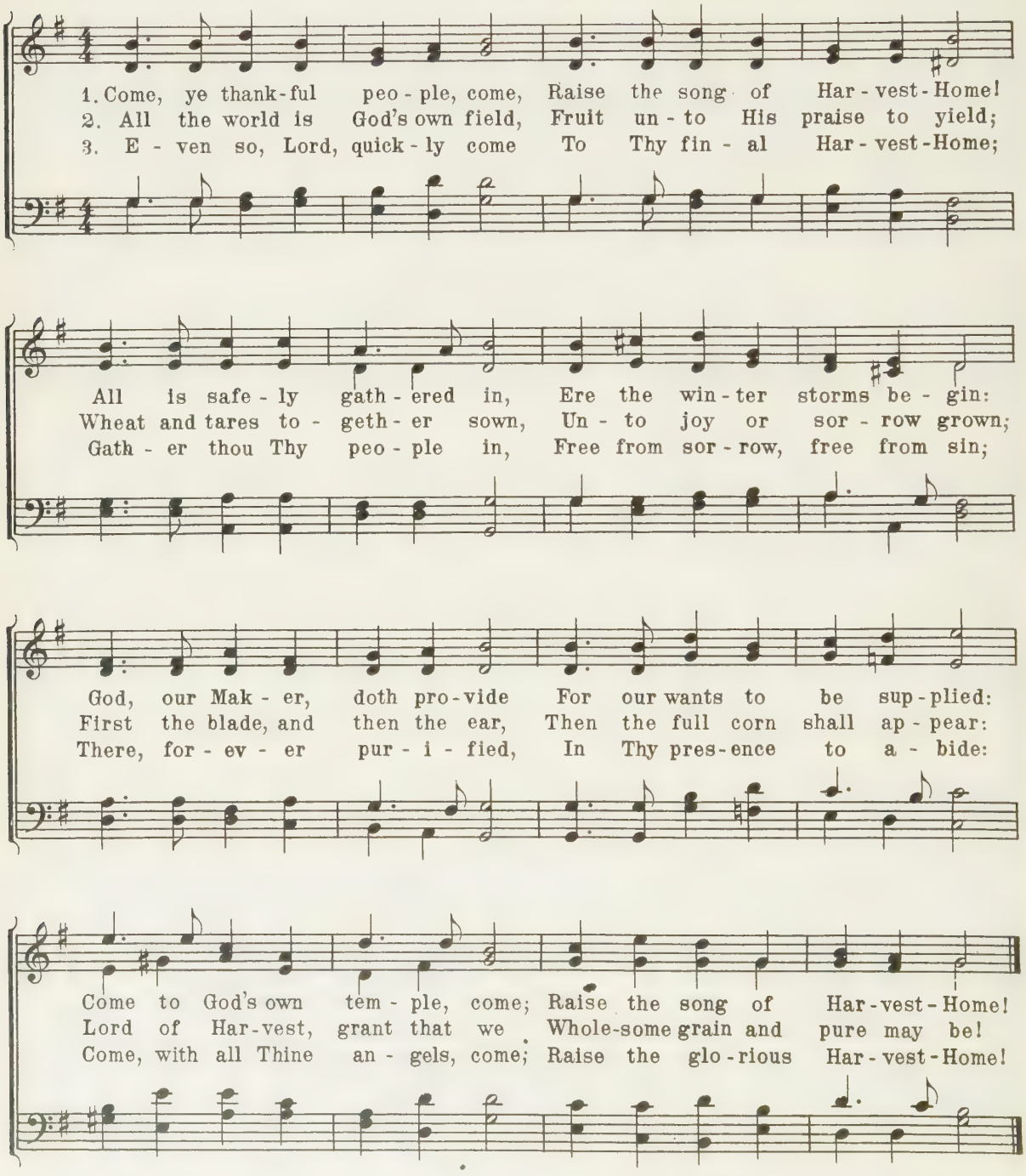

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
2. O-pen now the crys-tal foun-tain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;
I am weak but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Let the fie-ry cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney through;
Death of death and hell's de-struc-tion Land me safe on Ca-naan's side;
f
f
Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv-'rer, strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, songs of prais-es, I will ev-er give to Thee.

Holy God, We Praise Thy Name


p
1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, we
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -
p
bow be - fore Thee; All on earth Thy scep - ter claim,
bove are sing-ing, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,
cresc.
All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee; In - fi - nite Thy
In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais-ing; Fill the heav'ns with
cresc.
f
vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign!
sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord!
f

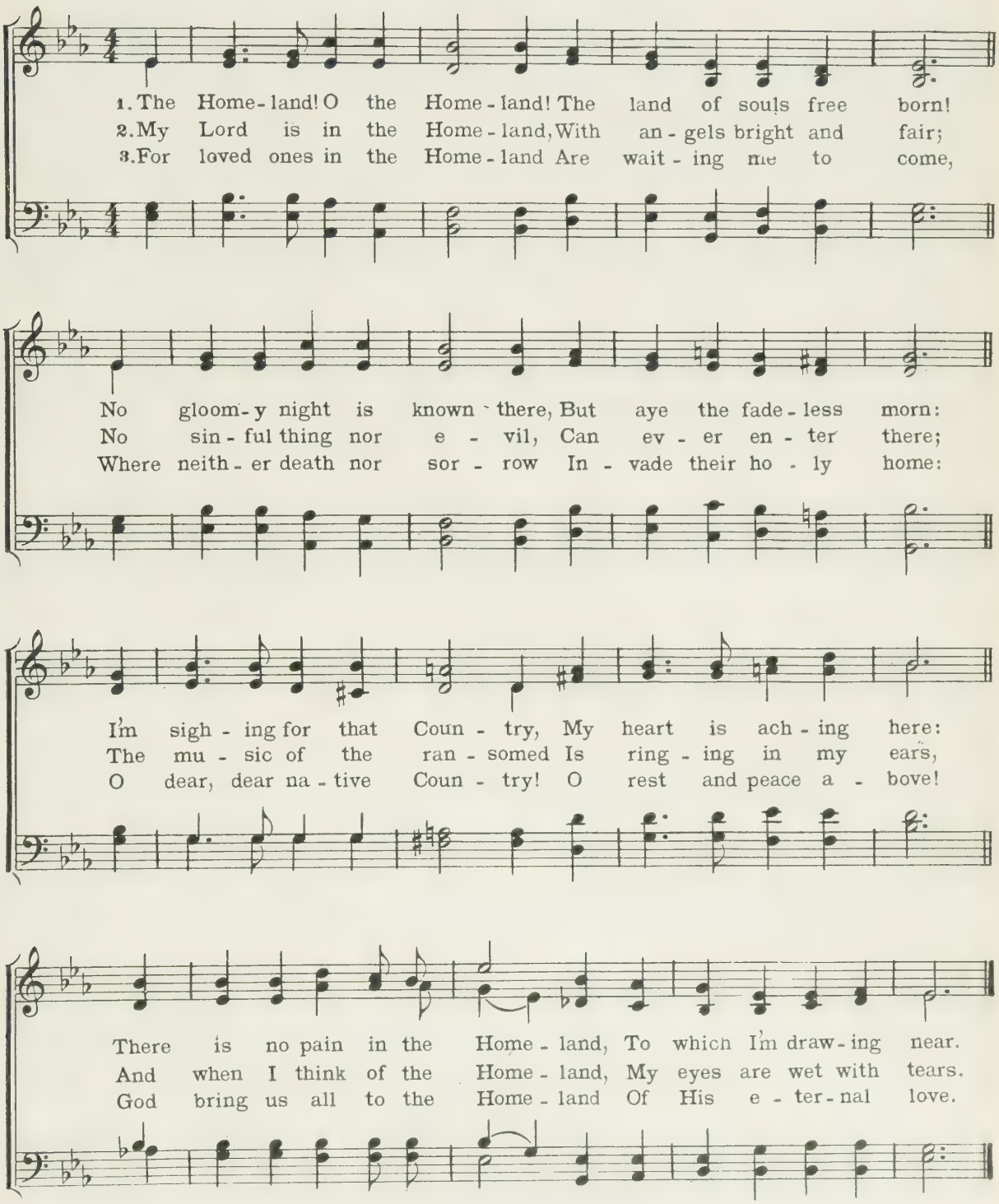
Come, Ye Thankful People

Henry Alford, D. D. — George J. Elvey


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home!
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
3. E-ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fin-al Har-vest-Home;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin:
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
Gath-er thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
There, for-ev-er pur-i-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:
Come to God's own tem-ple, come; Raise the song of Har-vest-Home!
Lord of Har-vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be!
Come, with all Thine an-gels, come; Raise the glo-rious Har-vest-Home!

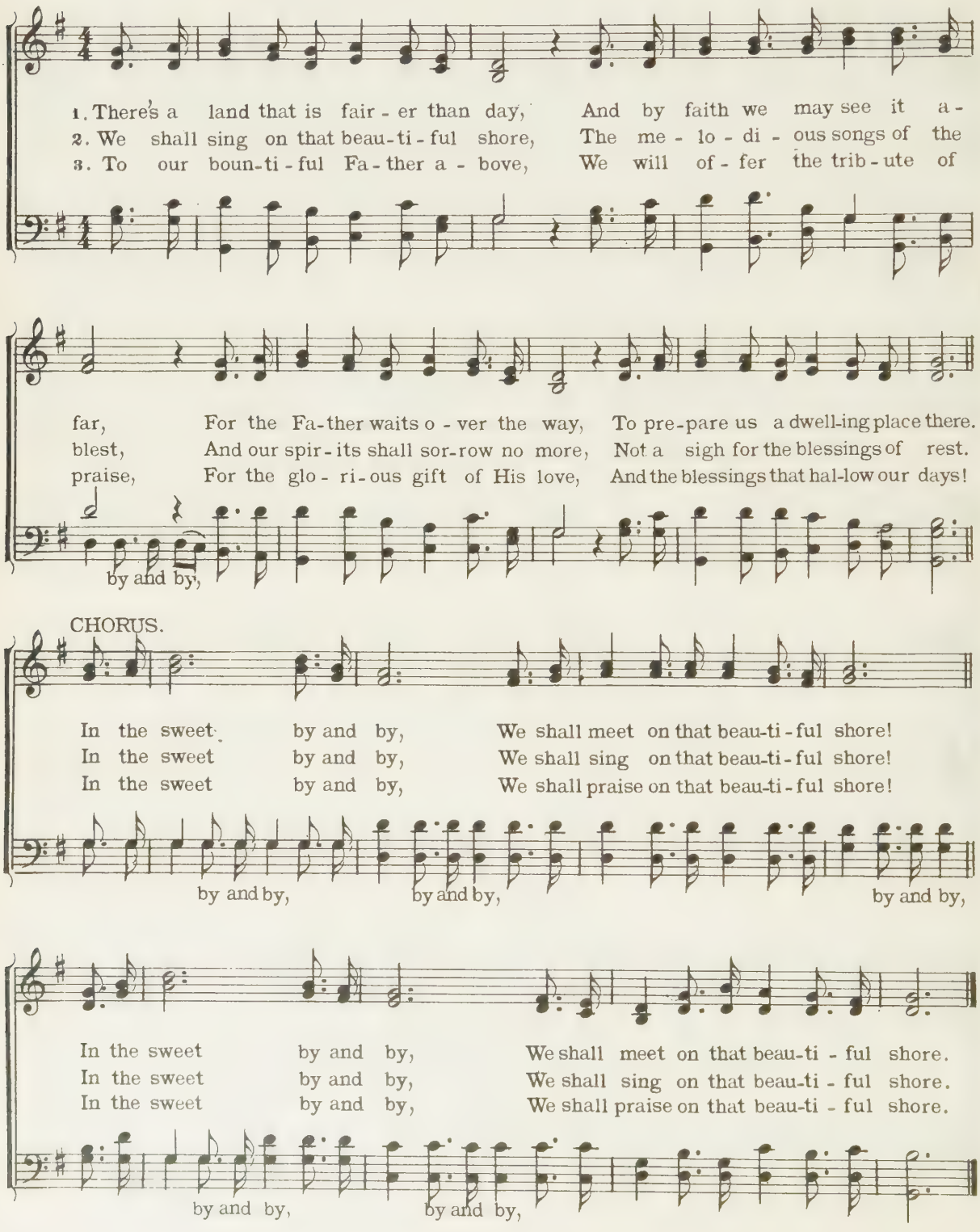
The Homeland! O The Homeland!

Rev. Hugh R. Haweis — Arthur Sullivan


1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come,
No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:
No sin-ful thing nor e-vil, Can ev-er en-ter there;
Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home:
I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here:
The mu-sic of the ran-somed Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!
There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
God bring us all to the Home-land Of His e-ter-nal love.

In The Sweet By And By

S. Filmore Bennett — Joseph P. Webster


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of
far, For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hal-low our days!
by and by,
CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore!
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti - ful shore!
by and by, by and by, by and by,
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall praise on that beau-ti - ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

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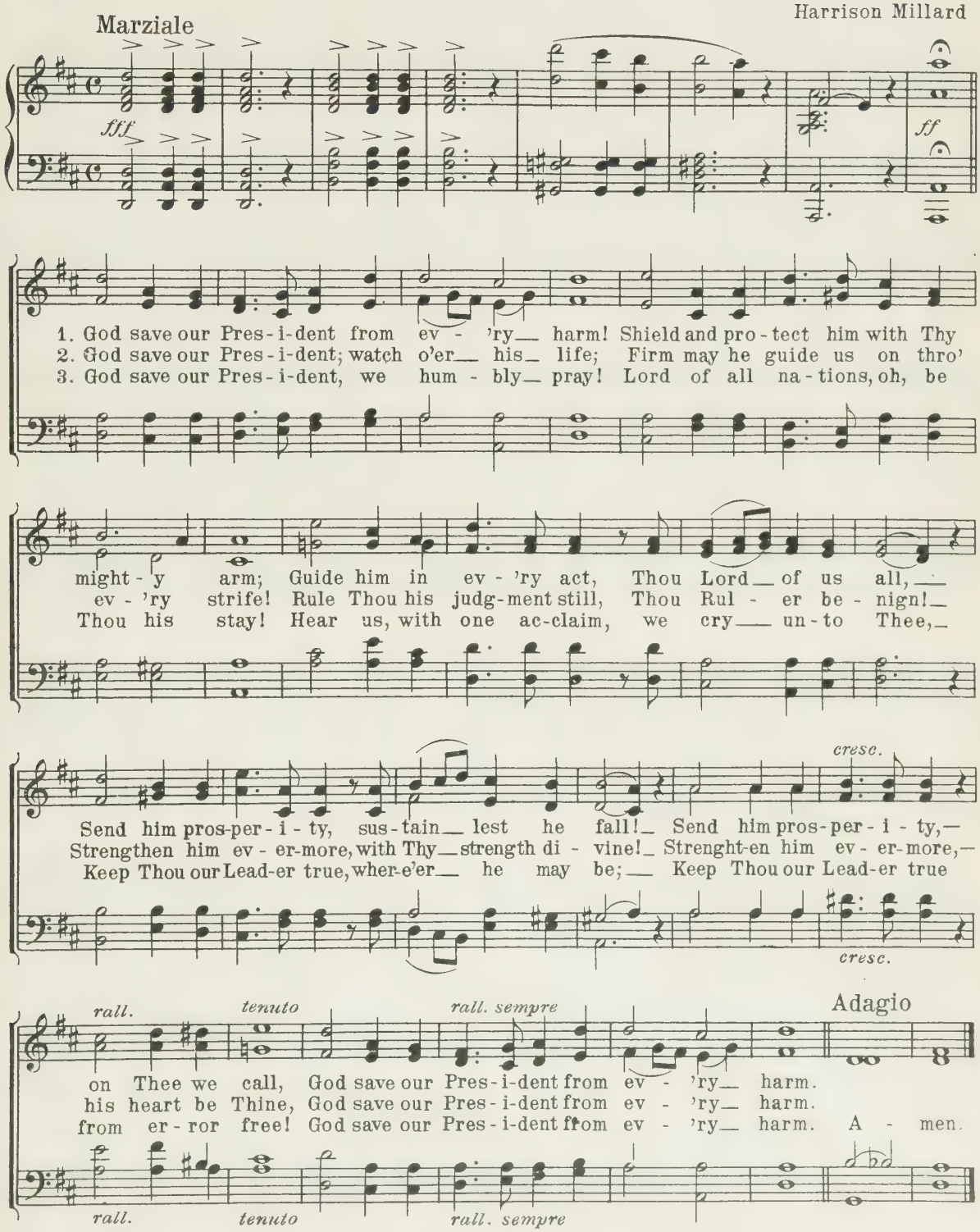
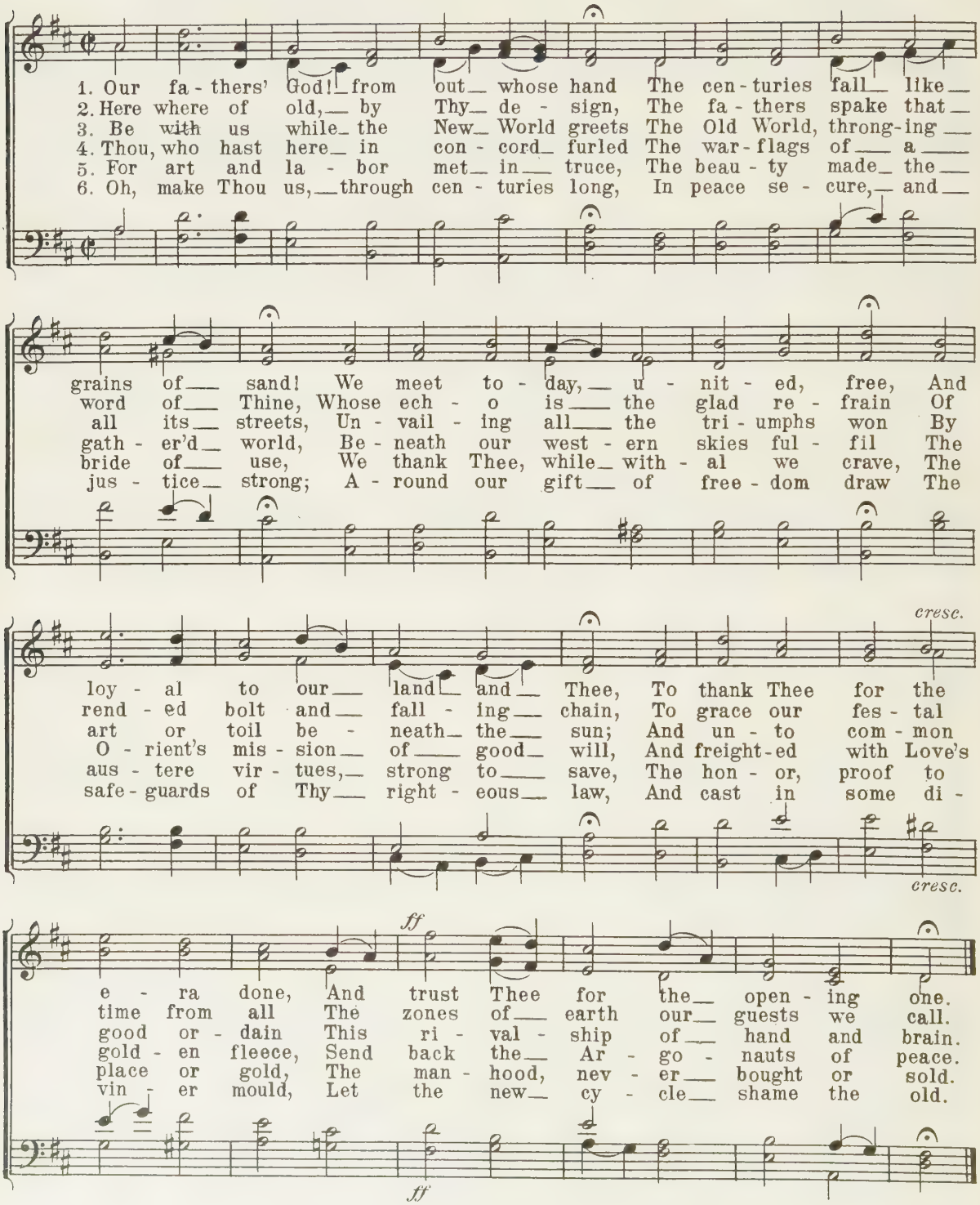
God Save Our President

Harrison Millard


Marziale
fff
ff
1. God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm! Shield and pro-tect him with Thy
2. God save our Pres-i-dent; watch o'er his life; Firm may he guide us on thro'
3. God save our Pres-i-dent, we hum - bly pray! Lord of all na-tions, oh, be
might-y arm; Guide him in ev - 'ry act, Thou Lord of us all,
ev - 'ry strife! Rule Thou his judg-ment still, Thou Rul - er be - nign!
Thou his stay! Hear us, with one ac-claim, we cry un-to Thee,
cresc.
Send him pros-per-i-ty, sus-tain lest he fall! Send him pros-per-i-ty,
Strengthen him ev - er-more, with Thy strength di - vine! Strenght-en him ev - er-more,
Keep Thou our Lead-er true, wher-e'er he may be; Keep Thou our Lead-er true
cresc.
rall.
tenuto
rall. sempre
Adagio
on Thee we call, God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm.
his heart be Thine, God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm.
from er-ror free! God save our Pres-i-dent from ev - 'ry harm. A - men.
rall.
tenuto
rall. sempre

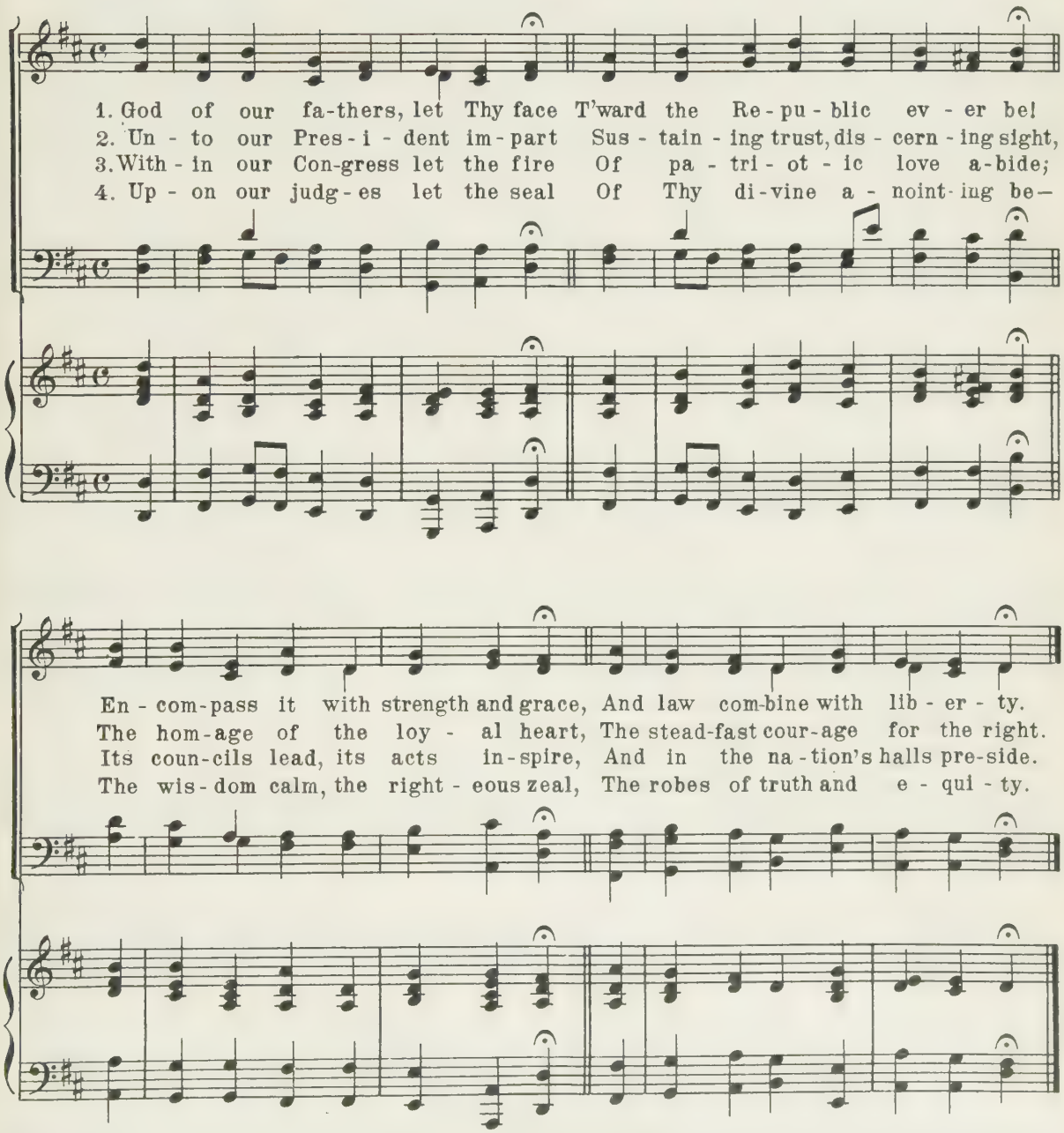
Centennial Hymn

John G. Whittier — J.K. Paine


1. Our fa - thers' God! from out whose hand The cen - turies fall like
2. Here where of old, by Thy de - sign, The fa - thers spake that
3. Be with us while the New World greets The Old World, throng - ing
4. Thou, who hast here in con - cord furled The war - flags of a
5. For art and la - bor met in truce, The beau - ty made the
6. Oh, make Thou us, through cen - turies long, In peace se - cure, and
grains of sand! We meet to - day, u - nit - ed, free, And
word of Thine, Whose ech - o is the glad re - frain Of
all its streets, Un - vail - ing all the tri - umphs won By
gath - er'd world, Be - neath our west - ern skies ful - fil The
bride of use, We thank Thee, while with - al we crave, The
jus - tice strong; A - round our gift of free - dom draw The
cresc.
loy - al to our land and Thee, To thank Thee for the
rend - ed bolt and fall - ing chain, To grace our fes - tal
art or toil be - neath the sun; And un - to com - mon
O - rient's mis - sion of good will, And freight - ed with Love's
aus - tere vir - tues, strong to save, The hon - or, proof to
safe - guards of Thy right - eous law, And cast in some di -
cresc.
ff
e - ra done, And trust Thee for the open - ing one.
time from all The zones of earth our guests we call.
good or - dain This ri - val - ship of hand and brain.
gold - en fleece, Send back the Ar - go - nauts of peace.
place or gold, The man - hood, nev - er bought or sold.
vin - er mould, Let the new - cy - cle shame the old.
ff

God Of Our Fathers

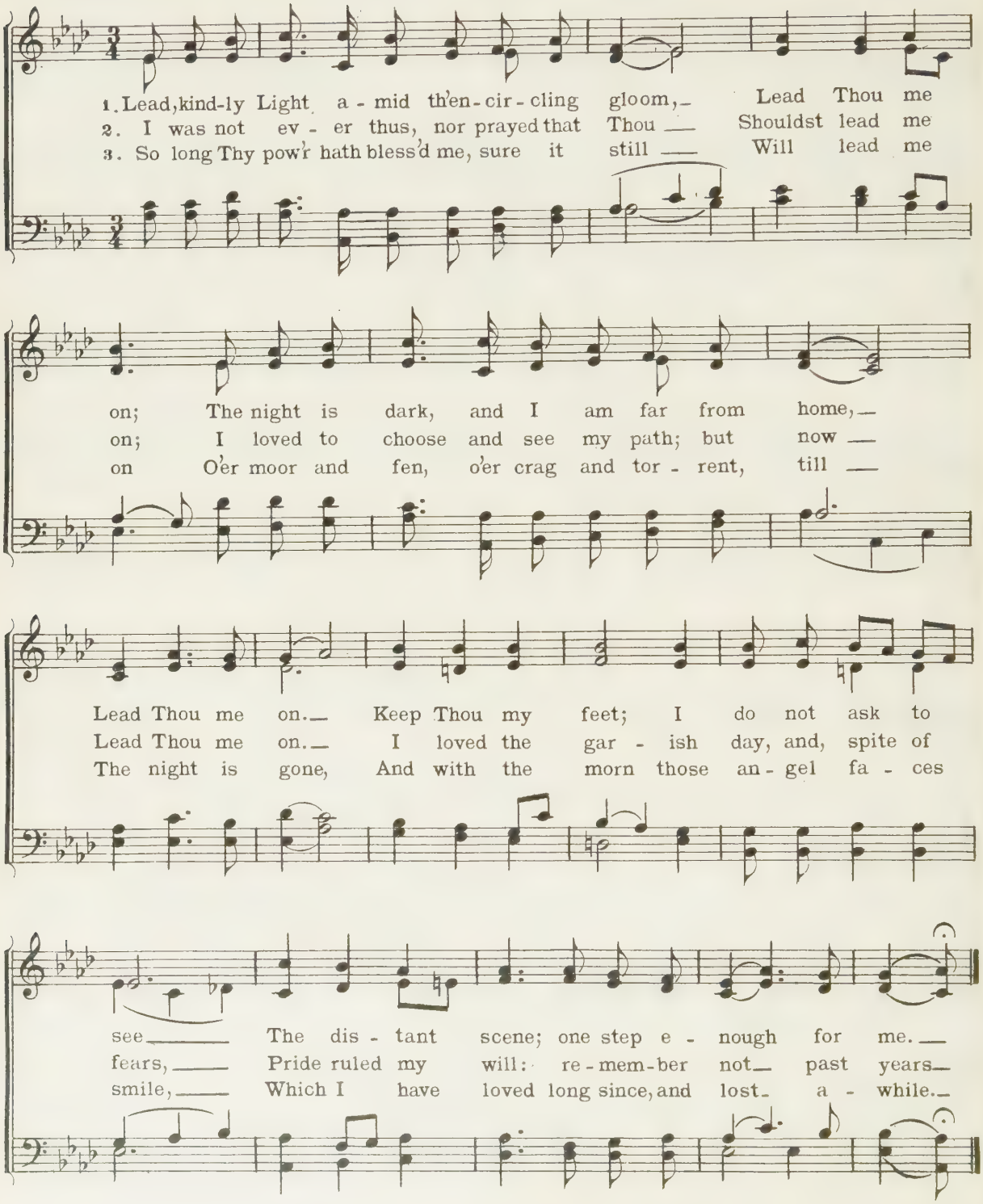
Rev. S. Wolcott, D. D. — Geo. B. Nevin


1. God of our fa-thers, let Thy face T'ward the Re-pu-blic ev-er be!
2. Un-to our Pres-i-dent im-part Sus-tain-ing trust, dis-cern-ing sight,
3. With-in our Con-gress let the fire Of pa-tri-ot-ic love a-bide;
4. Up-on our judg-es let the seal Of Thy di-vine a-noint-ing be—
En-com-pass it with strength and grace, And law com-bine with lib-er-ty.
The hom-age of the loy-al heart, The stead-fast cour-age for the right.
Its coun-cils lead, its acts in-spire, And in the na-tion's halls pre-side.
The wis-dom calm, the right-eous zeal, The robes of truth and e-qui-ty.

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman

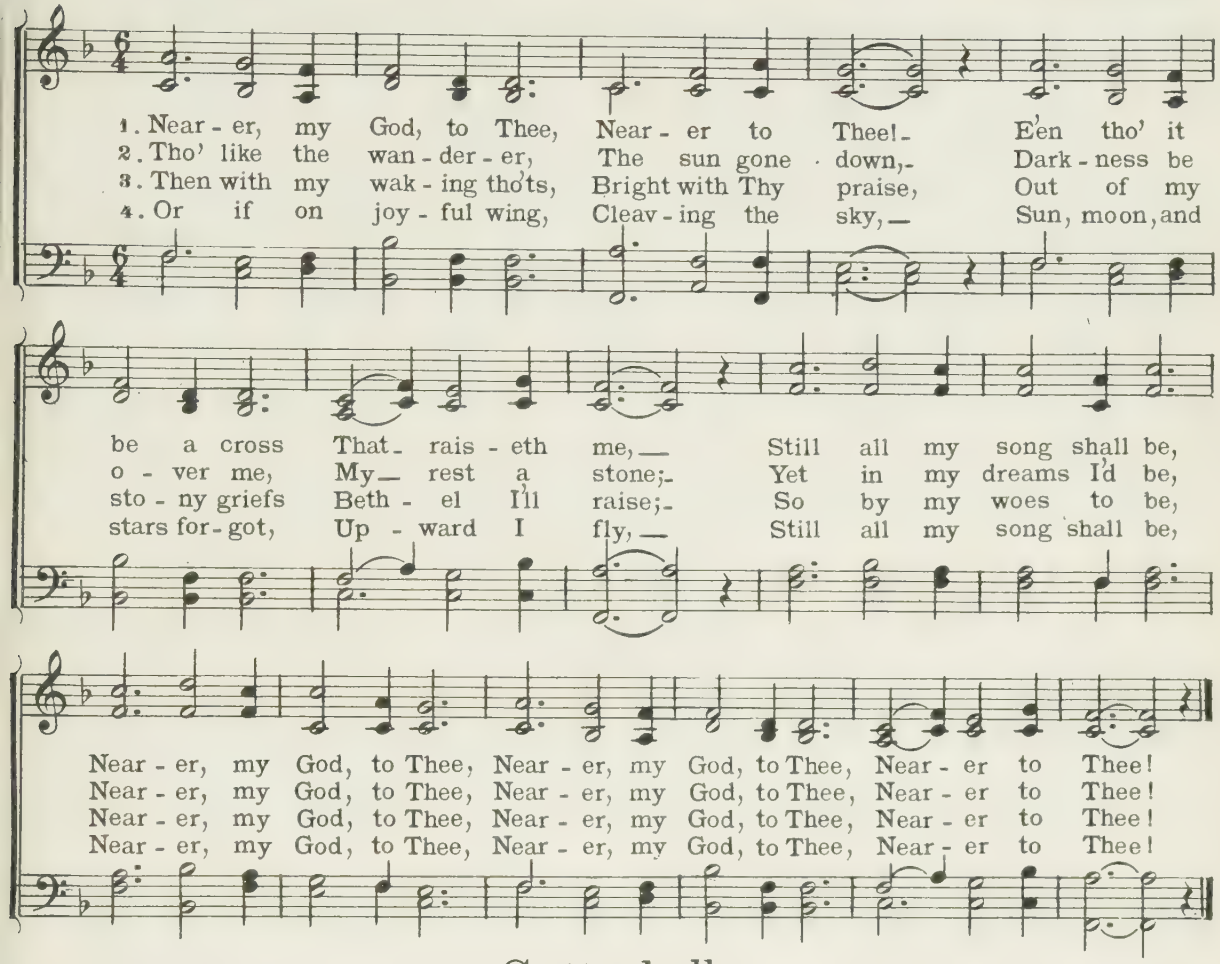
J. B. Dykes


1. Lead, kind-ly Light a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, — Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou — Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still — Will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now —
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till —
Lead Thou me on. — Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on. — I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces
see — The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. —
fears, — Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not — past years —
smile, — Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. —

Nearer, My God, To Thee

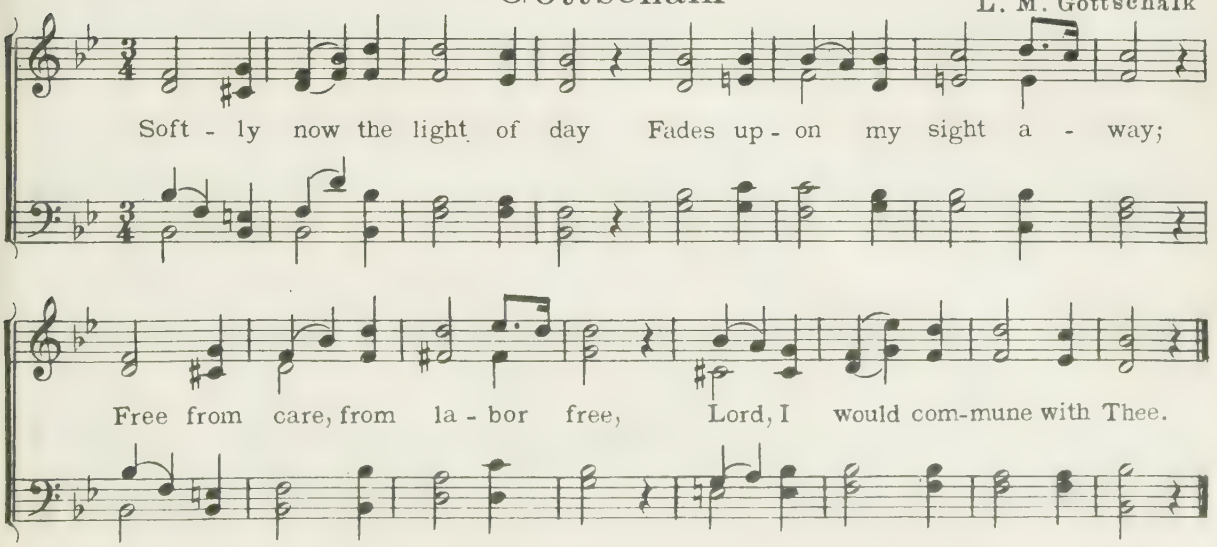
Sarah F. Adams

Lowell Mason


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Gottschalk

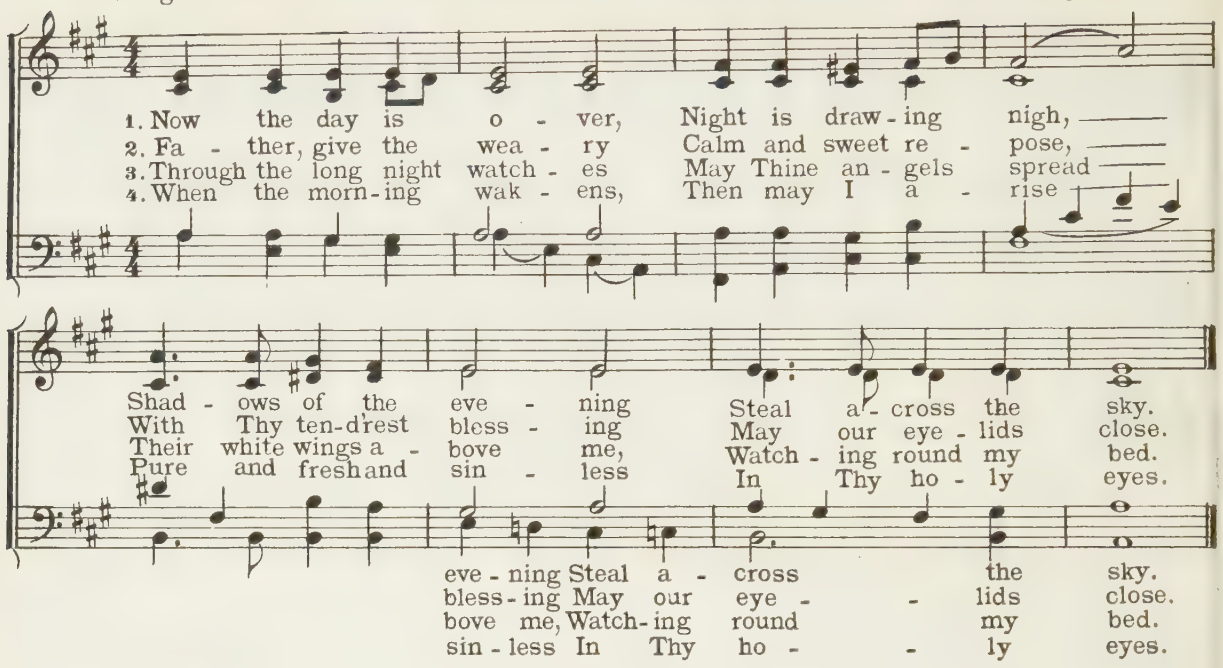
L. M. Gottschalk



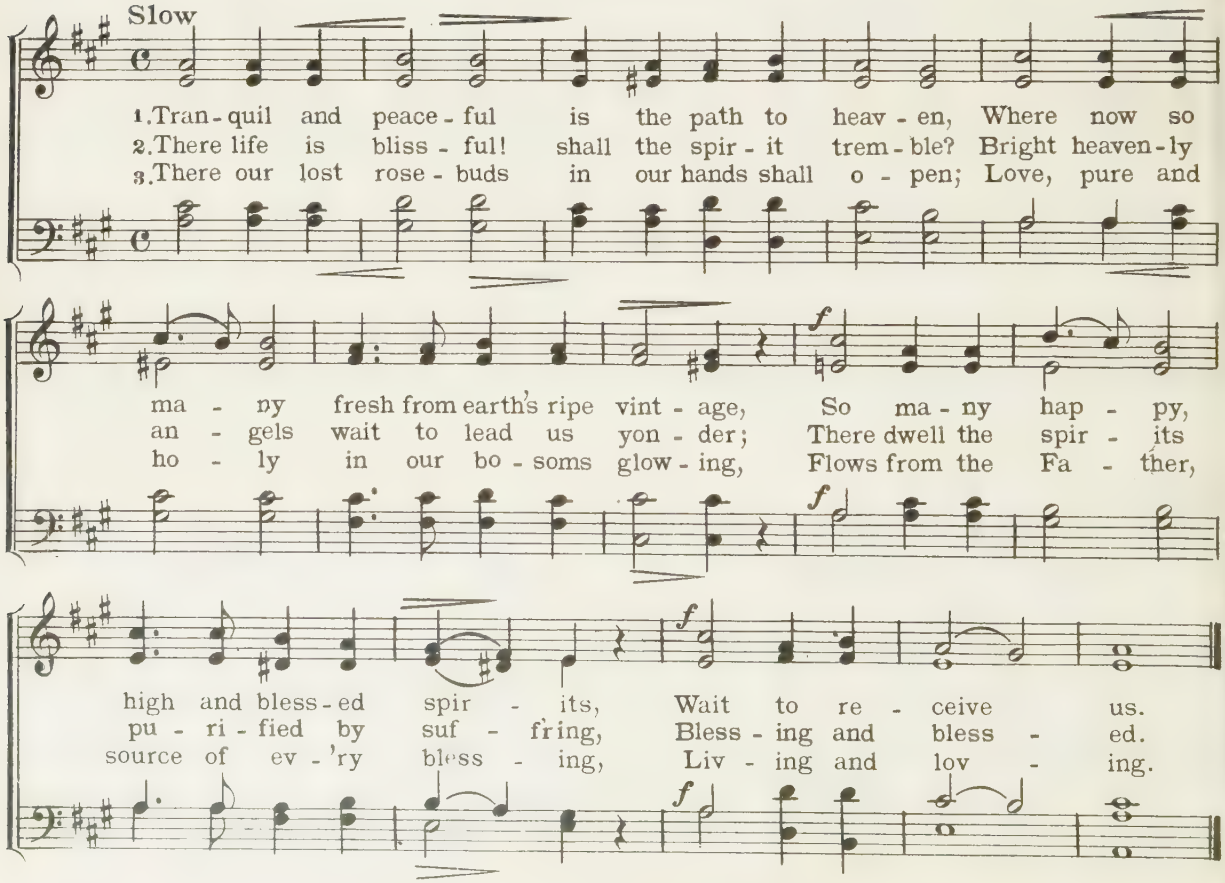
Now The Day Is Over

S Baring Gould

Joseph Barnby

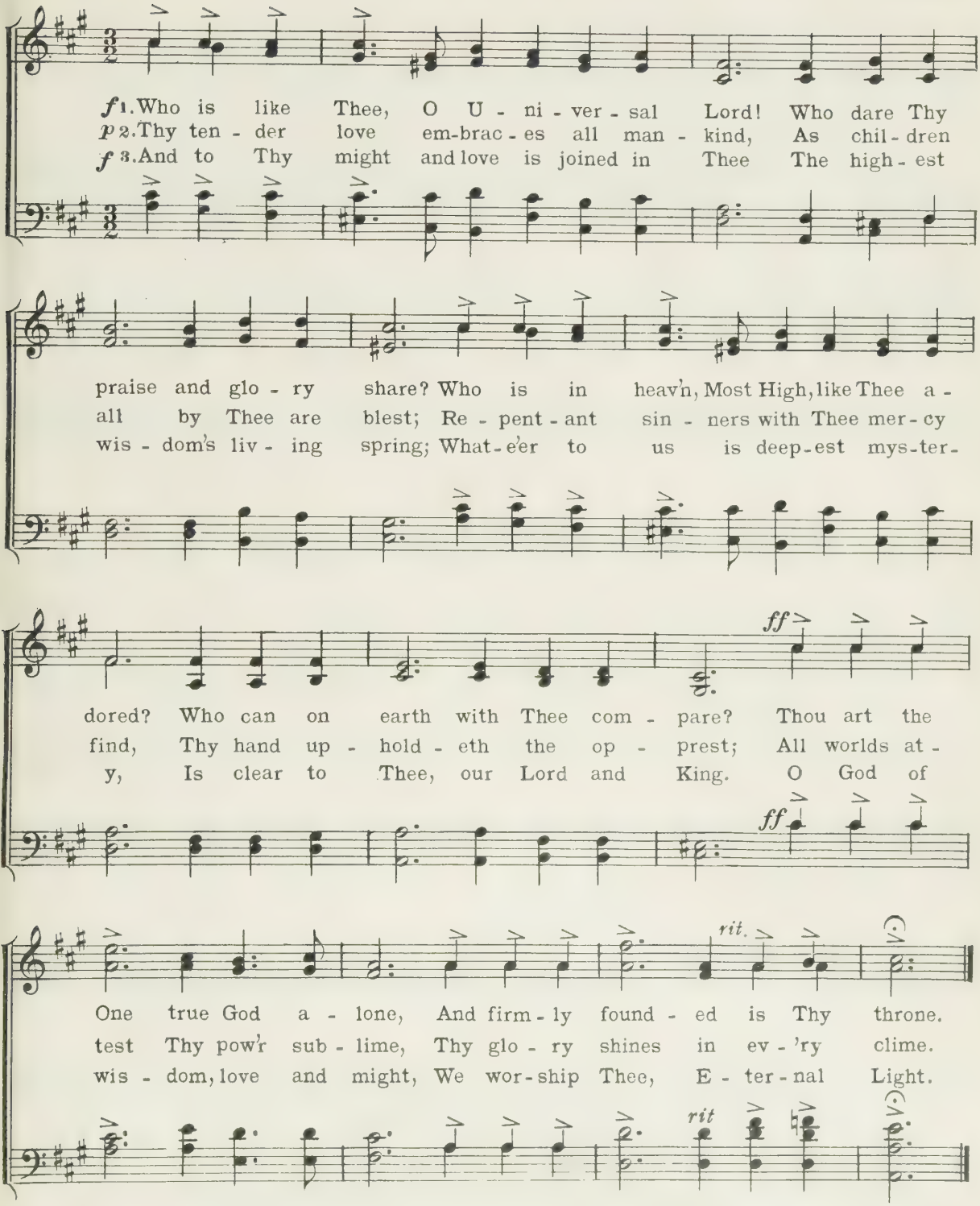

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Fa - ther, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
bless - ing May our eye - - lids close.
bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
sin - less In Thy ho - - ly eyes.

Flemming


Slow
1. Tran - quil and peace - ful is the path to heav - en, Where now so
2. There life is bliss - ful! shall the spir - it trem - ble? Bright heaven - ly
3. There our lost rose - buds in our hands shall o - pen; Love, pure and
ma - ny fresh from earth's ripe vint - age, So ma - ny hap - py,
an - gels wait to lead us yon - der; There dwell the spir - its
ho - ly in our bo - soms glow - ing, Flows from the Fa - ther,
high and bless - ed spir - its, Wait to re - ceive us.
pu - ri - fied by suf - fring, Bless - ing and bless - ed.
source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Liv - ing and lov - ing.

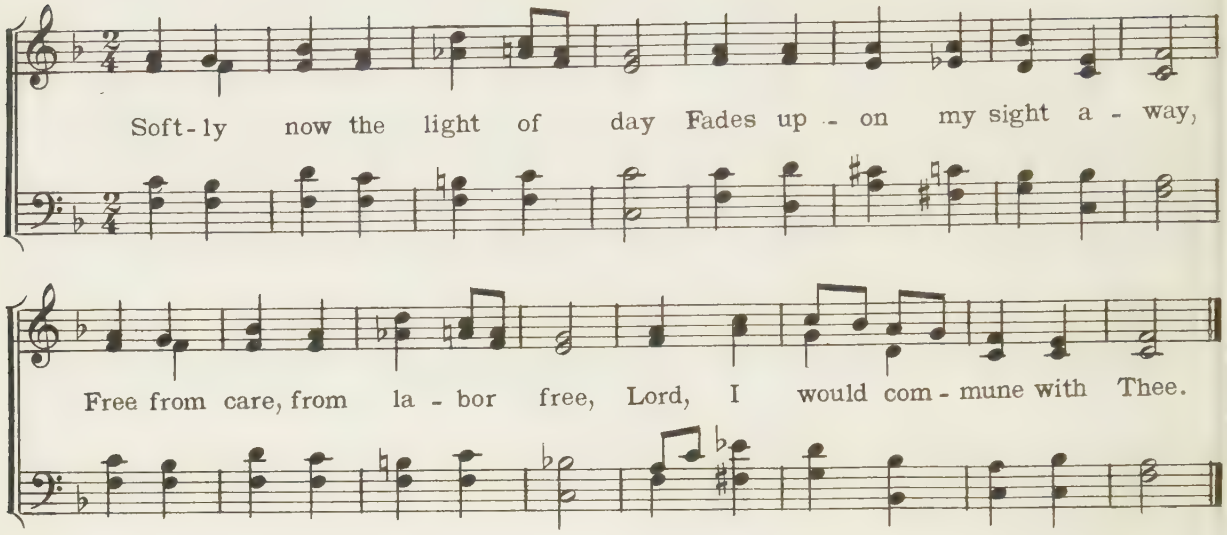
Who Is Like Thee?

P. C. Lutkin

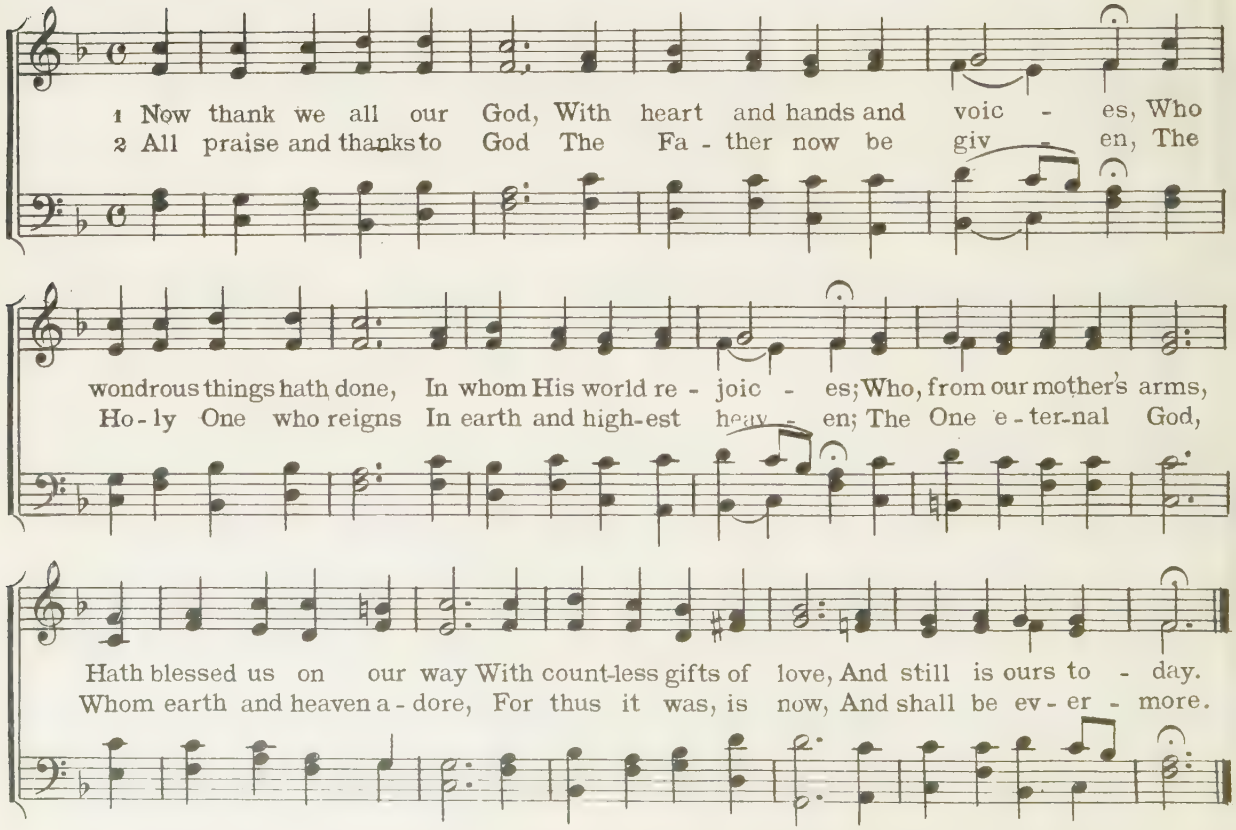

f 1. Who is like Thee, O U - ni - ver - sal Lord! Who dare Thy
p 2. Thy ten - der love em-brac - es all man - kind, As chil - dren
f 3. And to Thy might and love is joined in Thee The high - est
praise and glo - ry share? Who is in heav'n, Most High, like Thee a -
all by Thee are blest; Re - pent - ant sin - ners with Thee mer - cy
wis - dom's liv - ing spring; What - e'er to us is deep-est mys-ter-
ff
dored? Who can on earth with Thee com - pare? Thou art the
find, Thy hand up - hold - eth the op - prest; All worlds at -
y, Is clear to Thee, our Lord and King. O God of
ff
rit.
One true God a - lone, And firm - ly found - ed is Thy throne.
test Thy pow'r sub - lime, Thy glo - ry shines in ev - 'ry clime.
wis - dom, love and might, We wor-ship Thee, E - ter - nal Light.
rit

Softly Now The Light Of Day

Weber

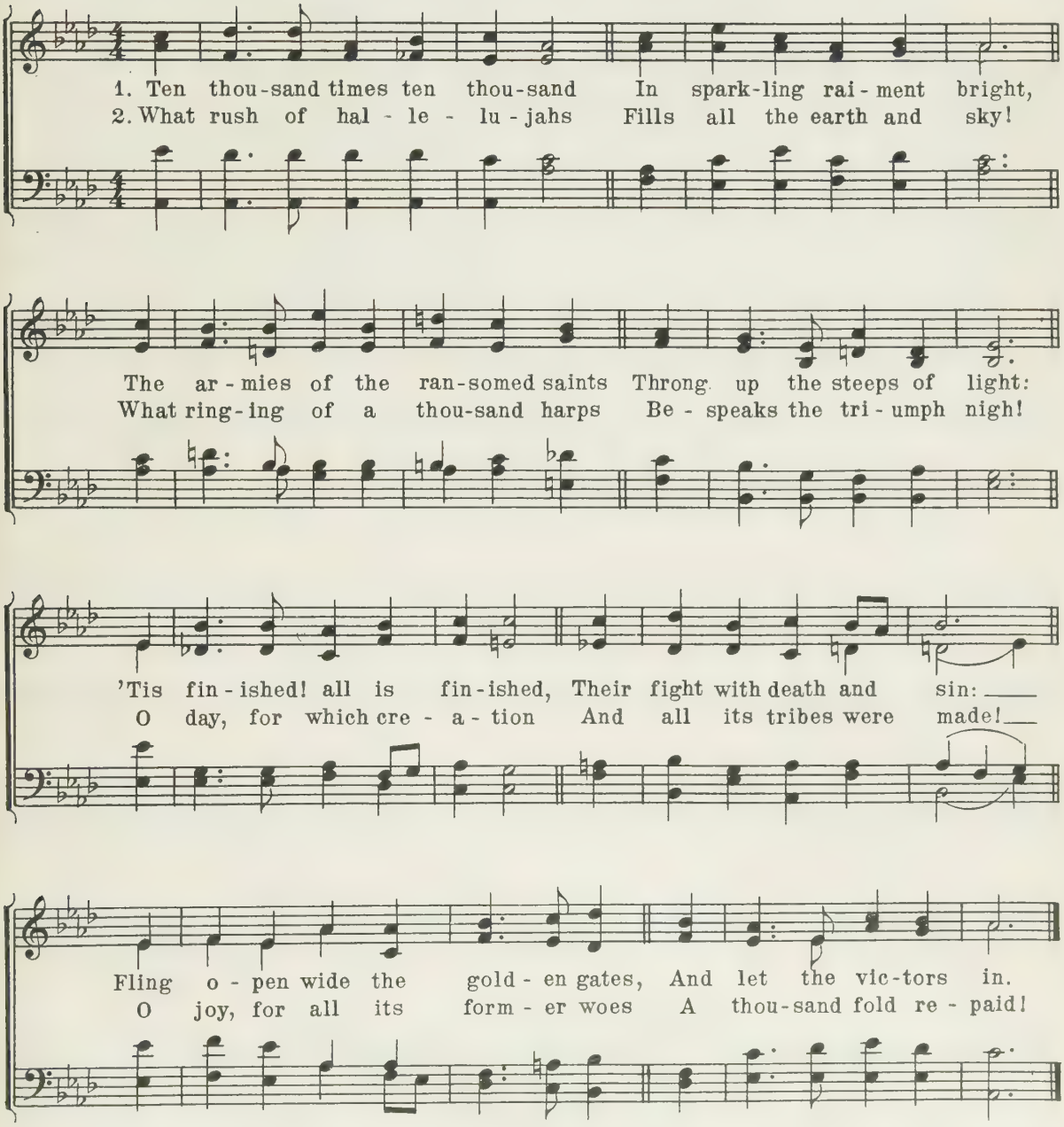


Now Thank We All Our God


1 Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es, Who
2 All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en, The
wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es; Who, from our mother's arms,
Ho-ly One who reigns In earth and high-est heav - en; The One e-ter-nal God,
Hath blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
Whom earth and heaven a-dore, For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev-er - more.

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

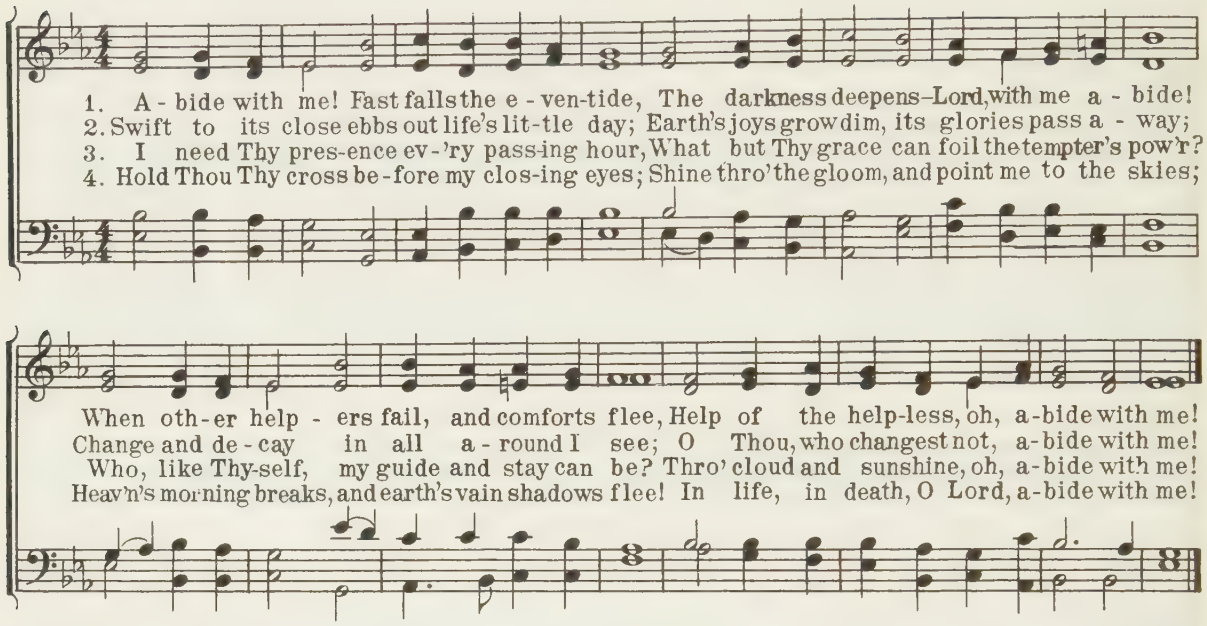
John B. Dykes


1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright,
2. What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
The ar-mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh!
'Tis fin-ished! all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day, for which cre-a-tion And all its tribes were made!
Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.
O joy, for all its form-er woes A thou-sand fold re-paid!

Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte

William Henry Monk


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness deepens–Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

Cast Thy Burden

Più adagio

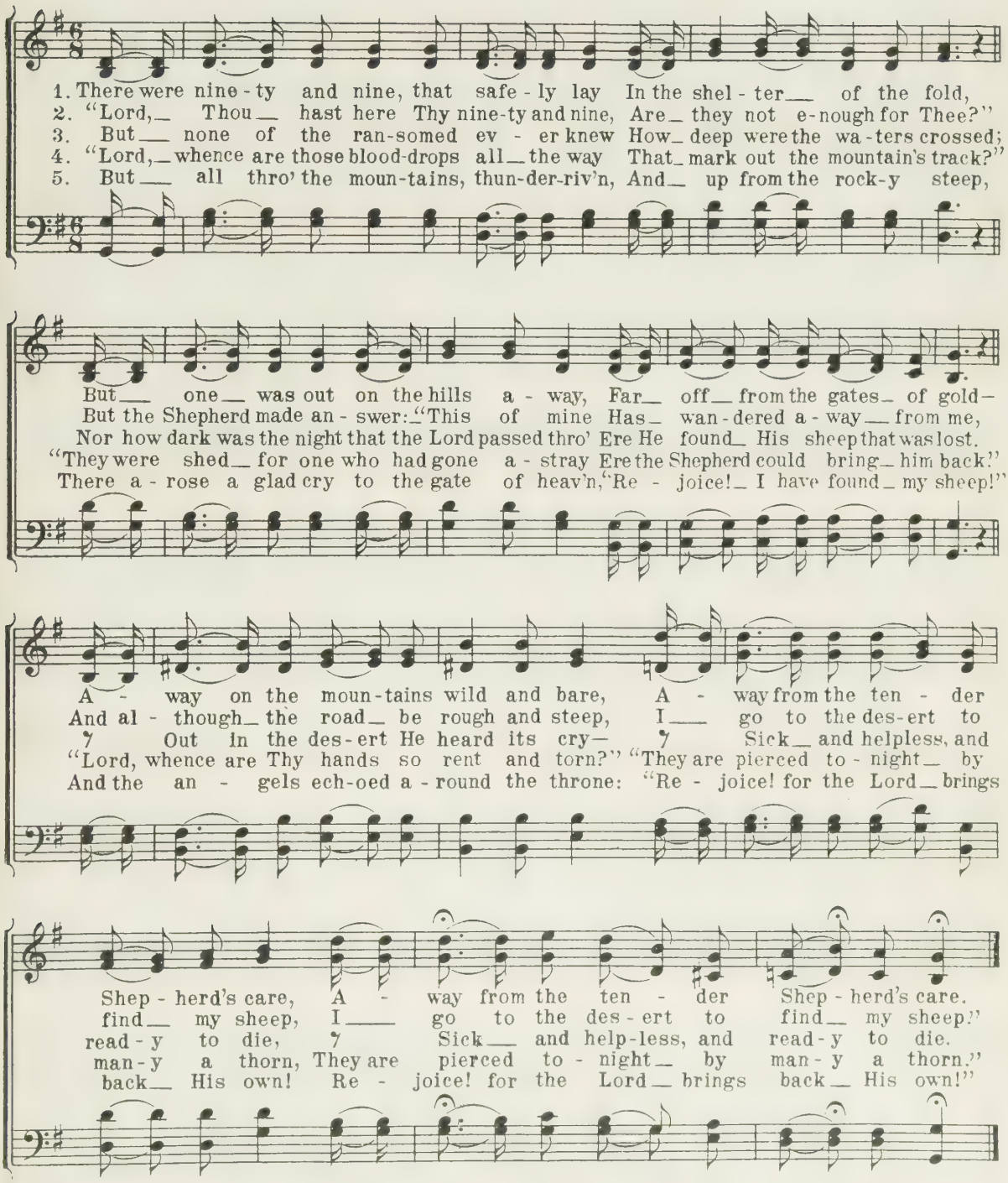
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

pp
Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord; And He shall sus - tain thee; He
cresc.
p
nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy right hand. Thy mer-cy, Lord, is
cresc.
dim.
p
great, and far a - bove the heav'ns. Let none be made a - sham-ed, that wait up-on Thee!
cresc.
dim.
p

The Ninety And Nine

E. C. Clephane

Ira D. Sankey


1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter__ of the fold,
2. "Lord,_ Thou__ hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are_ they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But__ none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How_ deep were the wa-ters crossed;
4. "Lord,_ whence are those blood-drops all_ the way That_ mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But__ all thro' the moun-tains, thun-der-riv'n, And_ up from the rock-y steep,
But__ one__ was out on the hills a - way, Far__ off__ from the gates_ of gold—
But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine Has_ wan-dered a - way__ from me,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found_ His sheep that was lost.
"They were shed__ for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring_ him back."
There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice!_ I have found_ my sheep!"
A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
And al - though_ the road_ be rough and steep, I__ go to the des-ert to
Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick_ and helpless, and
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night_ by
And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne: "Re - joice! for the Lord_ brings
Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
find__ my sheep, I__ go to the des - ert to find__ my sheep."
read - y to die, Sick__ and help-less, and read - y to die.
man - y a thorn, They are pierced to - night_ by man - y a thorn."
back__ His own! Re - joice! for the Lord_ brings back__ His own!"

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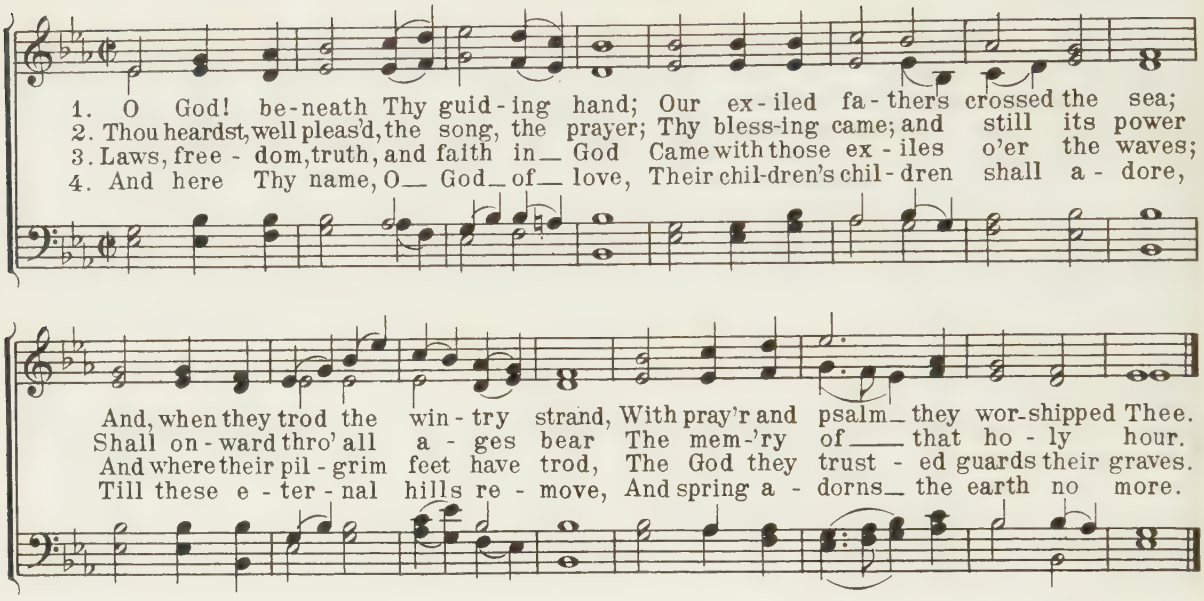
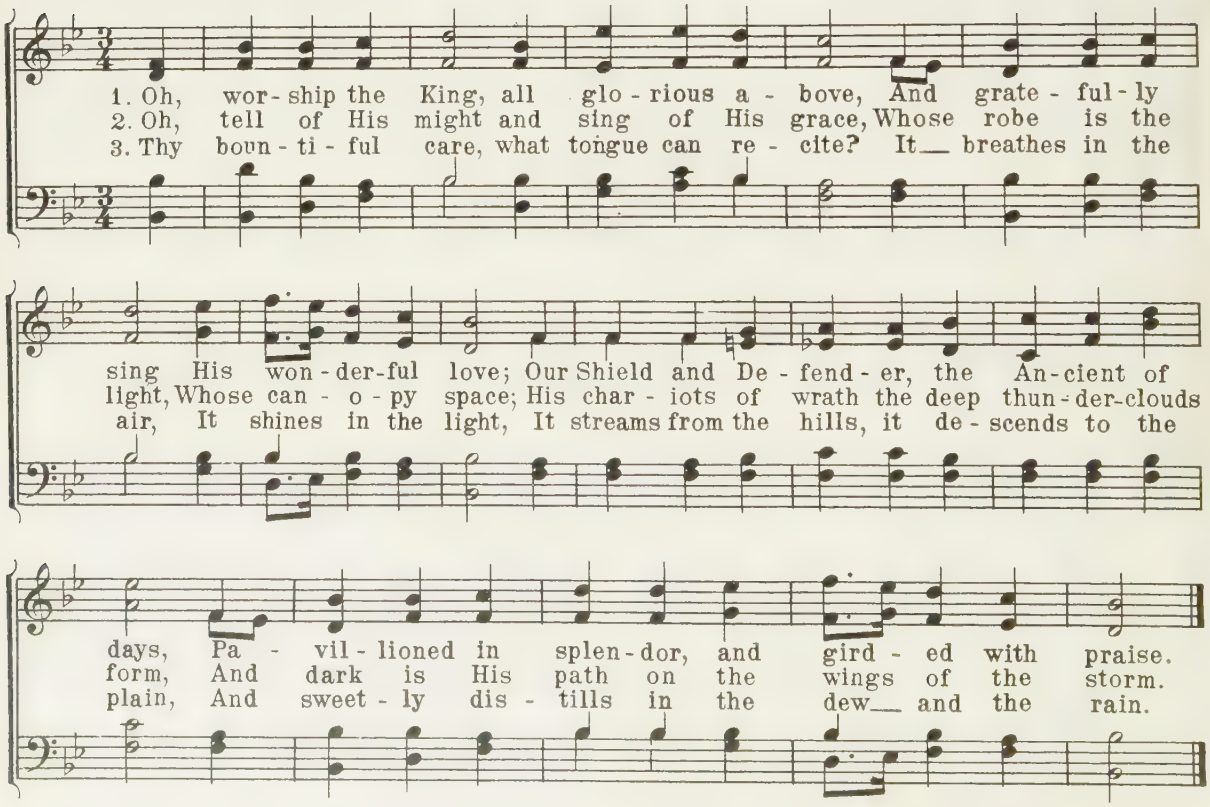
Pilgrim Hymn

(Duke Street)

John Hatton

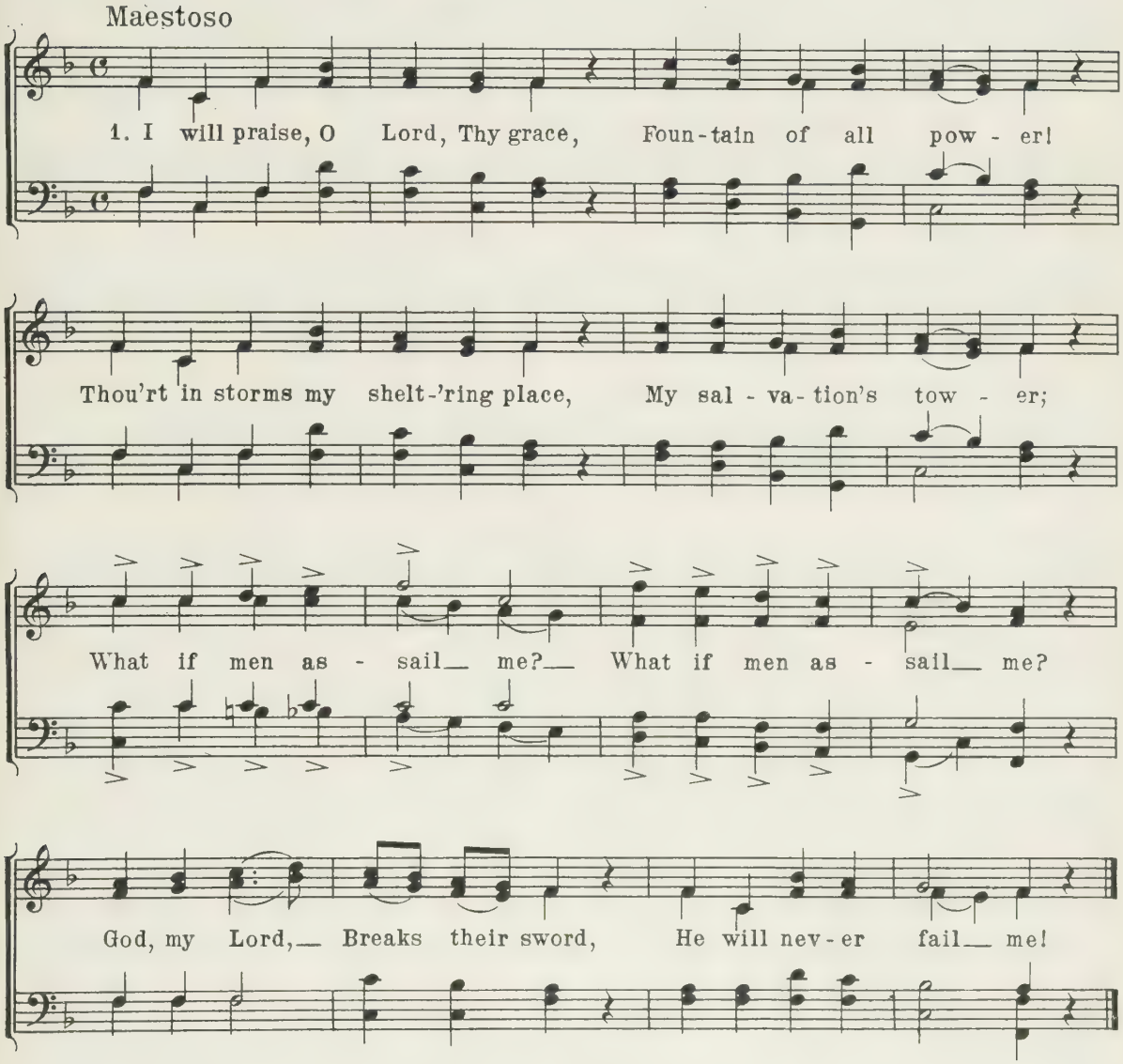

1. O God! be-neath Thy guid-ing hand; Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heardst, well pleas'd, the song, the prayer; Thy bless-ing came; and still its power
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex-iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil-dren's chil-dren shall a-dore,
And, when they trod the win-try strand, With pray'r and psalm they wor-shipped Thee.
Shall on-ward thro' all a-ges bear The mem-'ry of that ho-ly hour.
And where their pil-grim feet have trod, The God they trust-ed guards their graves.
Till these e-ter-nal hills re-move, And spring a-dorns the earth no more.

Oh, Worship The King


1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. Oh, tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of
light, Whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds
air, It shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
days, Pa-vil-lioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.

HANUKKAH

My Salvation's Tower

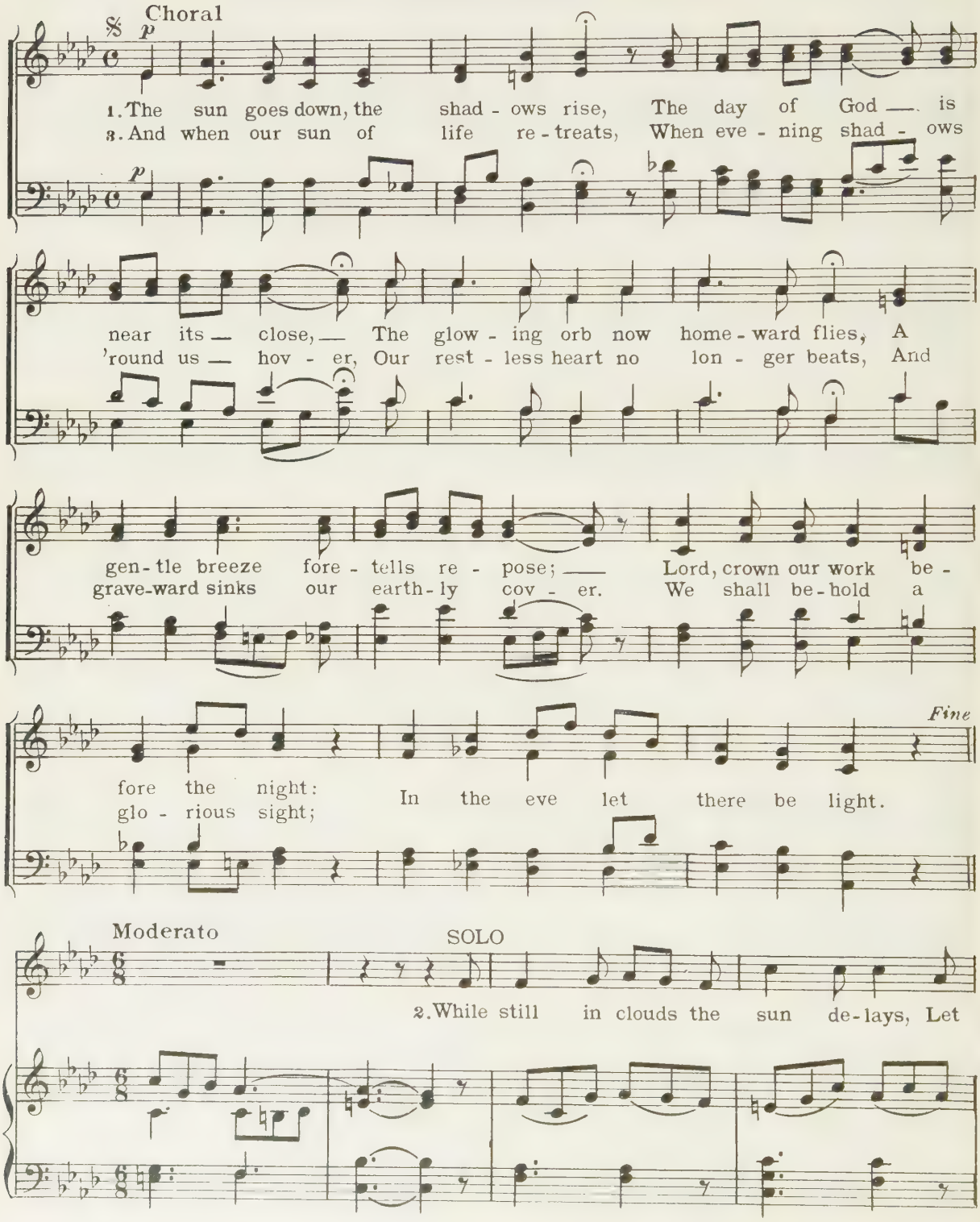

Maestoso
1. I will praise, O Lord, Thy grace, Foun-tain of all pow - er!
Thou'rt in storms my shelt-'ring place, My sal - va-tion's tow - er;
What if men as - sail me? What if men as - sail me?
God, my Lord, Breaks their sword, He will nev-er fail me!

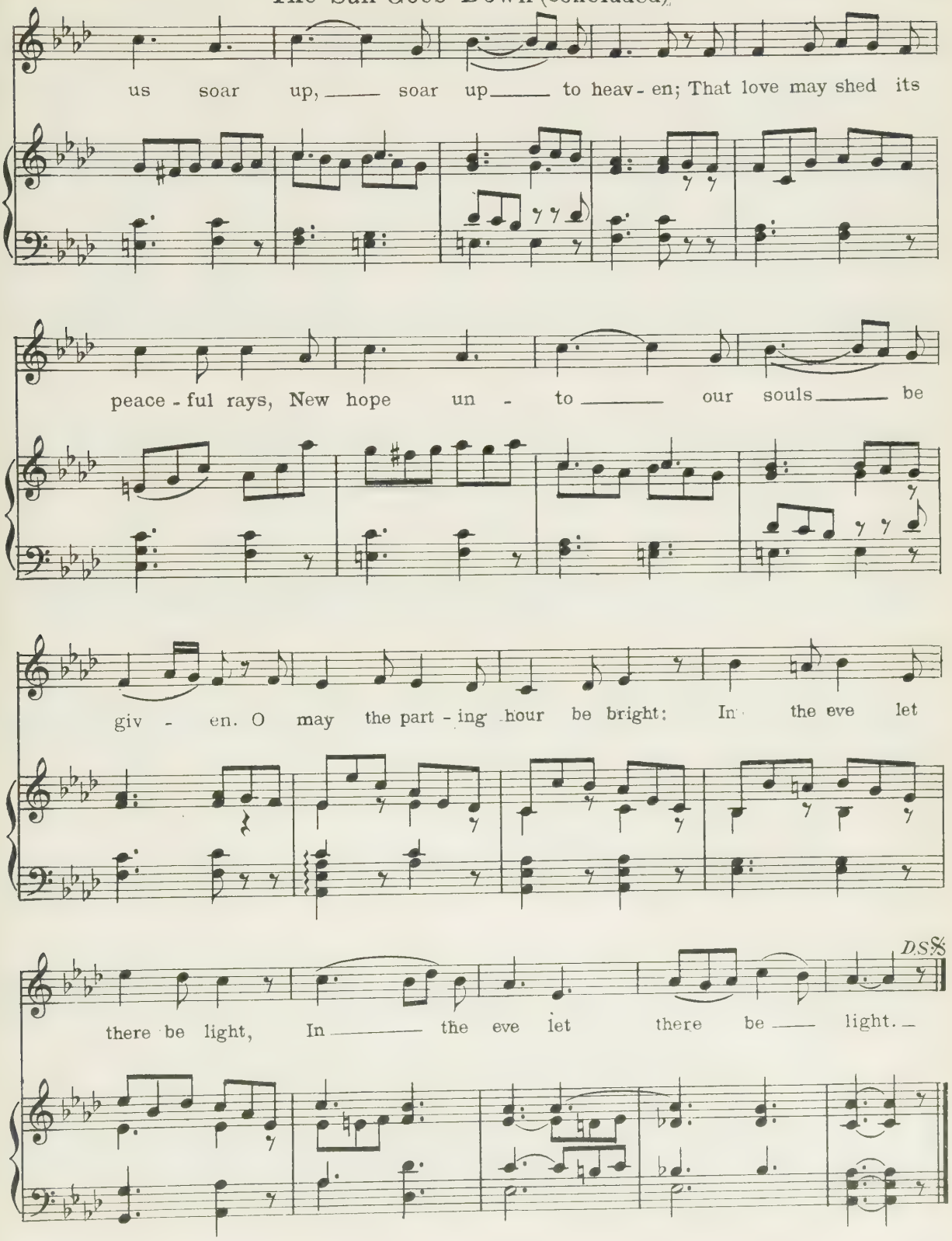
2. Ever when I sighed in night,
When the world repelled me,
God led me again to light,
And His hand upheld me.
|: Darkness oft set round me,— :|
He was nigh,
From on high,
And His mercy found me.

3. With my army God did side:—
We, the few and humble,
Checked the Syrian's furious tide,
Made the mighty stumble.
|: Heroes young and hoary :|
Spilt their blood
For their God,
Giving Him the glory.

The Sun Goes Down

Traditional Hebrew Melody


Choral
p
1. The sun goes down, the shad - ows rise, The day of God — is
3. And when our sun of life re - treats, When eve - ning shad - ows
near its — close, — The glow - ing orb now home - ward flies, A
'round us — hov - er, Our rest - less heart no lon - ger beats, And
gen - tle breeze fore - tells re - pose; — Lord, crown our work be -
grave-ward sinks our earth - ly cov - er. We shall be - hold a
Fine
fore the night:
glo - rious sight;
In the eve let there be light.
Moderato
SOLO
2. While still in clouds the sun de - lays, Let


us soar up, soar up to heav - en; That love may shed its
peace - ful rays, New hope un - to our souls be
giv - en. O may the part - ing hour be bright: In the eve let
D.S.%
there be light, In the eve let there be light.

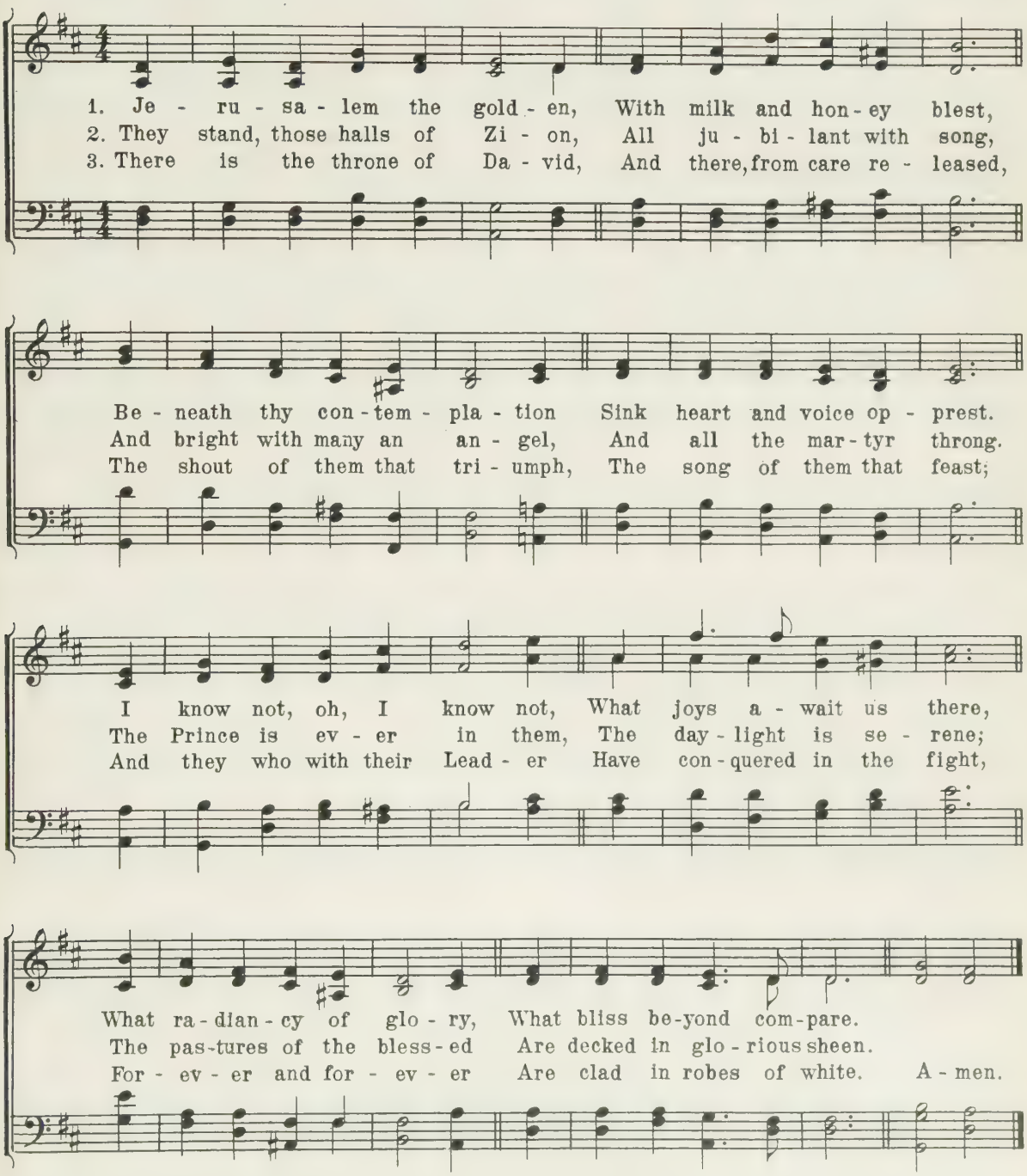
Jerusalem, Materna

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee?— When
2. Thy gar-dens and thy good-ly walks Are al-ways fresh and green,— There
3. Thy trees for-ev - er-more bear fruit And ev - er-more do spring;— There
shall my sor-rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I see?— O
grow such sweet and pleas-ant flow'rs As no-where else are seen.— Thro'
ev - er-more thine an-gels are, Thy glo - ry bright to sing.— Je -
hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil!— In
all thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow;— Up -
ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still yearns for thee!— Would
thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
on the banks on ev - 'ry side The trees of life do grow.
all my woes were at an end, That I thy joys might see.

Jerusalem The Golden

Bernard of Cluny

Alexander Ewing


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. A - men.

Forget me not

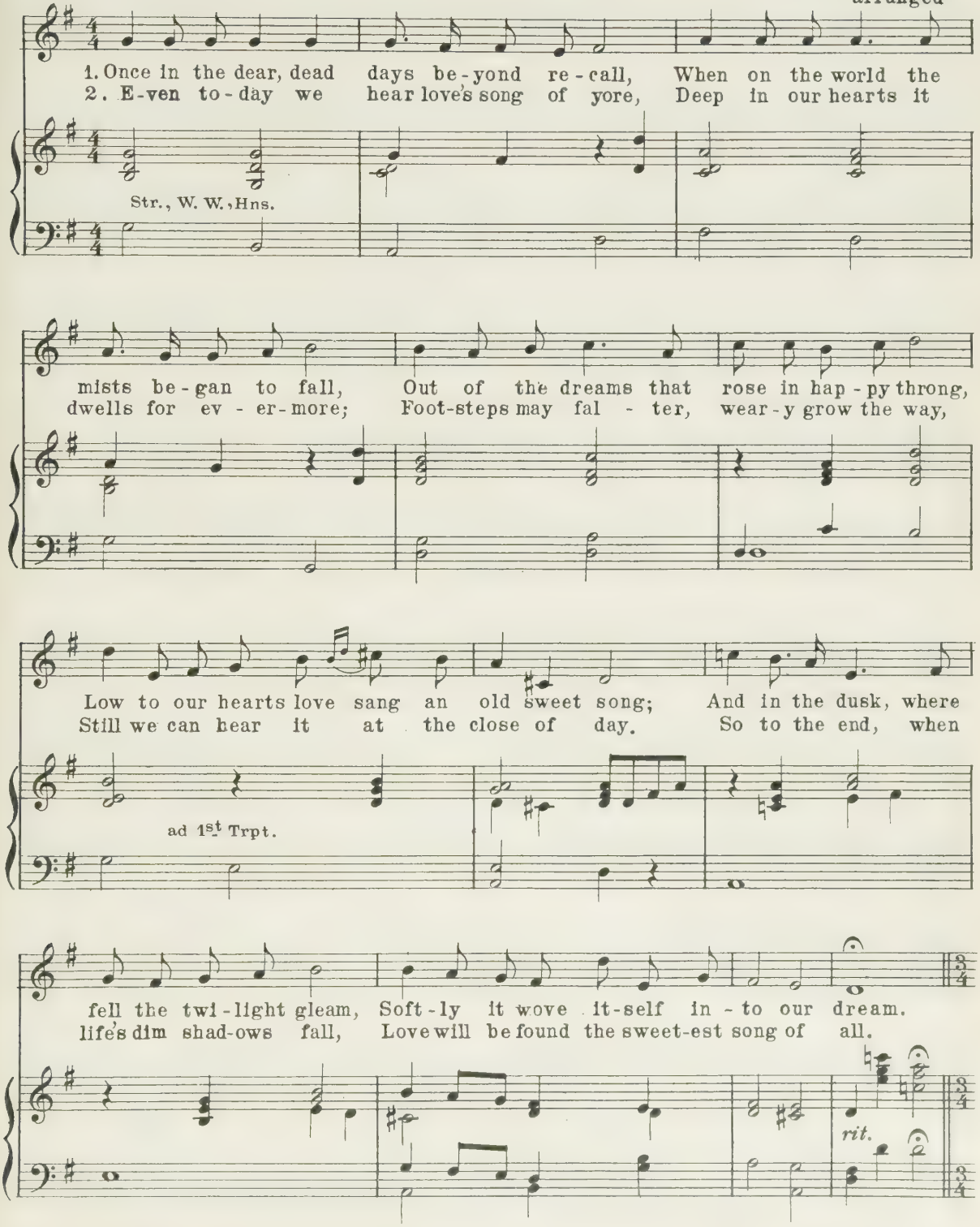
Joh. Seb. Bach

Adagio
p
1. For - get me — not, for - get me not, oh Thou
2. For - get me — not, for - get me not, oh Thou
3. For - get me — not, for - get me not, in that
p legato
poco cresc.
Fa - ther and Lord! Hear - ken when I — im - plore — Thee,
Fa - ther and Lord! Oh, be my sins — for - giv - en,
dread part - ing hour When the stern reap - er calls — me,
poco cresc.
dim.
un - to Thy grace — re - store — me, oh let my pray'r be — heard.
and let my soul — be shriv - en, through Thy be - nig - nant — word.
and the dark gulph — ap - pals — me, be Thou my help and — guard.
dim.
mp
mf
p
In Thee I put my trust, for - get me not, for - get — me not.
What - e'er my earth - ly lot, for - get me not, for - get — me not.
Lord, ev - er - more a - dor'd, for - get me not, for - get — me not.
mp
mf
p

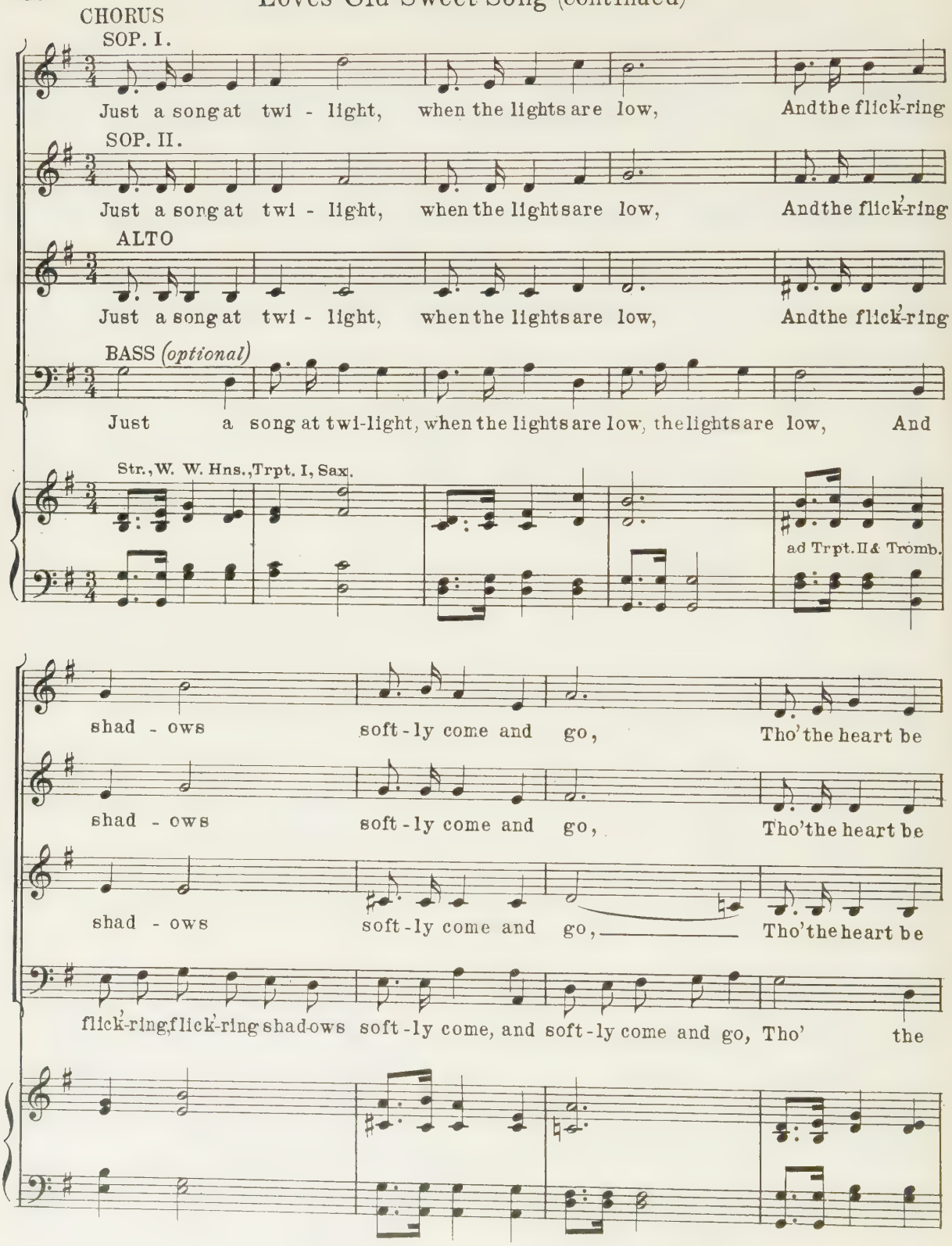
Love's Old Sweet Song

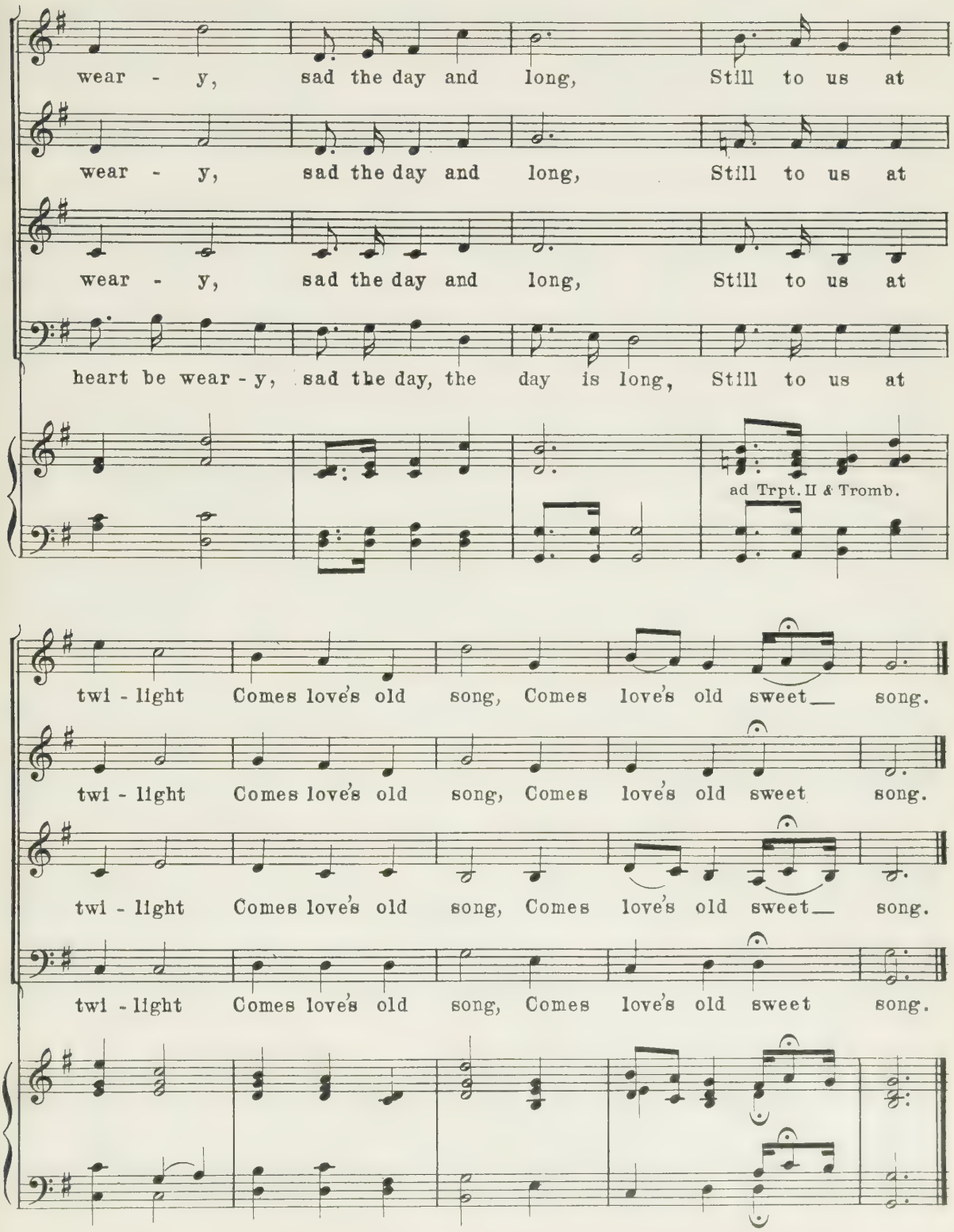
C. F. Brigham

J. L. Molloy
arranged


1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it
Str., W. W., Hns.
mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,
dwells for ev-er-more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where
Still we can hear it at the close of day. So to the end, when
ad 1st Trpt.
fell the twi-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.
rit.

Love's Old Sweet Song (continued)


CHORUS
SOP. I.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring
SOP. II.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring
ALTO
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick'-ring
BASS (optional)
Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, the lights are low, And
Str., W. W. Hns., Trpt. I, Sax.
ad Trpt. II & Tromb.
shad - ows soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be
shad - ows soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be
shad - ows soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be
flick'-ring, flick'-ring shad-ows soft - ly come, and soft - ly come and go, Tho' the

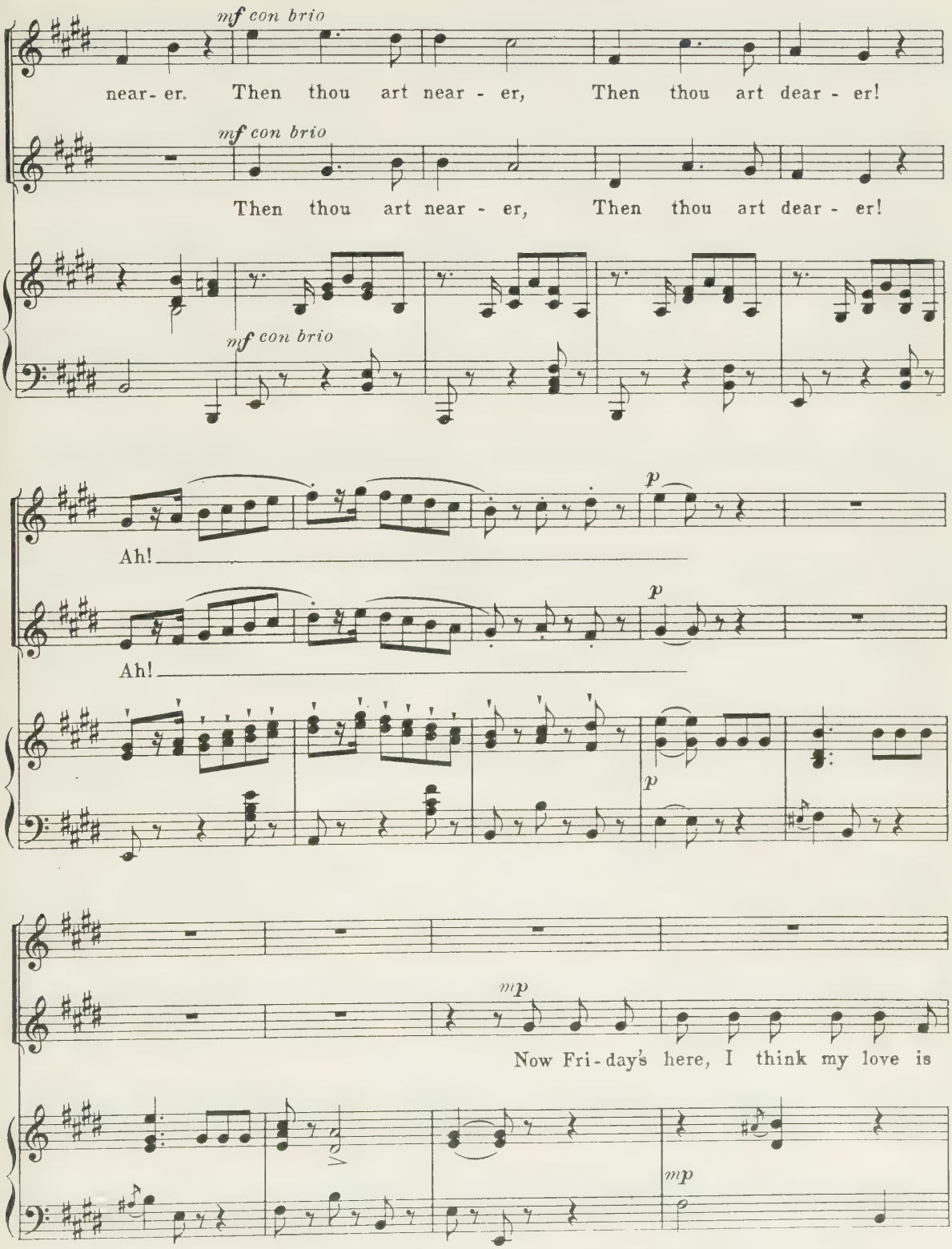

wear - y, sad the day and long, Still to us at
wear - y, sad the day and long, Still to us at
wear - y, sad the day and long, Still to us at
heart be wear - y, sad the day, the day is long, Still to us at
ad Trpt. II & Tromb.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.
twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

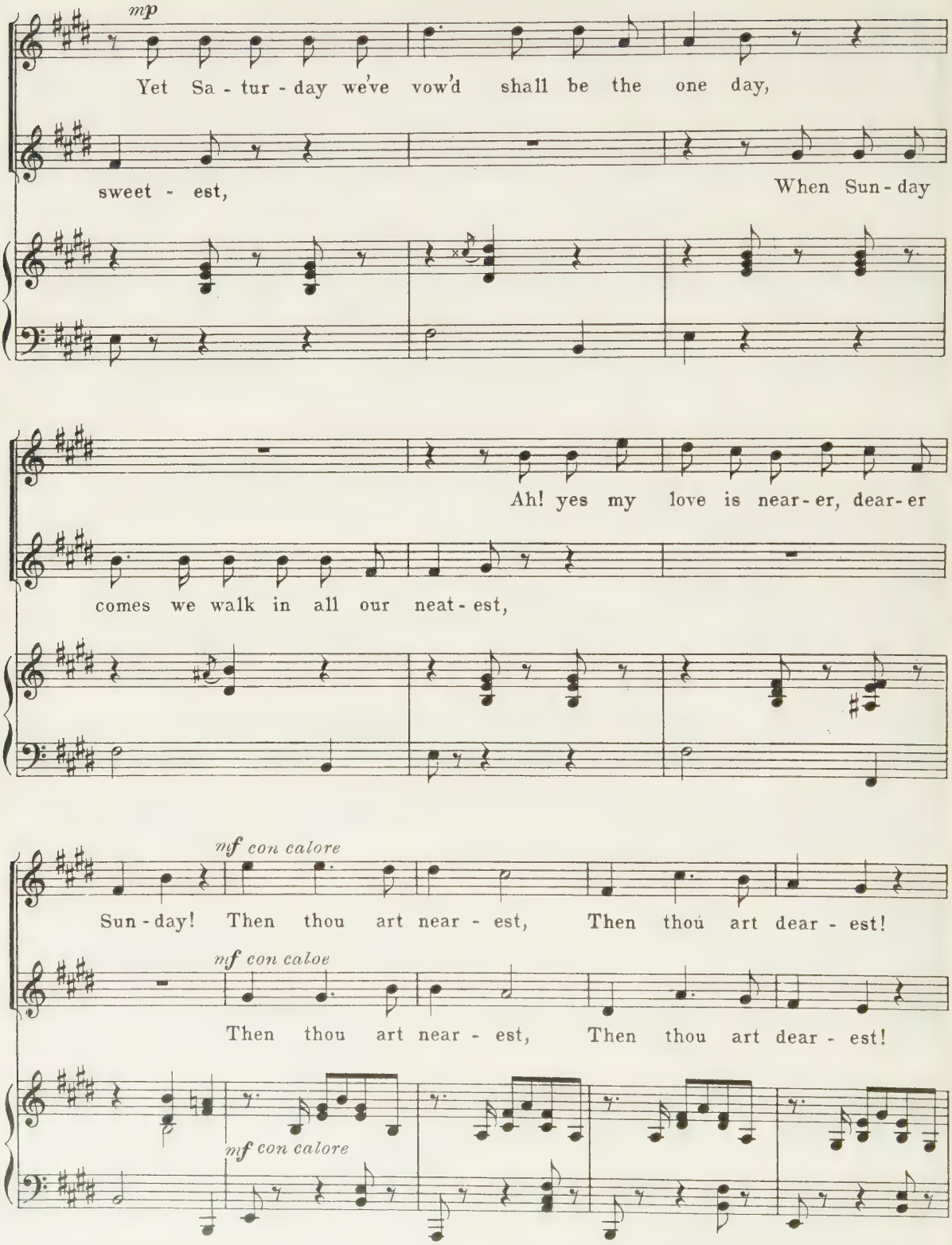
Nearest And Dearest

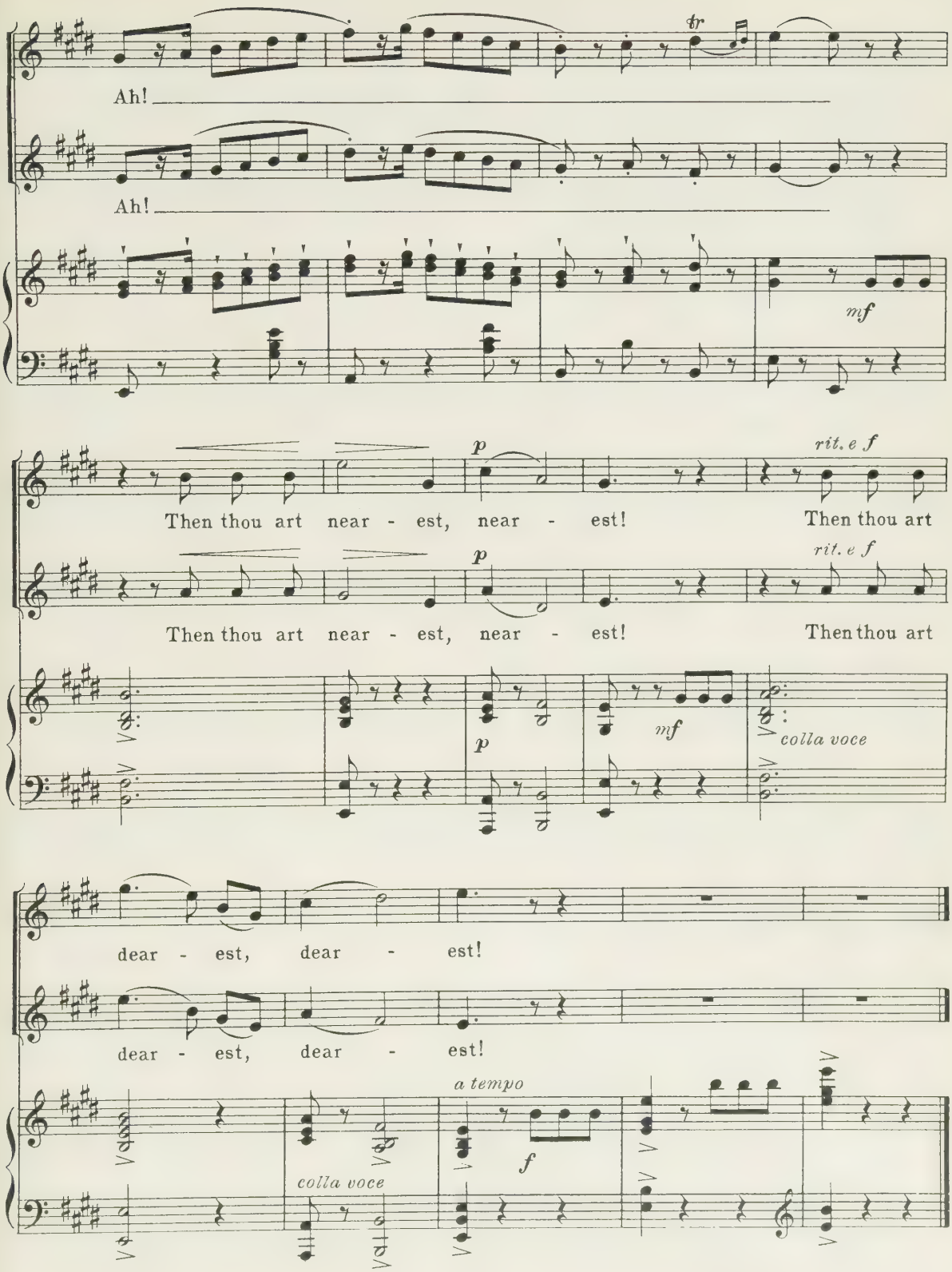
Tuscan Folk Song

S. Caracciolo

Allegretto con brio (♩ = 176)
mp
On Mon - day morn I think my love is
pp
mp
mp
And yet when Tues - day comes my love is dear - er,
dear - est,
On We'nes - day
Then Thurs - day brings my dar - ling one day
too, one tri - fle, quite the me - rest,


mf con brio
near- er. Then thou art near - er, Then thou art dear - er!
mf con brio
Then thou art near - er, Then thou art dear - er!
mf con brio
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
p
mp
Now Fri - day's here, I think my love is
mp

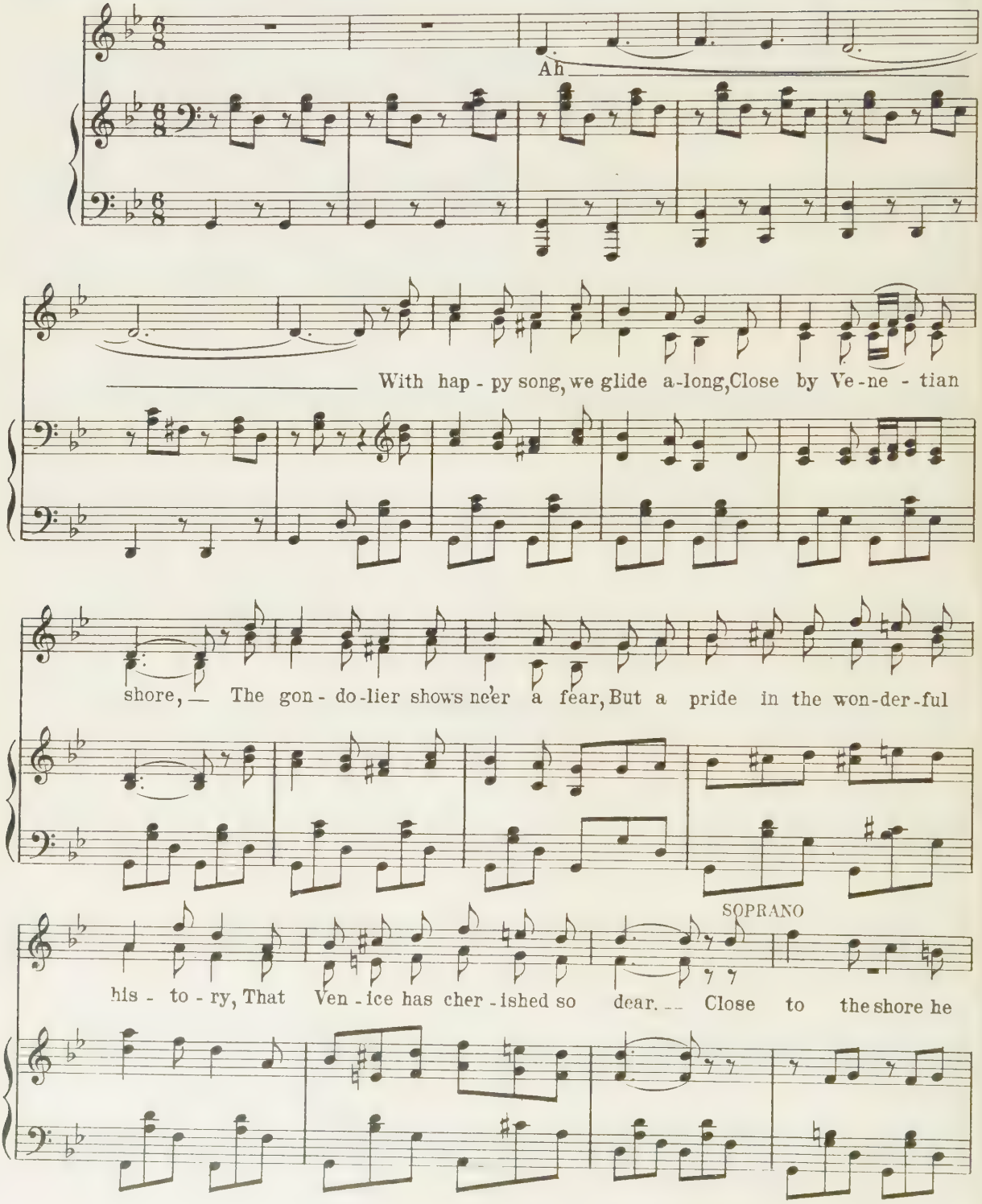

mp
Yet Sa - tur - day we've vow'd shall be the one day,
sweet - est,
When Sun - day
Ah! yes my love is near - er, dear - er
comes we walk in all our neat - est,
mf con calore
Sun - day! Then thou art near - est, Then thou art dear - est!
mf con caloe
Then thou art near - est, Then thou art dear - est!
mf con calore

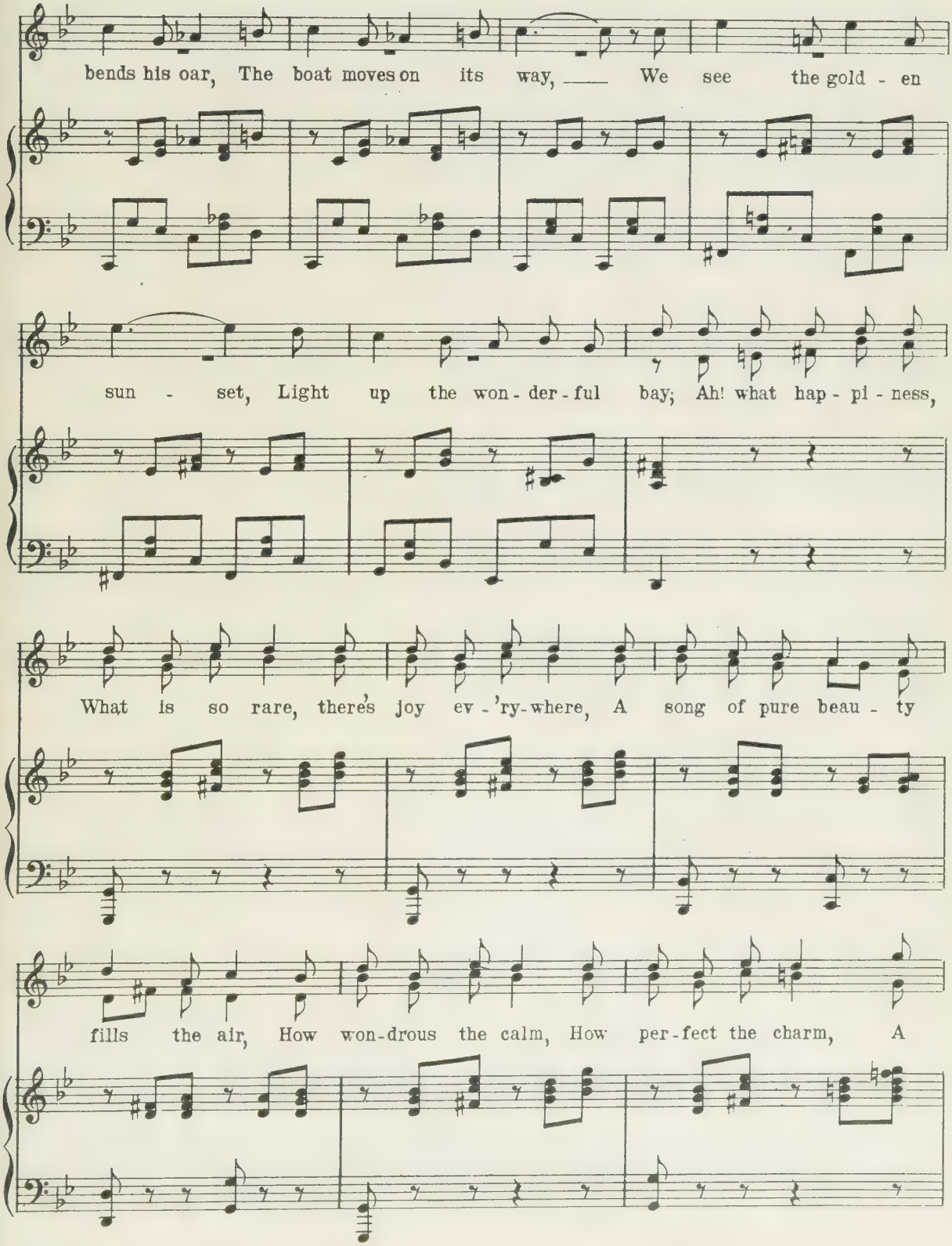

tr
Ah!
Ah!
mf
p
rit. e f
Then thou art near - est, near - est!
Then thou art
p
rit. e f
Then thou art near - est, near - est!
Then thou art
p
mf
colla voce
dear - est, dear - est!
dear - est, dear - est!
a tempo
f
colla voce

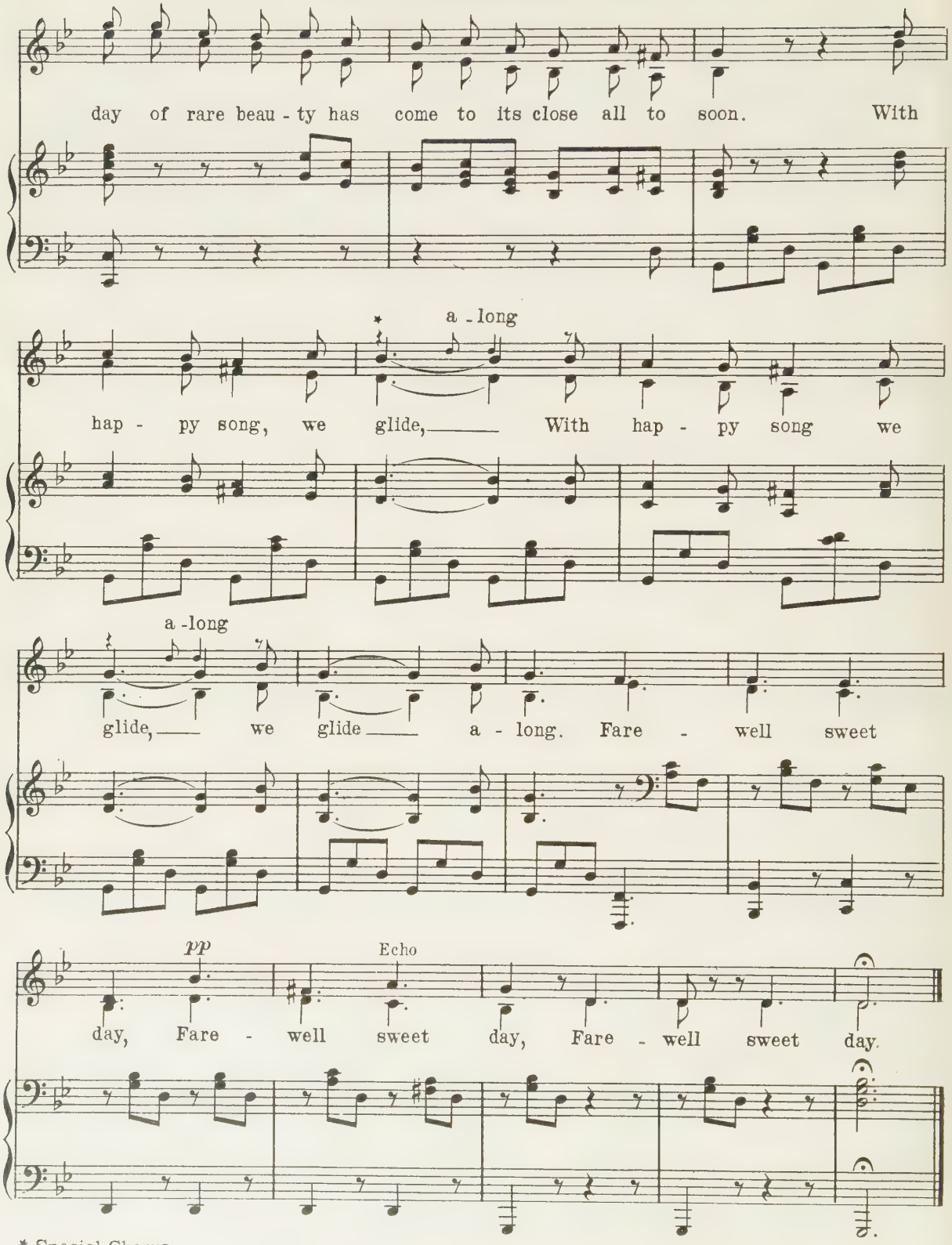
Venetian Gondolier Song

Andante sostenuto

Mendelssohn


Ah
With hap - py song, we glide a-long, Close by Ve-ne - tian
shore, The gon - do-lier shows ne'er a fear, But a pride in the won-der-ful
SOPRANO
his - to - ry, That Ven - ice has cher - ished so dear. Close to the shore he


bends his oar, The boat moves on its way, We see the gold - en
sun - set, Light up the won - der - ful bay; Ah! what hap - pi - ness,
What is so rare, there's joy ev - 'ry - where, A song of pure beau - ty
fills the air, How won - drous the calm, How per - fect the charm, A


day of rare beau - ty has come to its close all to soon. With
* a - long
hap - py song, we glide, With hap - py song we
a - long
glide, we glide a - long. Fare - well sweet
pp
Echo
day, Fare - well sweet day, Fare - well sweet day.

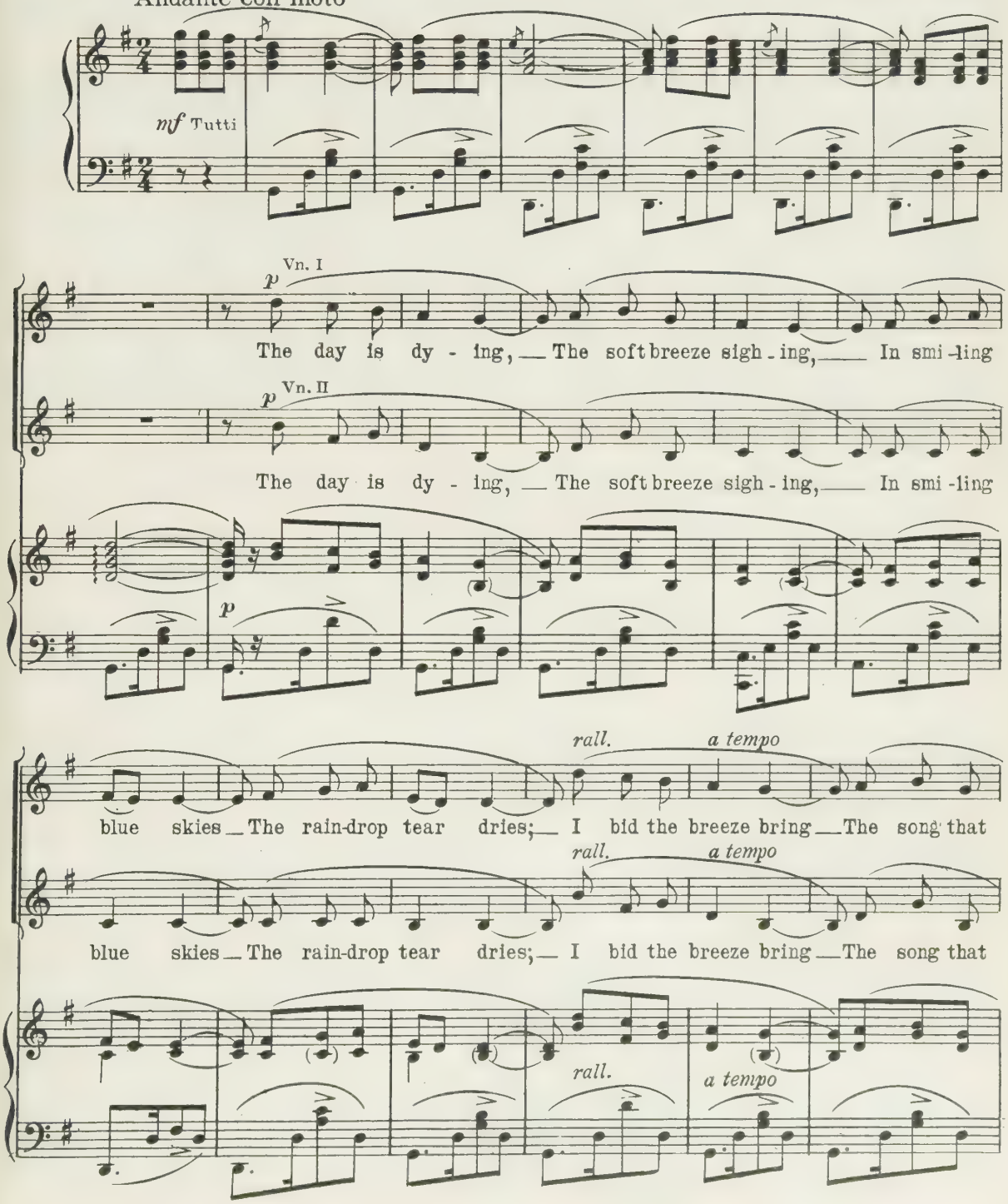
* Special Chorus

O Sole Mio

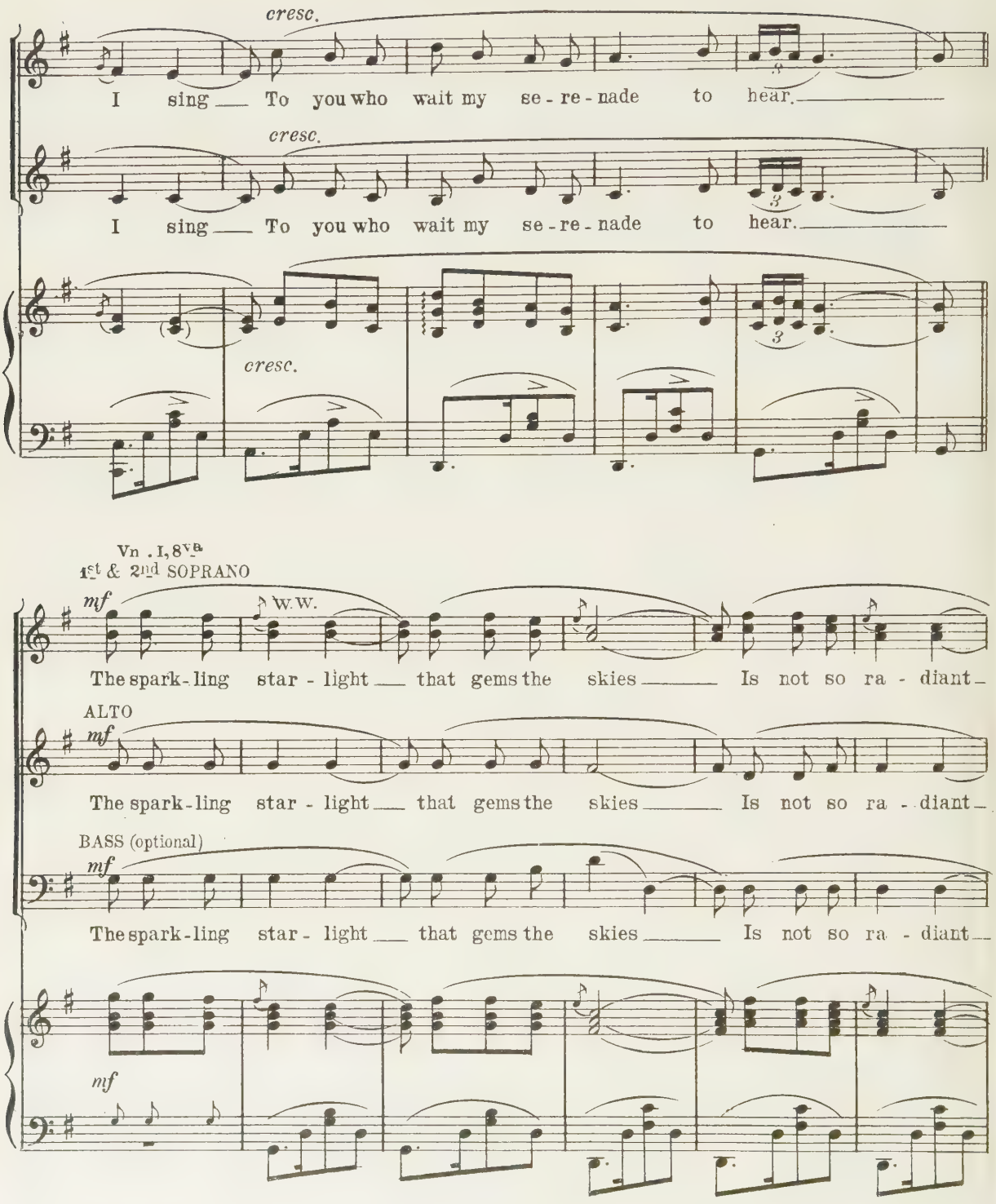
(Neapolitan Serenade)

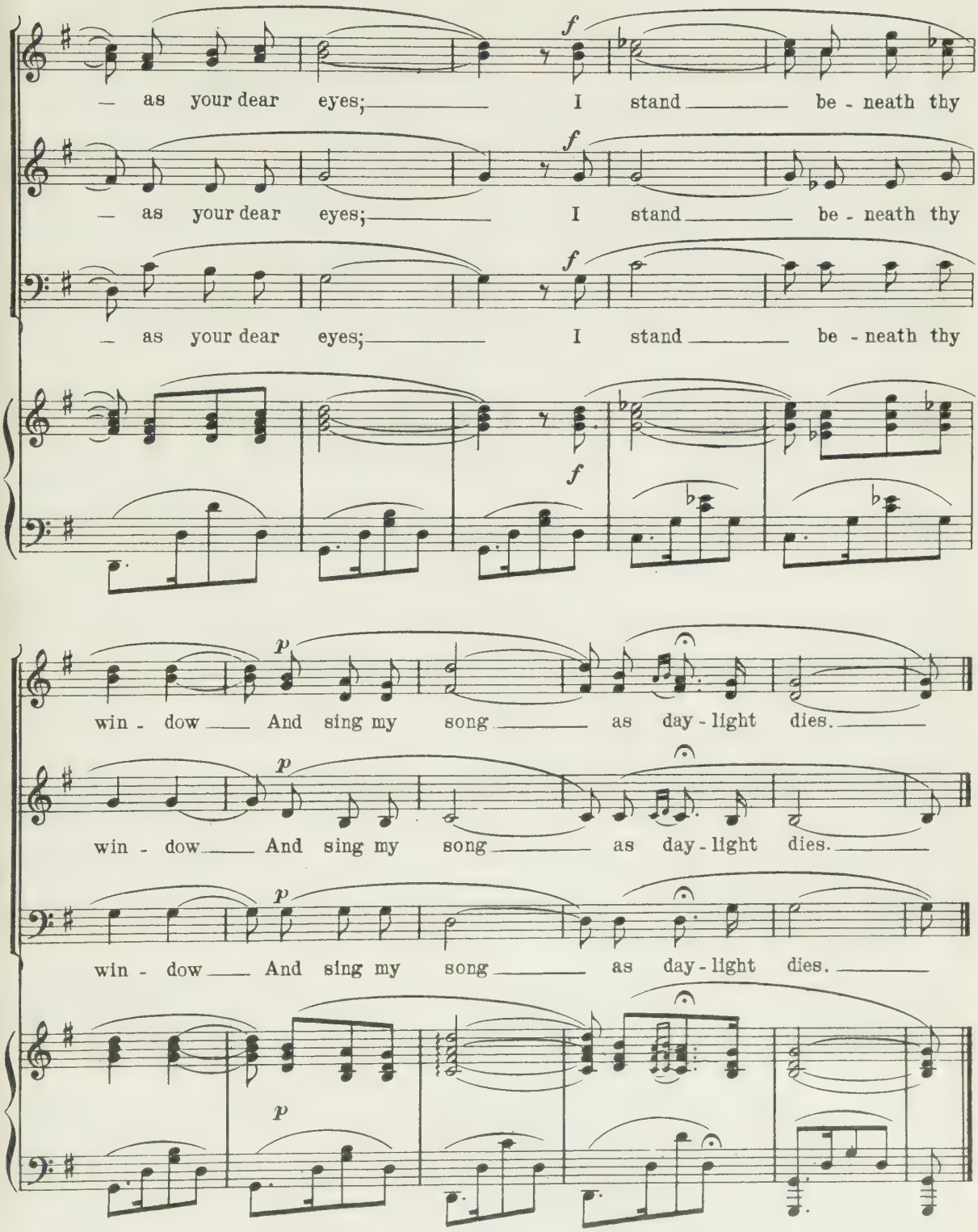
Frederick H. Martens

Eduardo di Capua


Andante con moto
mf Tutti
p Vn. I
The day is dy - ing, The soft breeze sigh - ing, In smi - ling
p Vn. II
The day is dy - ing, The soft breeze sigh - ing, In smi - ling
p
rall.
a tempo
blue skies The rain-drop tear dries; I bid the breeze bring The song that
rall.
a tempo
blue skies The rain-drop tear dries; I bid the breeze bring The song that
rall.
a tempo

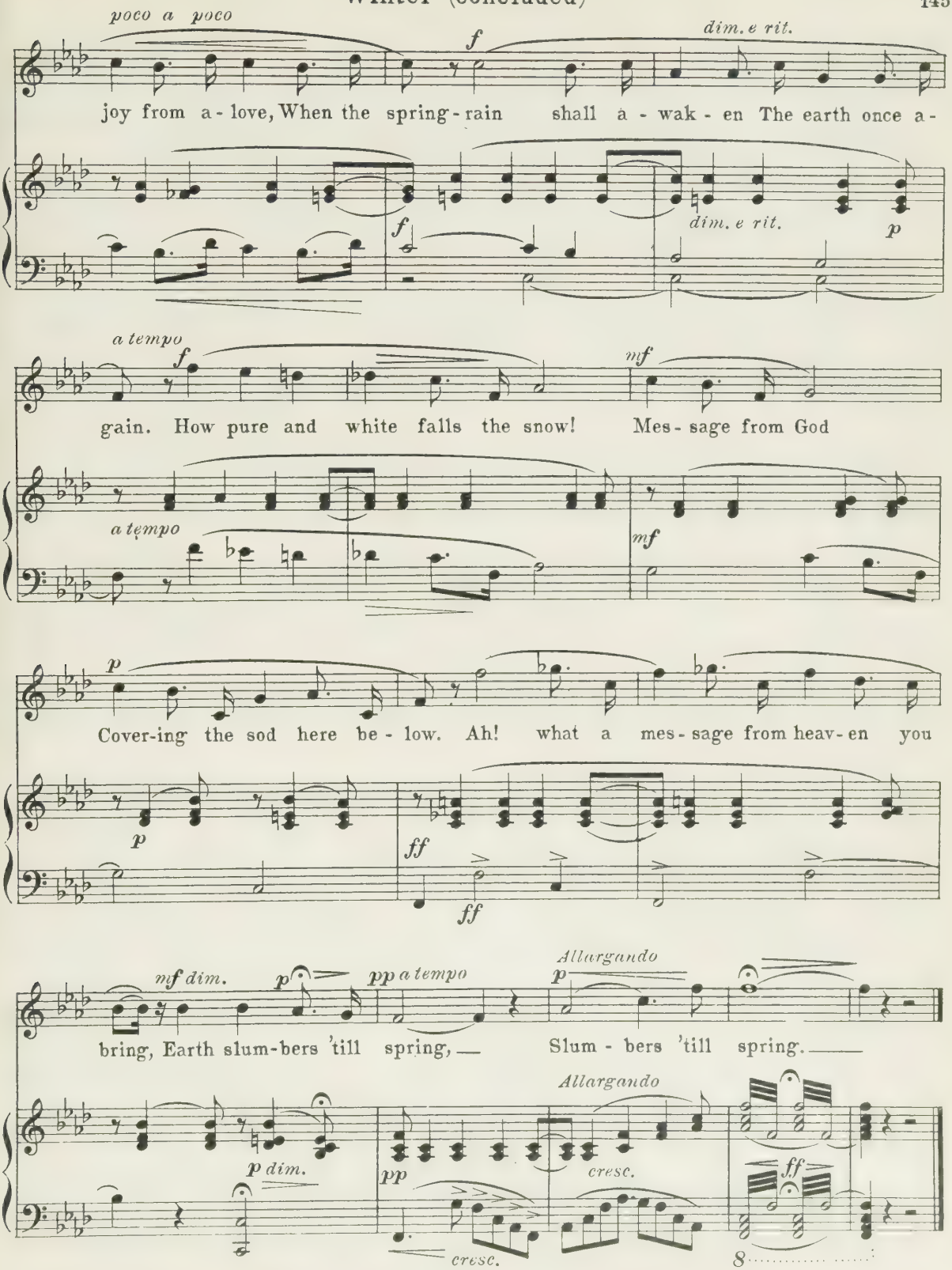
O Sole Mio (continued)


cresc.
I sing To you who wait my se - re - nade to hear.
cresc.
I sing To you who wait my se - re - nade to hear.
cresc.
Vn. I, 8va
1st & 2nd SOPRANO
mf
W.W.
The spark - ling star - light that gems the skies Is not so ra - diant
ALTO
mf
The spark - ling star - light that gems the skies Is not so ra - diant
BASS (optional)
mf
The spark - ling star - light that gems the skies Is not so ra - diant
mf


— as your dear eyes; I stand be - neath thy
— as your dear eyes; I stand be - neath thy
— as your dear eyes; I stand be - neath thy
win - dow And sing my song as day - light dies.
win - dow And sing my song as day - light dies.
win - dow And sing my song as day - light dies.

Winter

Jules Massenet


poco a poco
f
dim. e rit.
joy from a - love, When the spring - rain shall a - wak - en The earth once a -
f
dim. e rit.
p
a tempo
f
mf
gain. How pure and white falls the snow! Mes - sage from God
a tempo
mf
p
Cover-ing the sod here be - low. Ah! what a mes - sage from heav - en you
p
ff
ff
mf dim.
p
pp a tempo
Allargando
p
bring, Earth slum-bers 'till spring, Slum - bers 'till spring.
Allargando
p dim.
pp
cresc.
ff
cresc.
8

"O Mistress Mine"

William Shakespere
Twelpth Night

Augustus Barratt
(arranged)

f Lightly and quickly, but without haste

SOP. *f*

Oh, mis-tress mine, where are you roam- - ing?
What ___ is love? 'tis not here - af- - ter;

ALTO *f*

Oh, mis-tress mine, where are you roam - ing?
What ___ is love? 'tis not here - af - ter;

BASS *f*

Oh, mis-tress mine, where are you roam- - ing? ___
What ___ is love? 'tis not here - af- - ter; ___

p

Oh, stay and hear; your true love's com - - ing, Oh, stay and
Pres - ent mirth hath pre-sent laugh- - ter, Pres - ent_

Oh, stay and hear, and hear; your true love's com - ing, Oh, stay and
Pres - ent mirth ___ hath pres-ent laugh-ter, Pres - ent_

Oh, stay and hear; your true love's com - - ing, Oh, stay and
Pres - ent mirth hath pre-sent laugh- - ter, Pres - ent_

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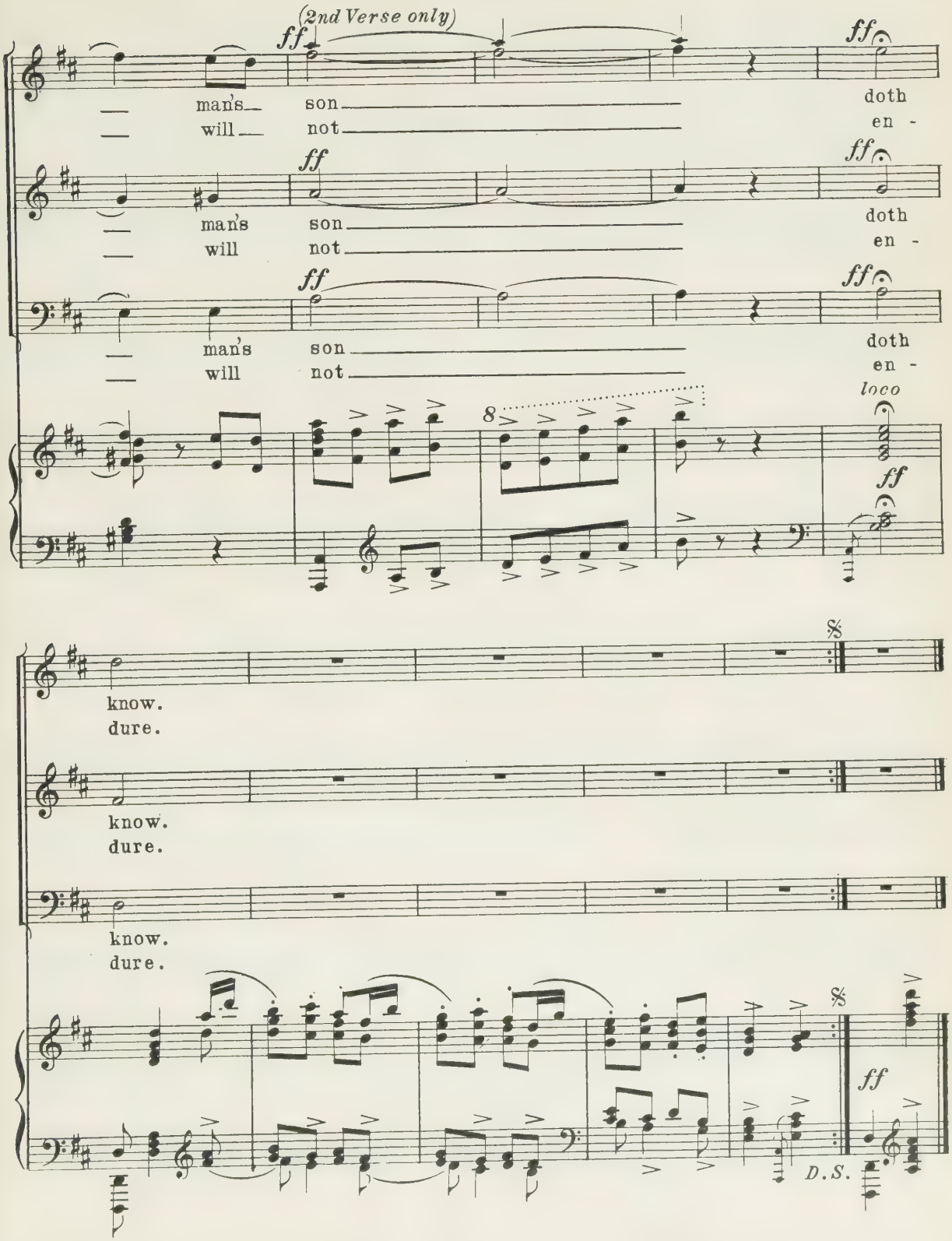
f prit.
hear; your true love's com - ing, That can sing both high and
mirth hath pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un -
f prit.
hear; your true love's com - ing, That can sing both high and
mirth hath pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un -
f prit.
hear; your true love's com - ing, That can sing both high and
mirth hath pres - ent laugh - ter; What's to come is still un -
rit.
a tempo
Lightly
mf
low: -
-sure. -
Trip no fur-ther pret-ty sweet - ing;
In de - lay there lies no plen - ty,
a tempo
mf
low: -
-sure. -
Trip - no fur-ther pret-ty sweet - ing;
In - de - lay there lies no plen - ty,
a tempo
mf
low: -
-sure. -
Trip no fur-ther,
Lies no plen-ty,
fa tempo
mf

O Mistress Mine (continued)

Boldly
mf
Jour - neys end in lov - er's meet- - ing, Ev' - ry
Then come kiss me, sweet and twen- - ty, Youth's a
mf
Jour - neys end in lov - er's meet- - ing, Ev' - ry
Then come kiss me, sweet and twen- - ty, Youth's a
mf
Ev'- - ry
Youth's a
cresc.
f
wise man's son doth know, Ev' - ry wise
stuff will not en - dure, Youth's a stuff
cresc.
f
wise man's son doth know, Ev' - ry wise
stuff will not en - dure, Youth's a stuff
cresc.
f
wise man's son doth know, Ev' - ry wise
stuff will not en - dure, Youth's a stuff
cresc.
f

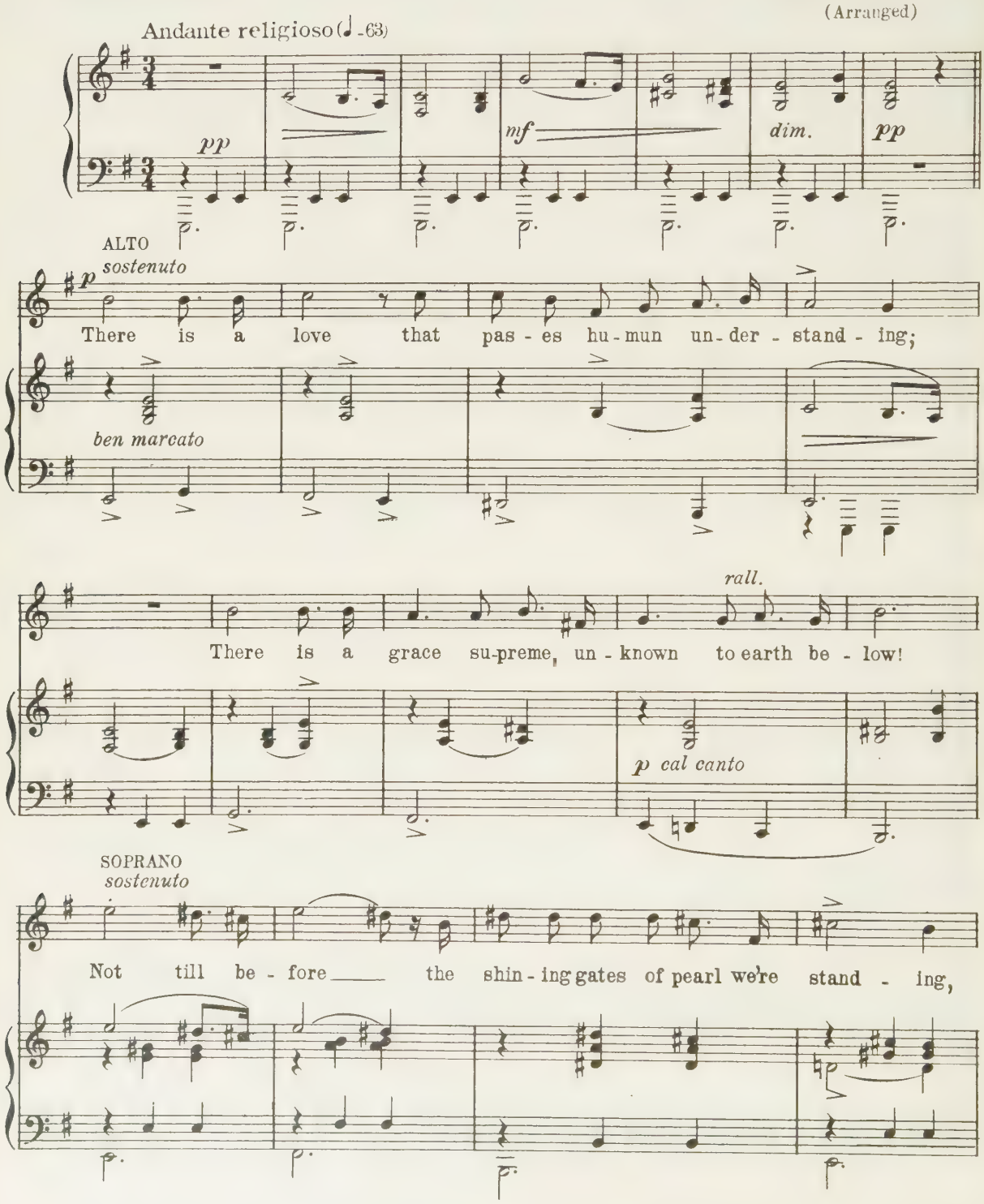

(2nd Verse only)
ff
man's son
will not
doth en -
loco
know. dure.
D.S.

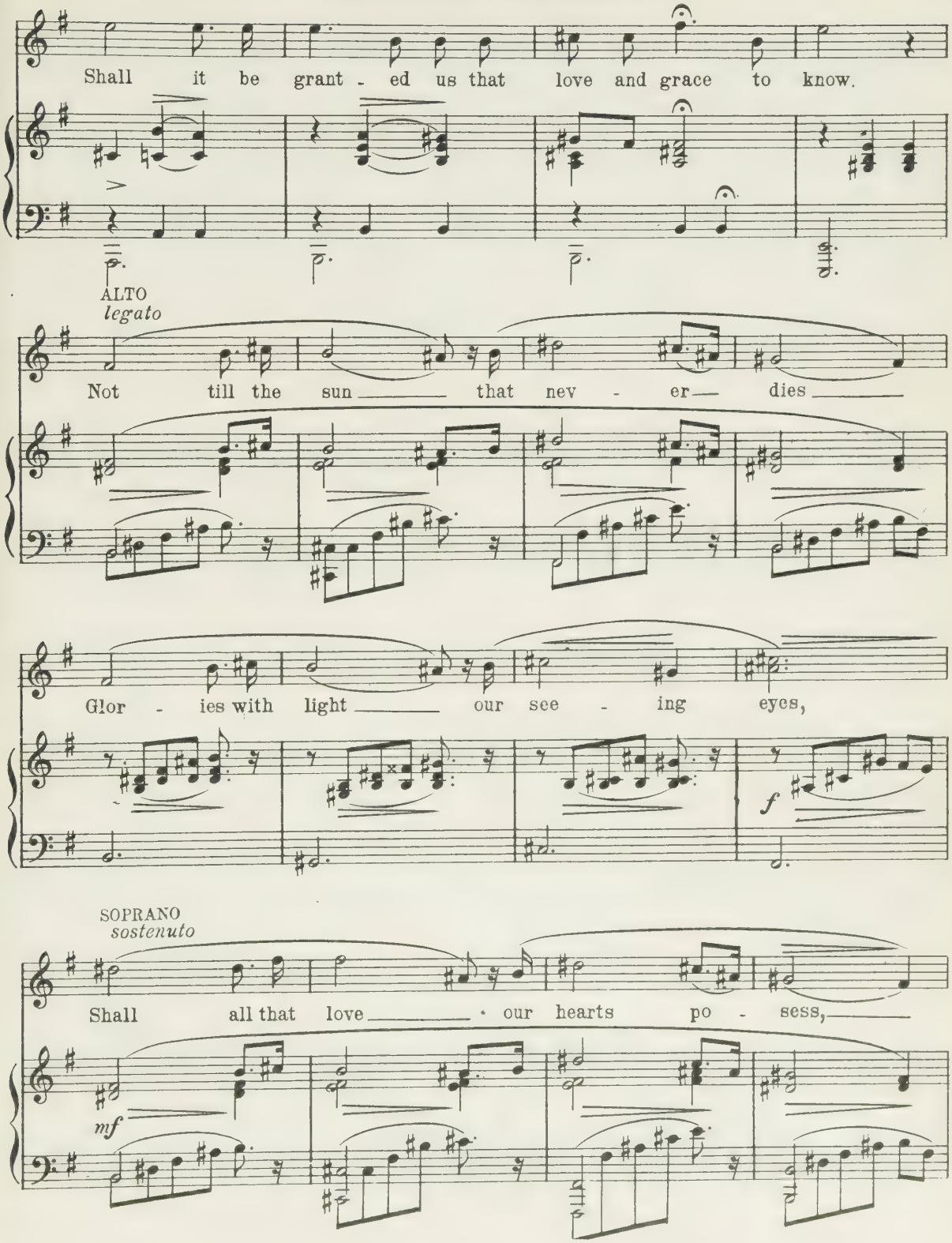
There is a Love

(Duet for Soprano and Alto)

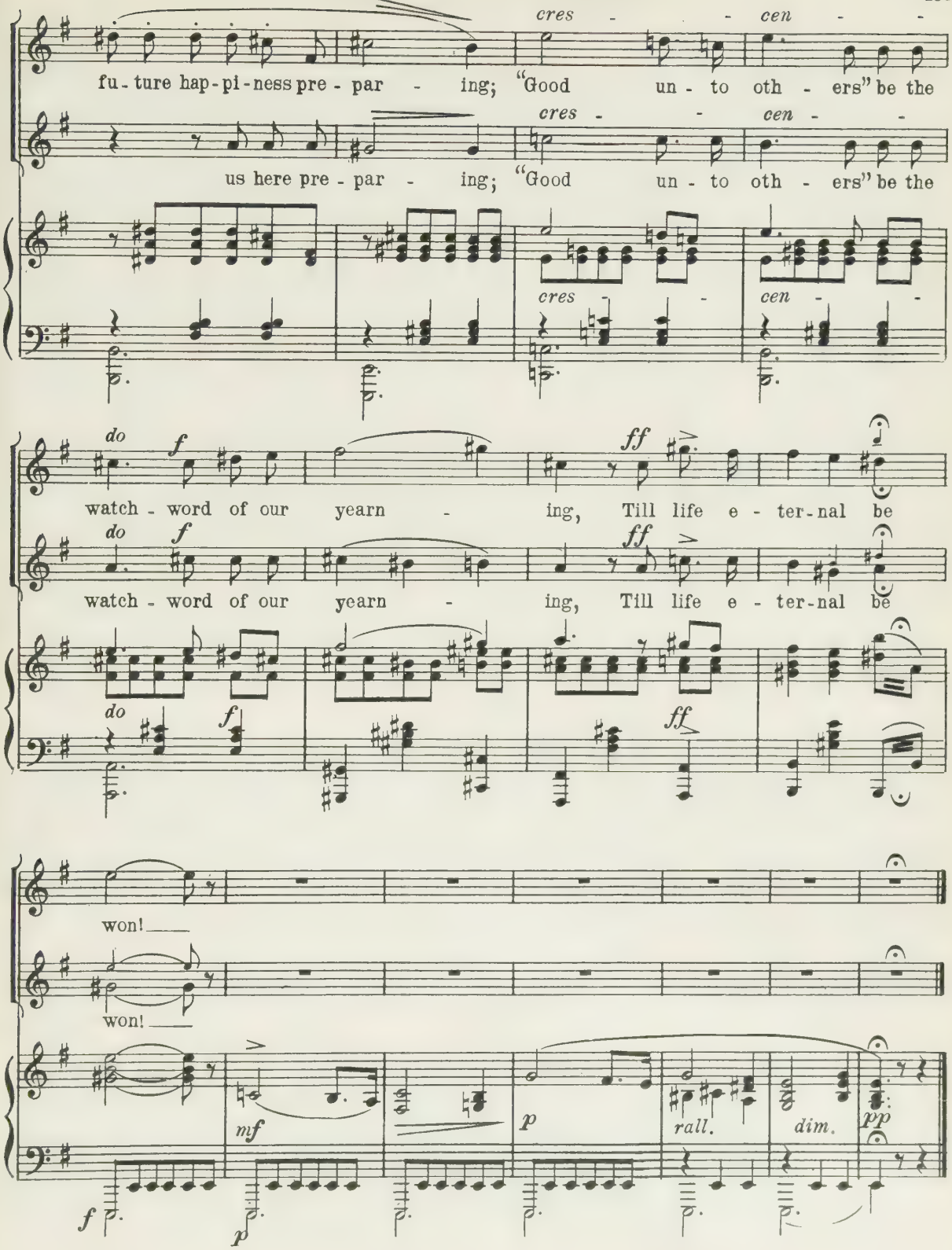
Frederick H. Martens

Jean Baptiste Faure
(Arranged)


Andante religioso (♩=63)
pp
mf
dim.
pp
ALTO
sostenuto
There is a love that pas - es hu - mun un - der - stand - ing;
ben marcato
rall.
There is a grace su-preme, un - known to earth be - low!
p cal canto
SOPRANO
sostenuto
Not till be - fore the shin - ing gates of pearl we're stand - ing,


Shall it be grant - ed us that love and grace to know.
ALTO
legato
Not till the sun that nev - er dies
Glor - ies with light our see - ing eyes,
f
SOPRANO
sostenuto
Shall all that love our hearts po - sess,
mf

There is a Love (continued)

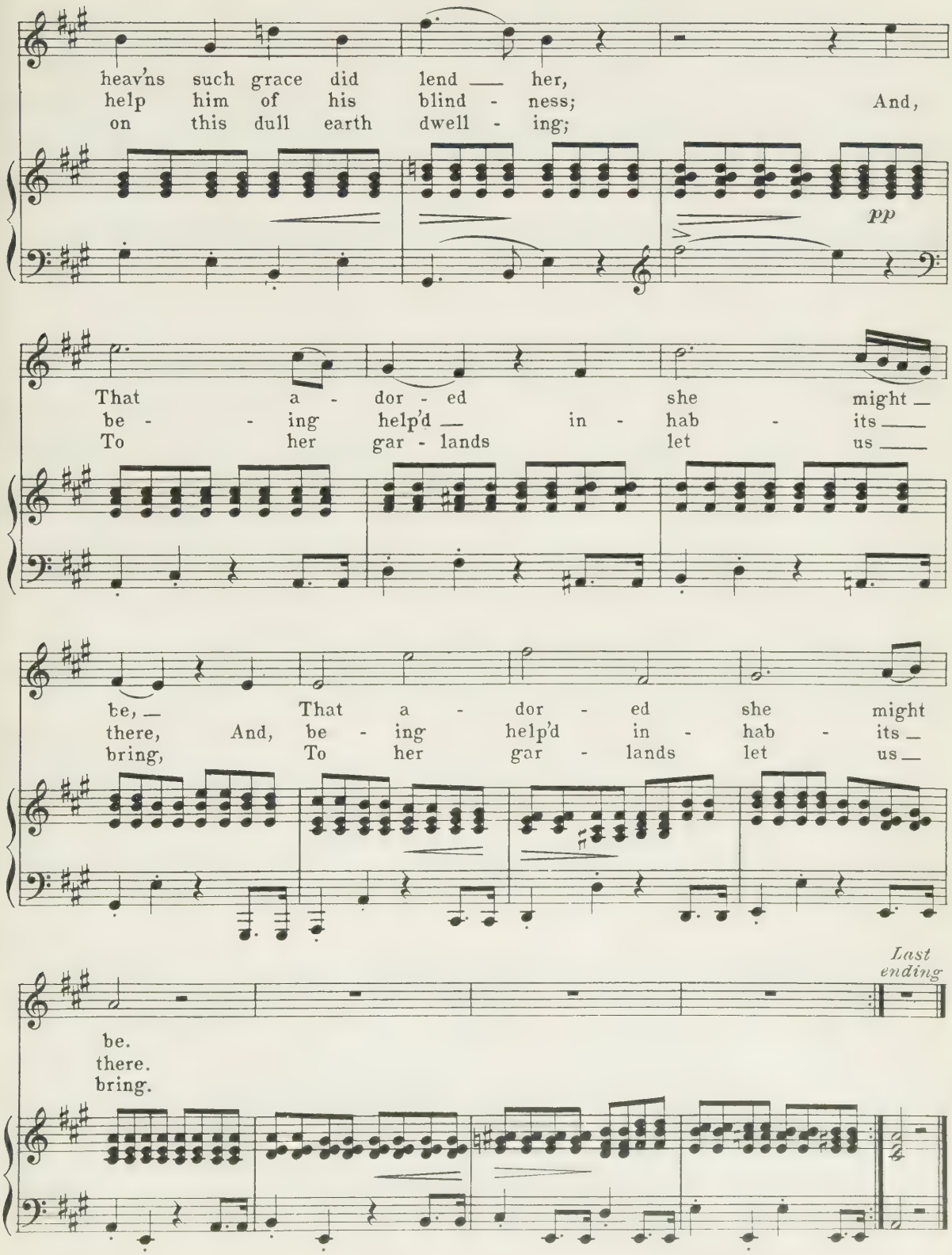

cres - - cen - -
fu - ture hap - pi - ness pre - par - ing; "Good un - to oth - ers" be the
cres - - cen - -
us here pre - par - ing; "Good un - to oth - ers" be the
cres - - cen - -
do f ff
watch - word of our yearn - ing, Till life e - ter - nal be
do f ff
watch - word of our yearn - ing, Till life e - ter - nal be
do f ff
won!
won!
mf p rall. dim. pp
f p

Who is Sylvia?

Shakespeare
"Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Franz Schubert
1797-1828

Moderato
pp
1. Who is Syl - via, What is she,— That
2. Is she kind,— As she is fair?— For
3. Then to Syl - via let us sing,— That
pp
all our swains com - mend her? Ho - ly,
beau - ty lives with kind - ness: To her
Syl - via is ex - cell - ing; She ex -
fair — and wise is she; — The
eyes — love doth re - pair, — To
cels — each mor - - tal thing — Up -

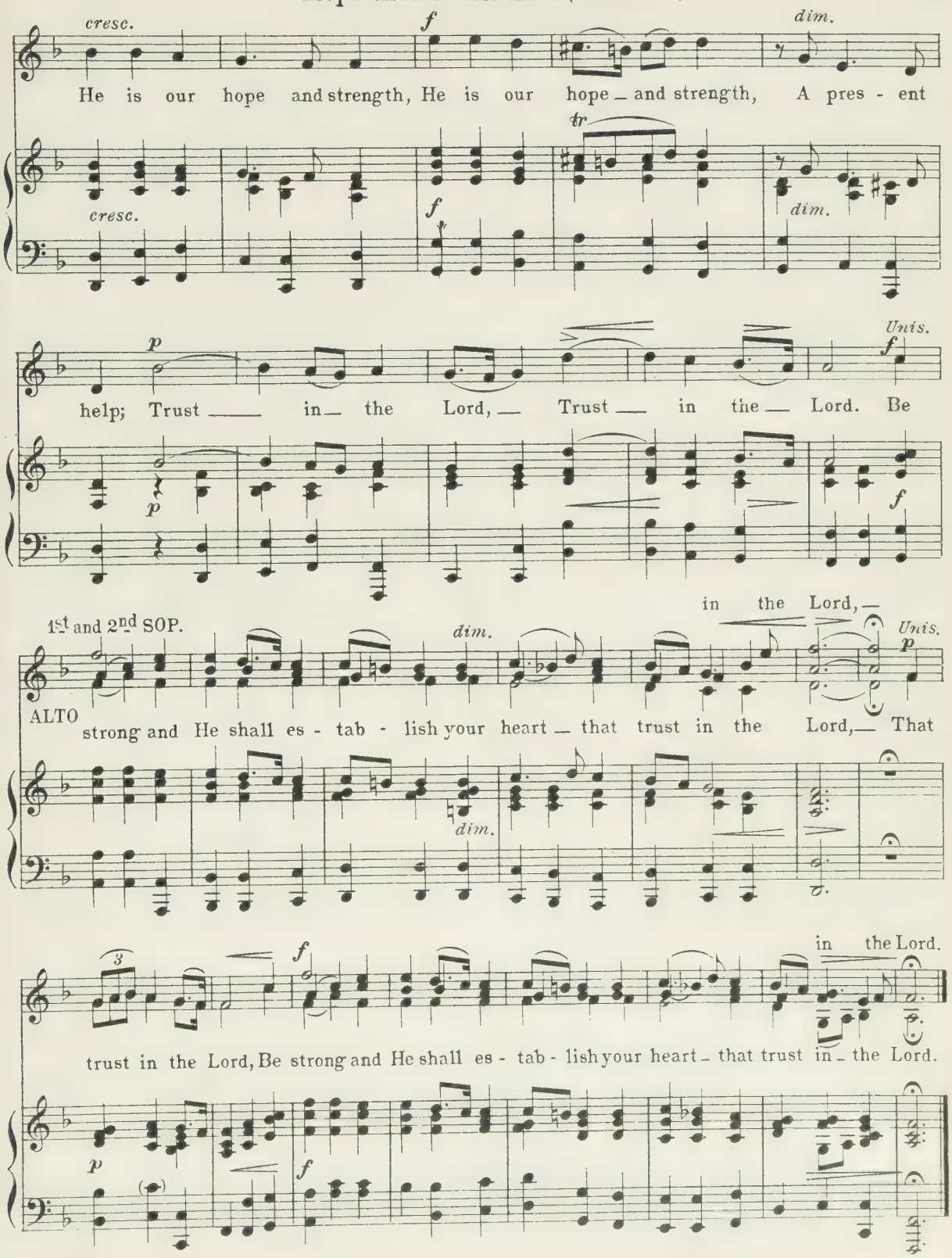

heav'ns such grace did lend — her,
help him of his blind - ness;
on this dull earth dwell - ing;
And,
pp
That a - dor - ed she might —
be - - ing help'd — in - hab - its —
To her gar - lands let us —
be, — That a - dor - ed she might
there, And, be - ing help'd in - hab - its —
bring, To her gar - lands let us —
Last ending
be.
there.
bring.

Hope thou in The Lord

(Largo)

Händel

Largo
p
SOLO
pp
f
Hope
— thou in the Lord, Hope thou in the Lord, O put thy — trust in Him,
He is our hope and strength, A pres - ent help, Hope — thou in the Lord,

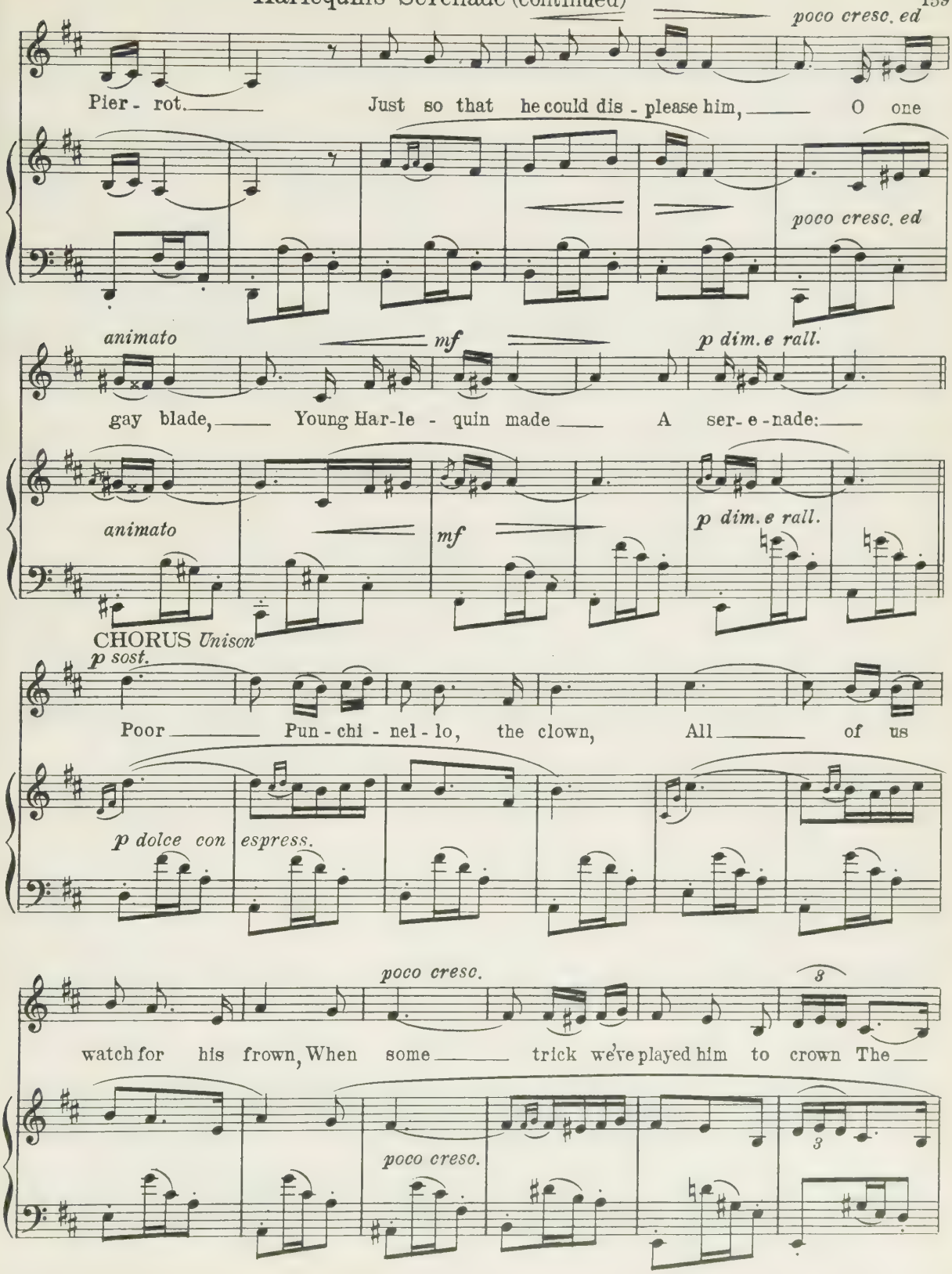

cresc.
f
dim.
He is our hope and strength, He is our hope and strength, A pres - ent
tr
cresc.
f
dim.
p
Unis.
help; Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord. Be
p
f
1st and 2nd SOP.
in the Lord,
dim.
Unis.
p
ALTO
strong and He shall es - tab - lish your heart that trust in the Lord, That
dim.
3
f
in the Lord.
trust in the Lord, Be strong and He shall es - tab - lish your heart that trust in the Lord.
p
f

Harlequin's Serenade

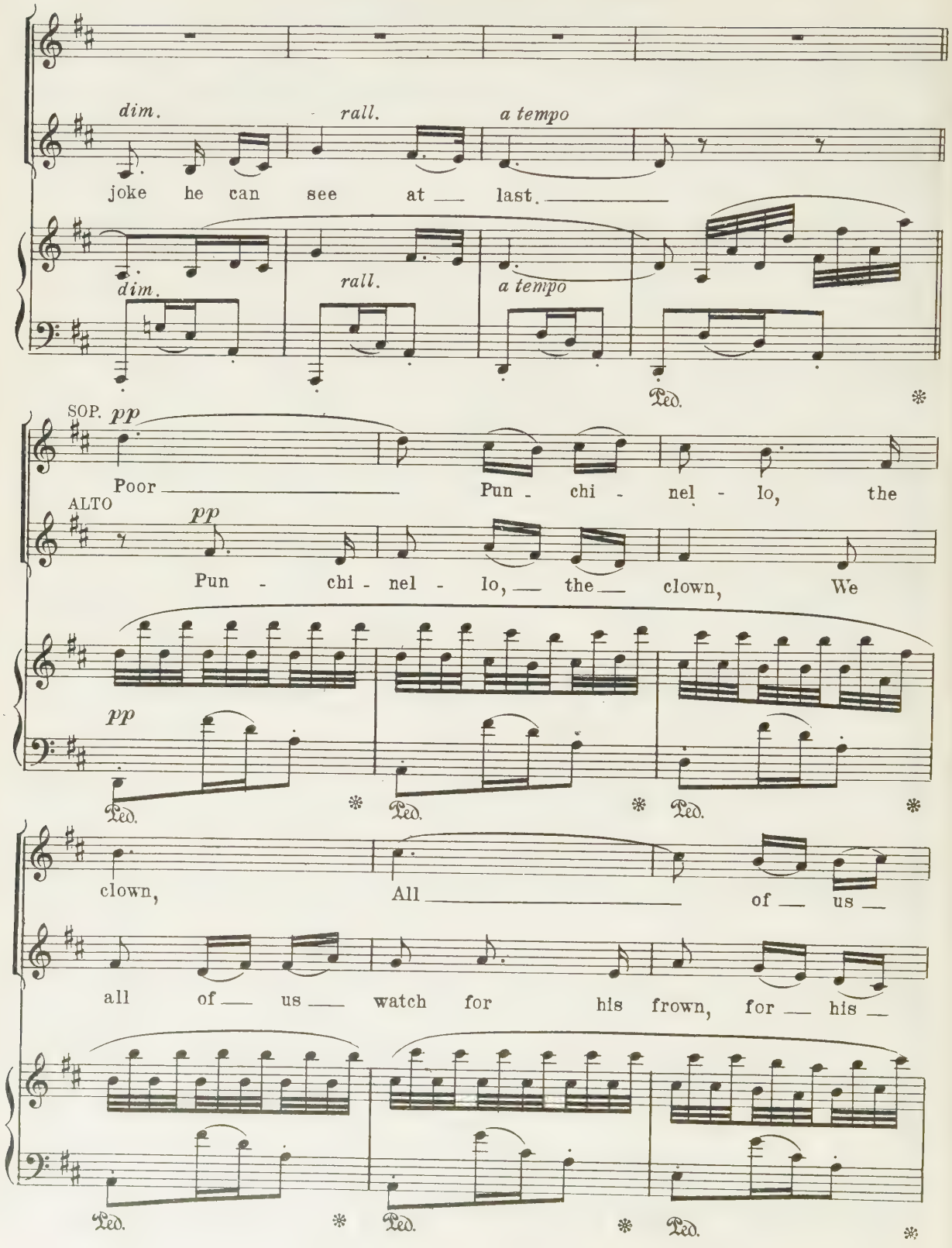
Perce Blair

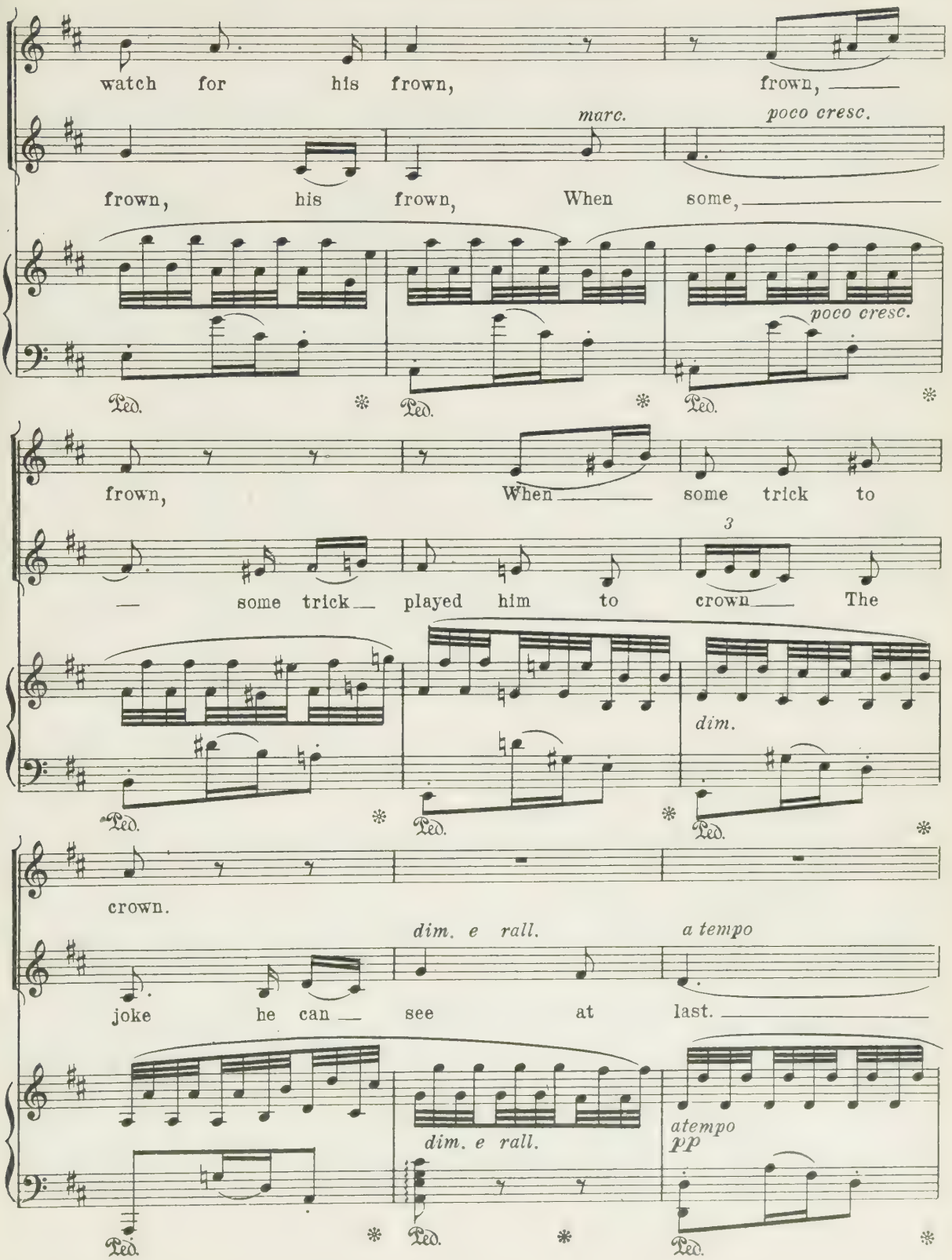
R. Drigo
Arranged

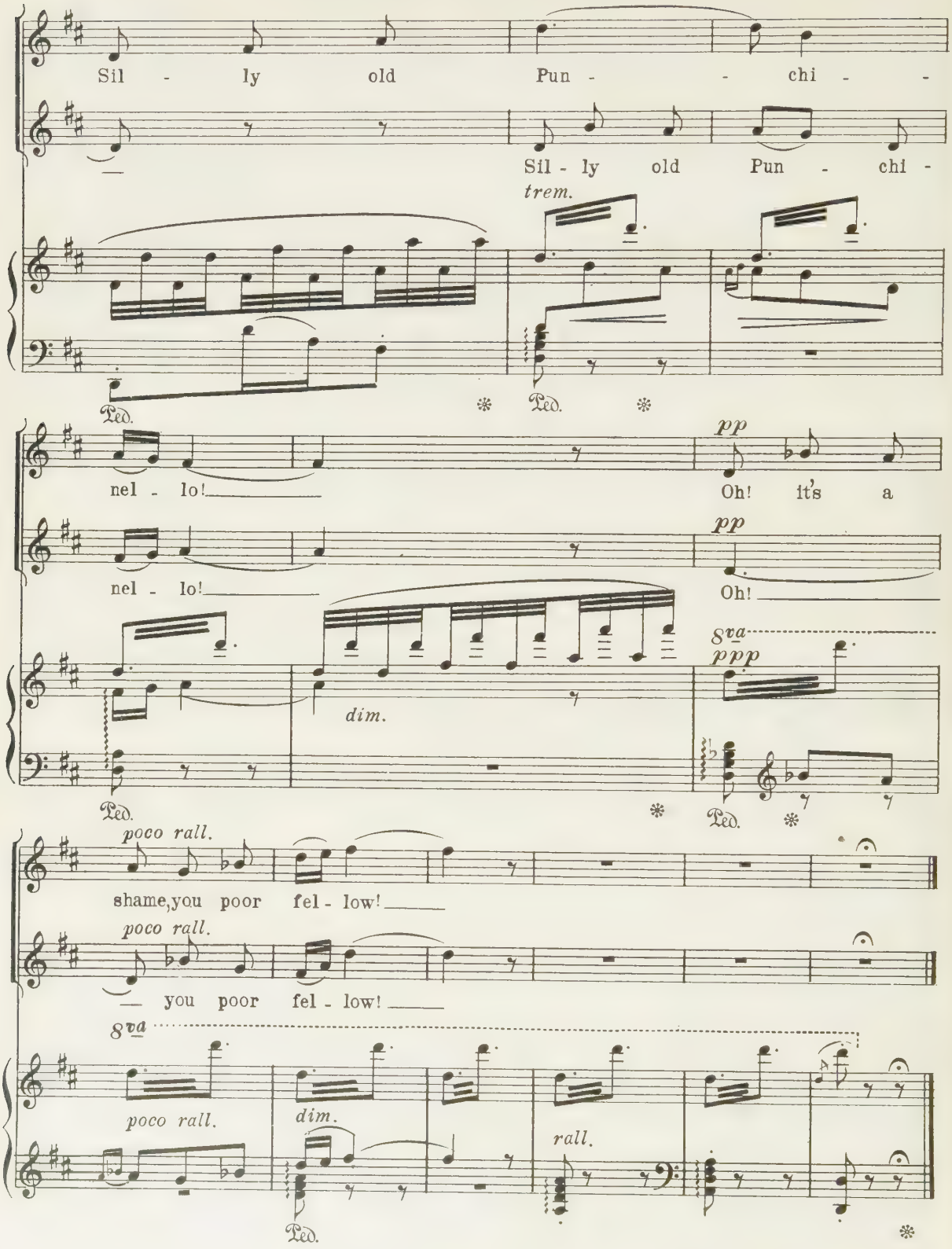
Allegretto cantabile
ALTO SOLO
p cantibile
All mas - que - ra - ders they
pp leggiero
know clown-ish Pun - chi - nel - lo. All poke their
fun at him, though, It's a shame, poor fel - low!
dim.
dim.
p
Sweet Col - um-bine likes to tease him, As she teas - es her sad friend
p


poco cresc. ed
Pier - rot. Just so that he could dis - please him, O one
poco cresc. ed
animato
mf
p dim. e rall.
gay blade, Young Har-le - quin made A ser-e-nade:
animato
mf
p dim. e rall.
CHORUS Unison
p sost.
Poor Pun - chi - nel - lo, the clown, All of us
p dolce con espress.
poco cresc.
watch for his frown, When some trick we've played him to crown The
poco cresc.

Harlequin's Serenade (continued)




poco cresc.
watch for his frown, frown,
marc.
poco cresc.
frown, his frown, When some,
poco cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
frown, When some trick to
3
some trick played him to crown The
dim.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
crown.
dim. e rall.
a tempo
joke he can see at last.
dim. e rall.
atempo
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.

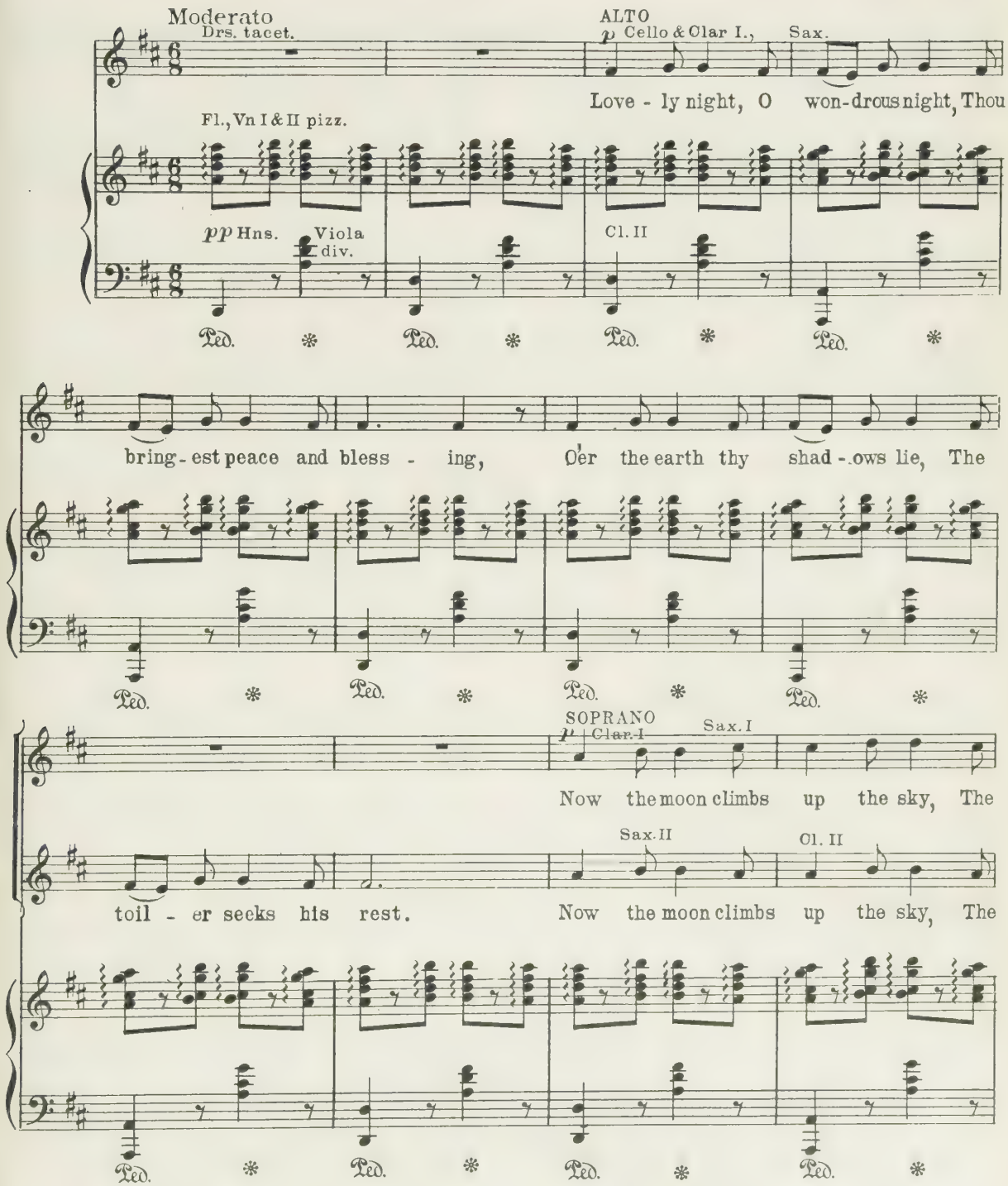

Sil - ly old Pun - - chi - -
Sil - ly old Pun - chi -
trem.
Ped.
Ped.
nel - lo!
Oh! it's a
nel - lo!
Oh!
pp
pp
8va
ppp
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
poco rall.
shame, you poor fel - low!
poco rall.
— you poor fel - low!
8va
poco rall.
dim.
rall.
Ped.

Barcarolle

from

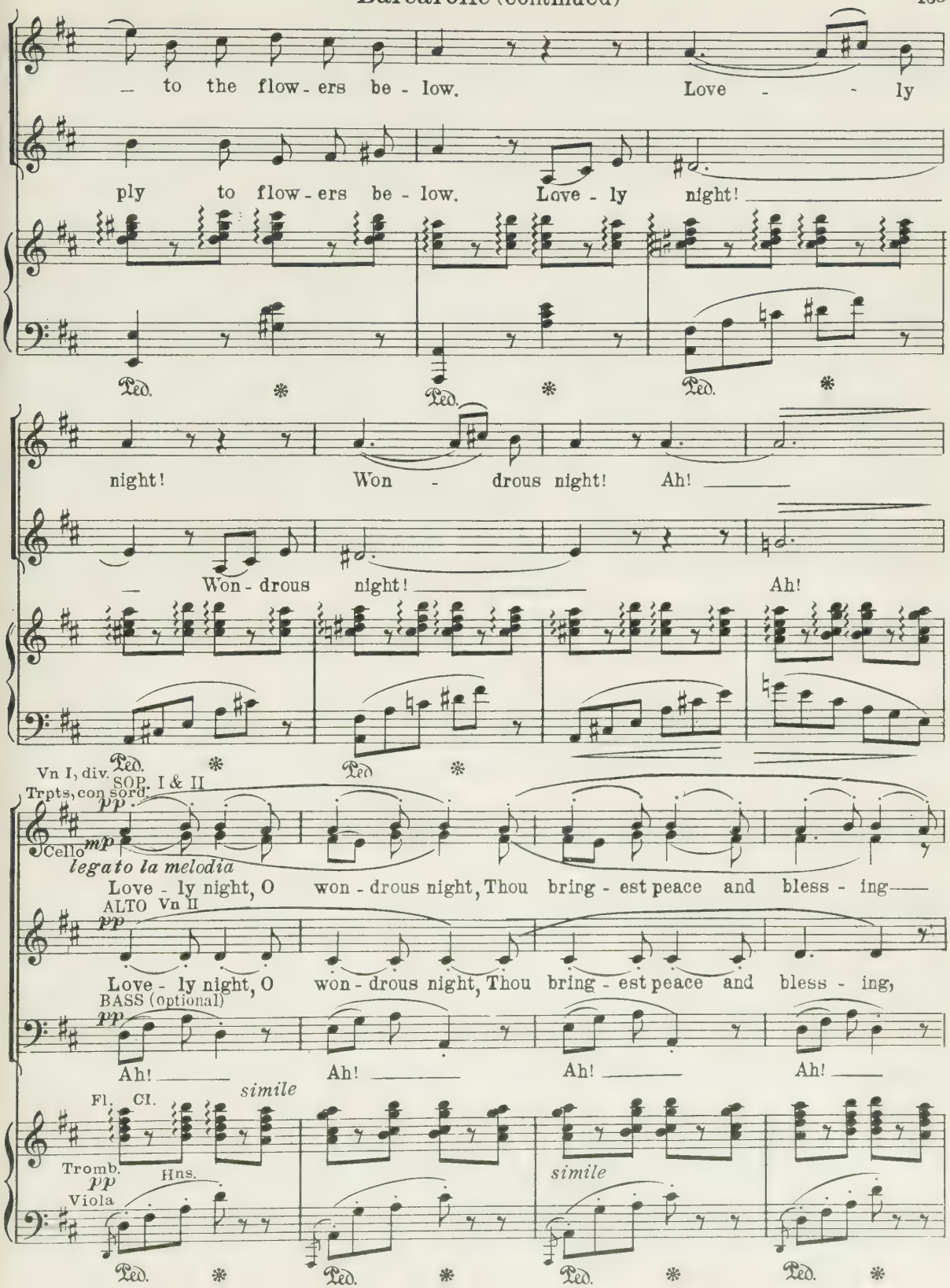
(The Tales of Hoffman)

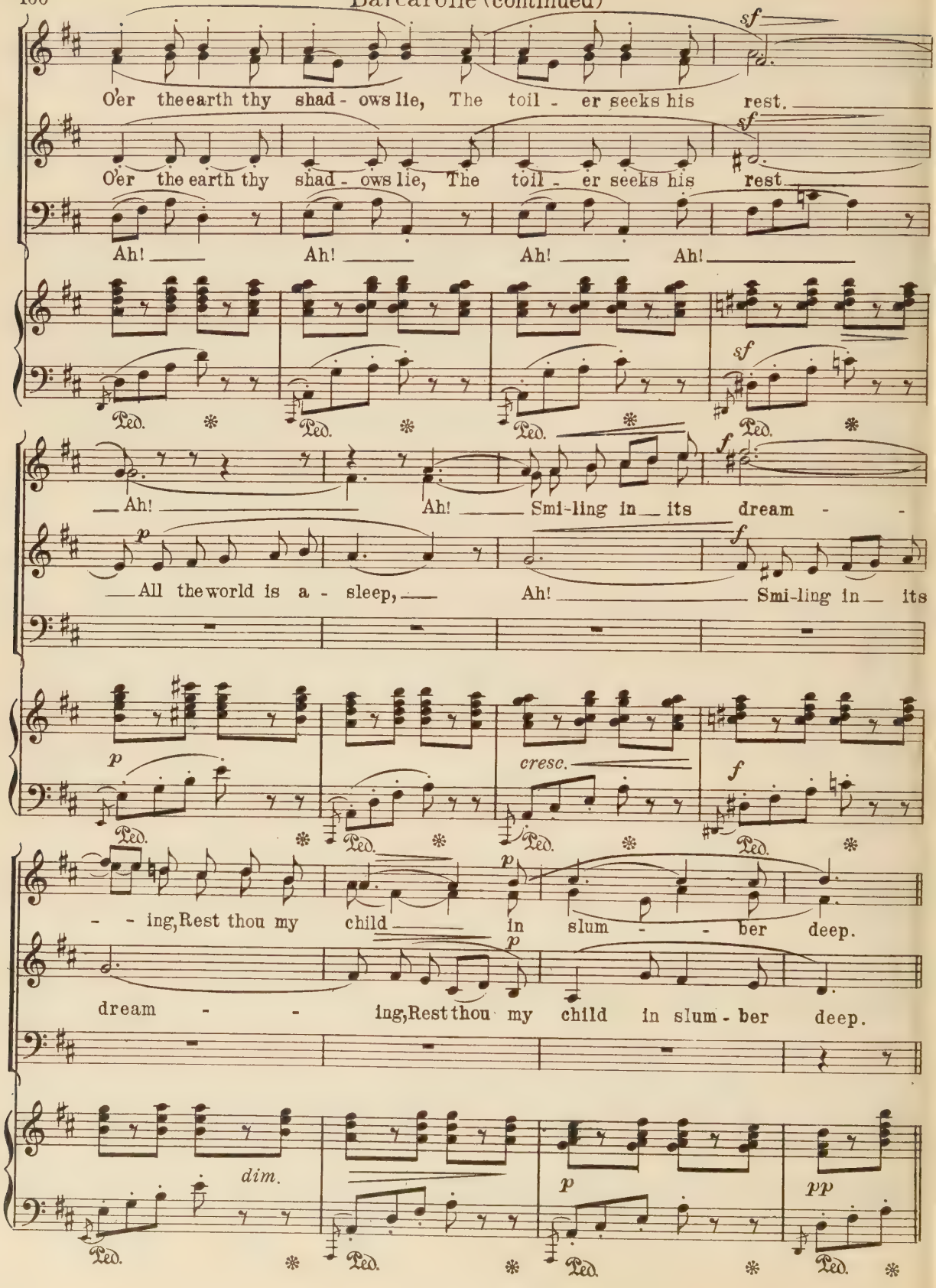
Jacques Offenbach

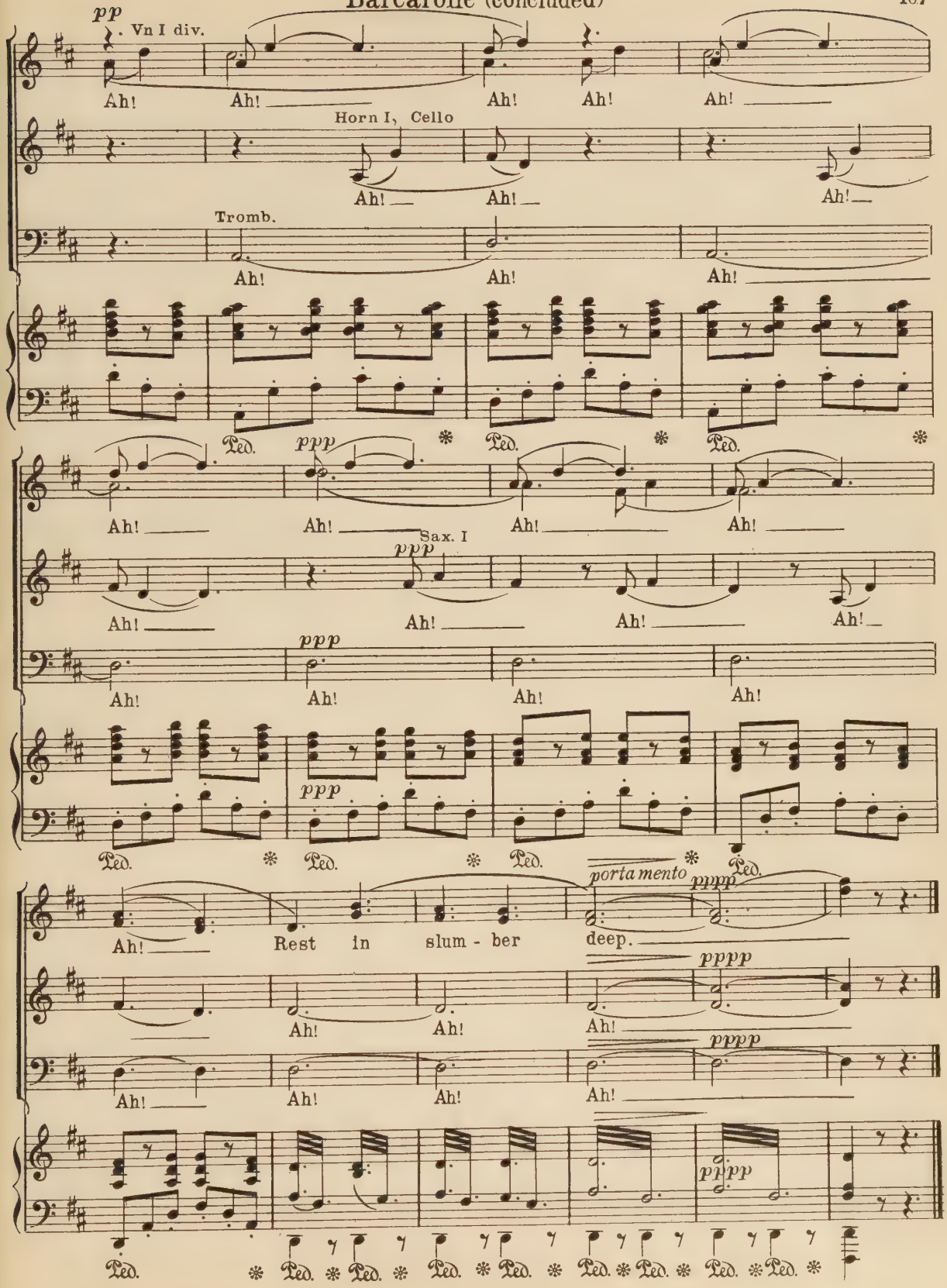

Moderato
Drs. tacet.
ALTO
p Cello & Clar I.,
Sax.
Love - ly night, O won-drous night, Thou
Fl., Vn I & II pizz.
pp Hns.
Viola div.
Cl. II
Ped.
bring - est peace and bless - ing, O'er the earth thy shad - ows lie, The
SOPRANO
p Clar. I
Sax. I
Now the moon climbs up the sky, The
Sax. II
Cl. II
toil - er seeks his rest.
Now the moon climbs up the sky, The

Barcarolle (continued)

land and sea ca - ress - ing, Stars are shi - ning far on high, The
land and sea ca - ress - ing, Stars are shi - ning far on high, The
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
bird has sought its nest. The fra - grant night-winds sigh,
bird has sought its nest. The fra - grant night-winds
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Stirs the grass in the mead - ow, The whis - p'ring leaves re - ply
sigh, Night-winds sigh, The whis - p'ring leaves re-
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

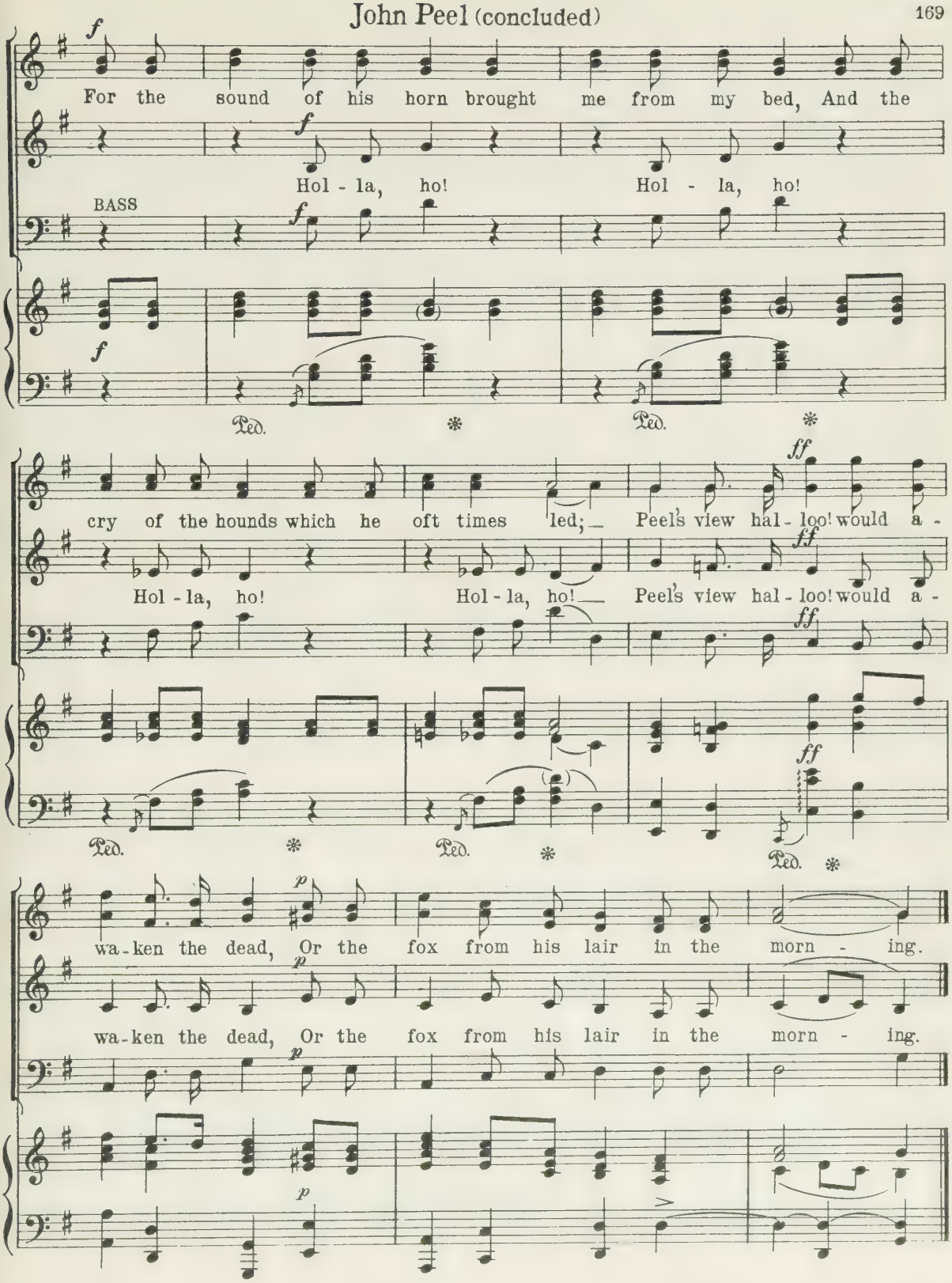

— to the flow - ers be - low. Love - - ly
ply to flow - ers be - low. Love - ly night!
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
night! Won - drous night! Ah!
— Won - drous night! Ah!
Ped. * Ped. *
Vn I, div. SOP. I & II
Trpts, con sord.
pp
Cello
mp
legato la melodia
Love - ly night, O won - drous night, Thou bring - est peace and bless - ing
ALTO Vn II
pp
Love - ly night, O won - drous night, Thou bring - est peace and bless - ing,
BASS (optional)
pp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Fl. Cl.
simile
Tromb. Hns.
pp
Viola
simile
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


sf
O'er the earth thy shad - ows lie, The toil - er seeks his rest.
sf
O'er the earth thy shad - ows lie, The toil - er seeks his rest.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ped. Ped. Ped. sf Ped.
Ah! Ah! Smi-ling in its dream - -
f
p
All the world is a - sleep, Ah! Smi-ling in its
f
p
cresc.
f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
- - ing, Rest thou my child in slum - - ber deep.
p
p
dream - - ing, Rest thou my child in slum - ber deep.
dim.
p
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


pp
Vn I div.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Horn I, Cello
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Tromb.
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ped. Ped. Ped.
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Sax. I
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Ah! Rest in slum - ber
portamento
pppp
deep.
pppp
Ah! Ah! Ah!
pppp
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
pppp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

John Peel

Allegro moderato
SOPRANO I & II
Old English
mf
D'ye_ ken John Peel with his coat so gay? D'ye
Yes I ken John Peel and_ Ru - by too, And
D'ye_ ken John Peel with his coat so gay, He
ALTO
mf
mf
p
mf
cres - cen - do
ken John_ Peel at the break o' the day, D'ye_ ken John_ Peel when he's
Ran-ger and Ring-wood_ Bell-man-and True; From a find to a check, from a
lived at_ Trout-beck_ once on a day; But_ now he has gone far a-
cres - cen - do
dim.
far, far a-way With his hound and his horn in the morn - ing?
check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
way, far a-way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.
dim.


For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
Hol - la, ho! Hol - la, ho!
BASS
cry of the hounds which he oft times led; Peel's view hal - loo! would a -
Hol - la, ho! Hol - la, ho! Peel's view hal - loo! would a -
wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.
wa - ken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

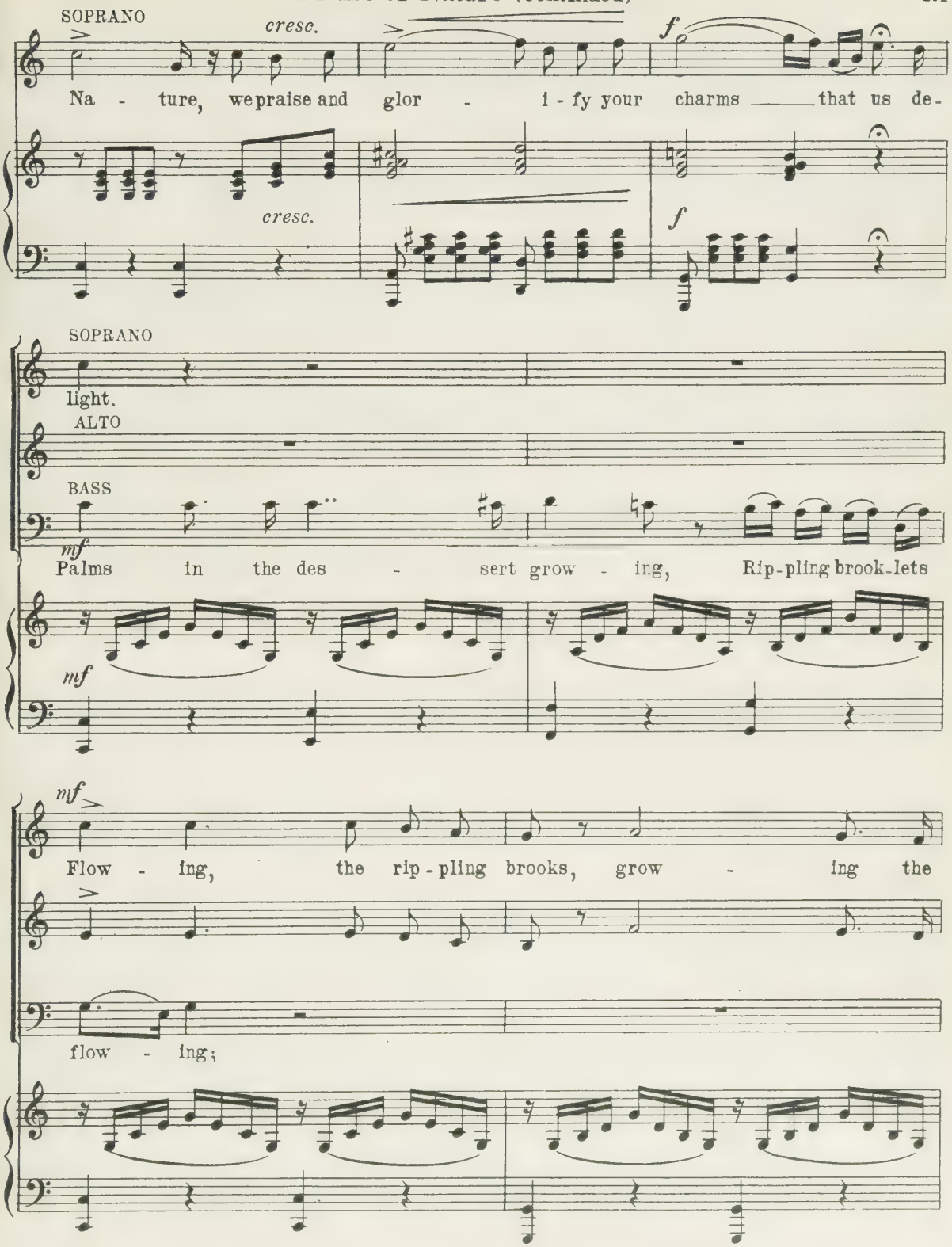
Praise of Nature

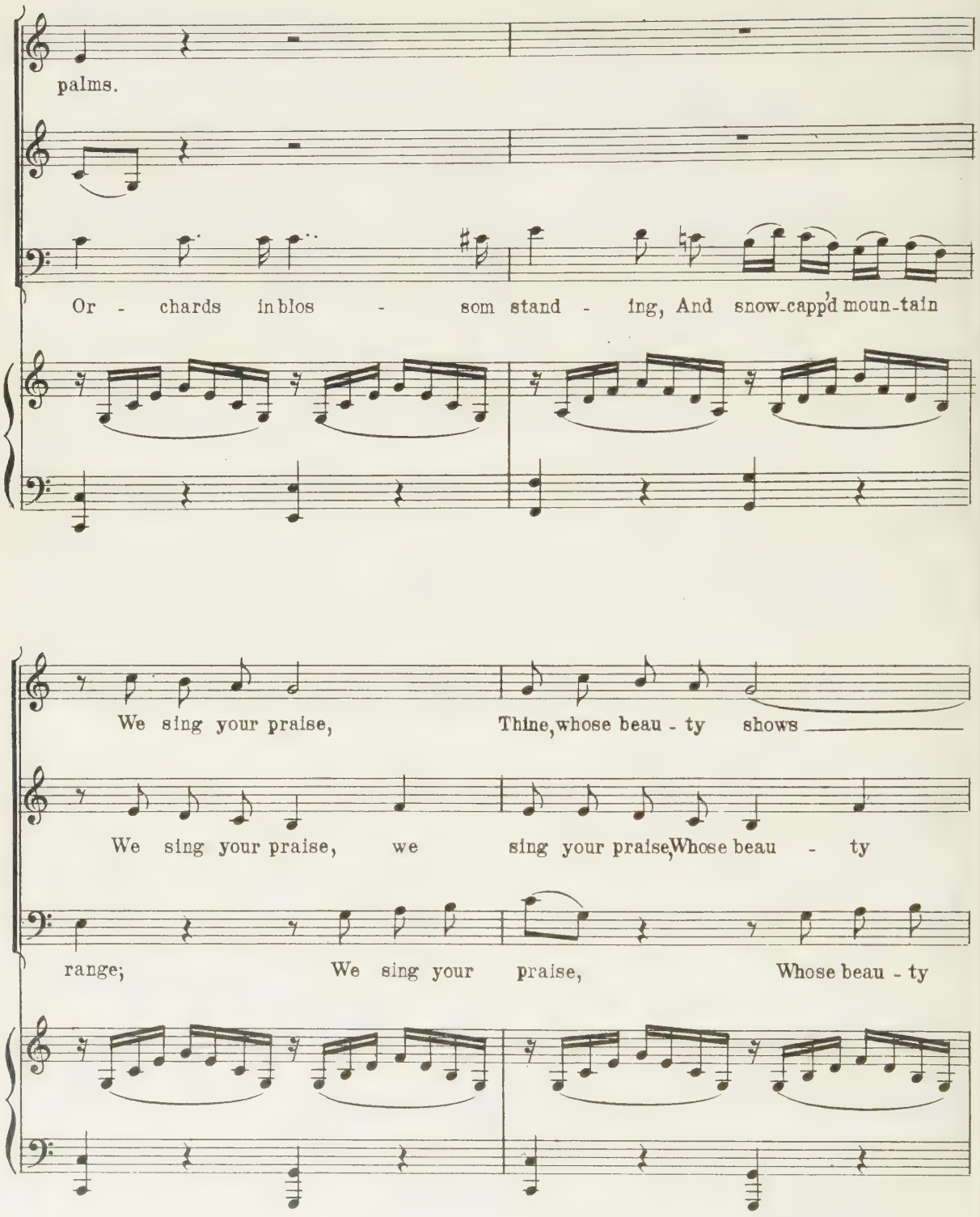
Trio from Attila

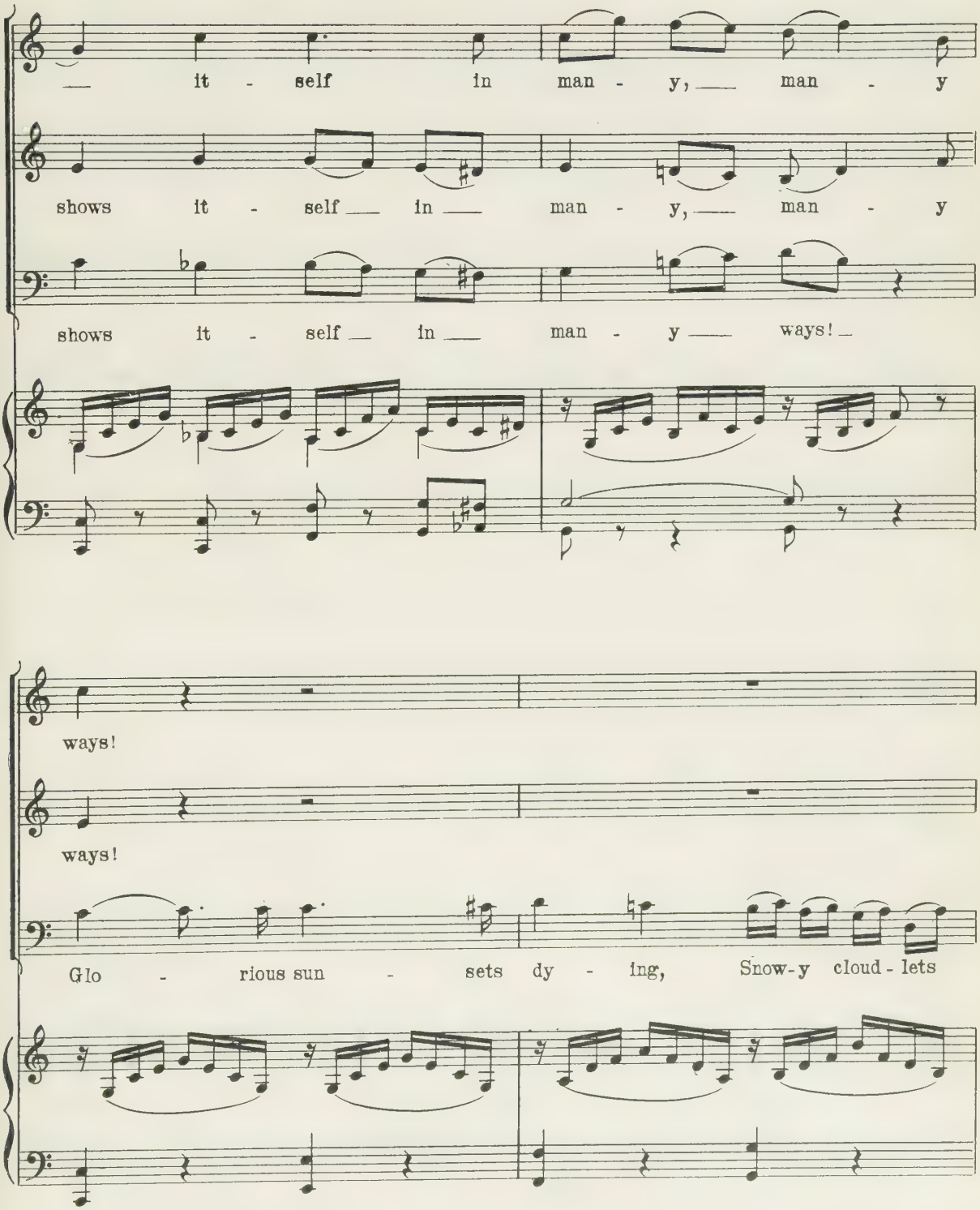
Frederick H. Martens

Verdi
Arranged

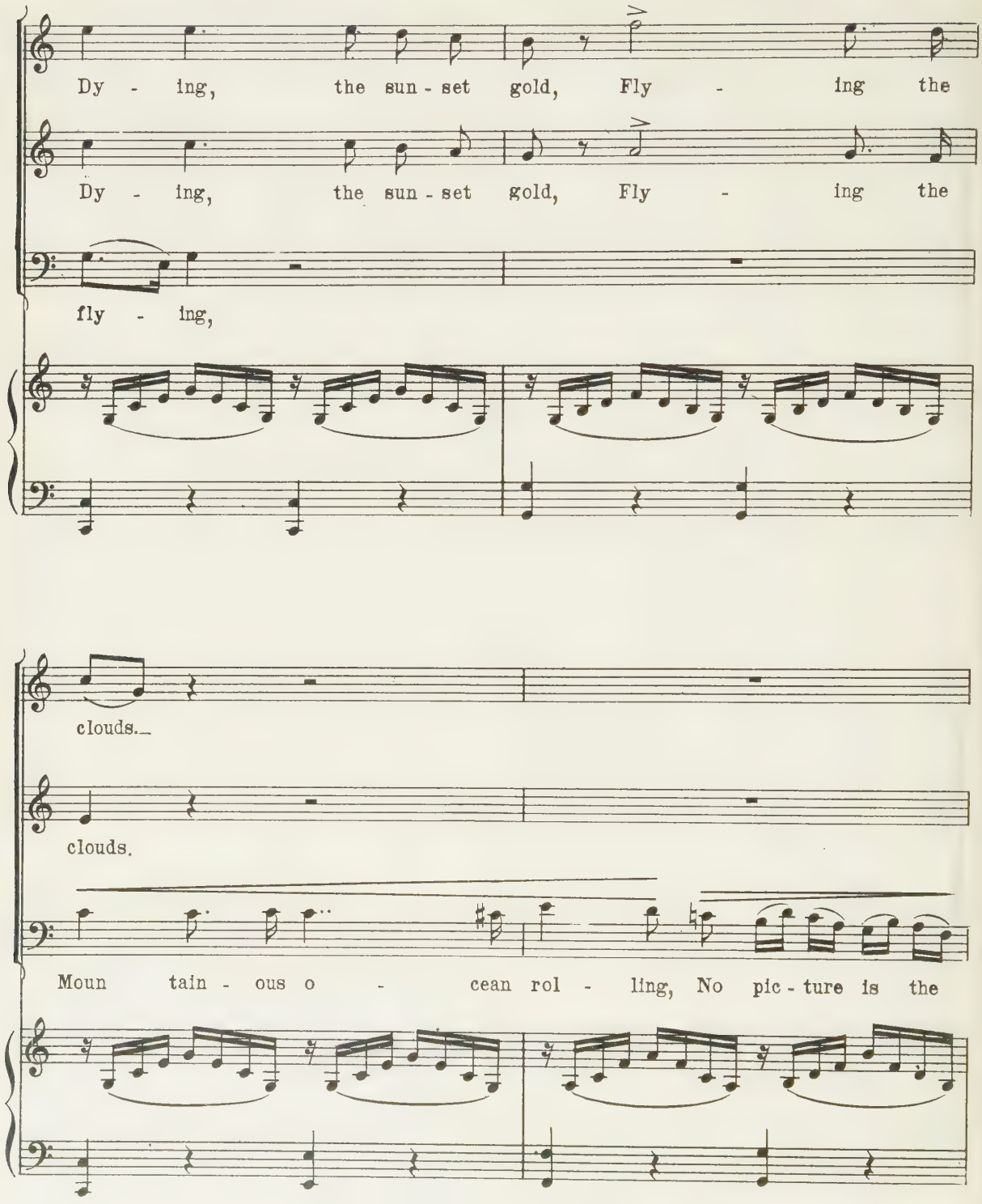
Adagio
SOPRANO
p
Na - ture, we praise and glo - ri - fy
p
mf
Your won - drous gifts un - end - ing! Na - ture, you place be -
mf
fore the eye
f
Mar - vels that glad the sight.
f
p
p ALTO
Ov - er the fields of arc - tic snow Your North-ern lights in splen-dor glow!
cresc.

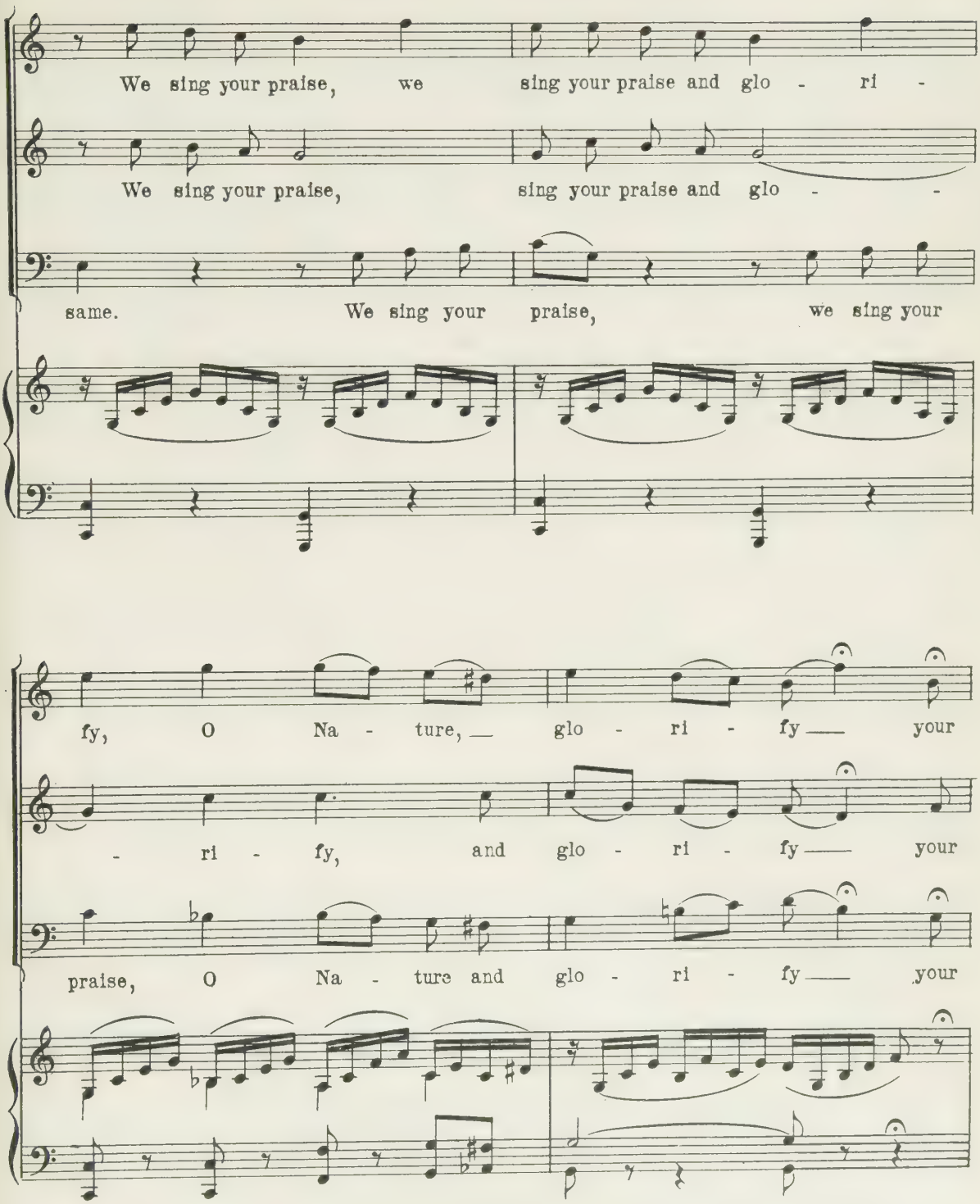

SOPRANO
cresc.
f
Na - ture, we praise and glor - i - fy your charms that us de-
cresc.
f
SOPRANO
light.
ALTO
BASS
mf
Palms in the des - sert grow - ing, Rip-pling brook-lets
mf
mf
Flow - ing, the rip - pling brooks, grow - ing the
flow - ing;


palms.
Or - chards in blos - som stand - ing, And snow-capp'd moun-tain
We sing your praise, Thine, whose beau - ty shows
We sing your praise, we sing your praise, Whose beau - ty
range; We sing your praise, Whose beau - ty


— it - self in man - y, — man - y
shows it - self — in — man - y, — man - y
shows it - self — in — man - y — ways! —
ways!
ways!
Glo - rious sun - sets dy - ing, Snow-y cloud - lets

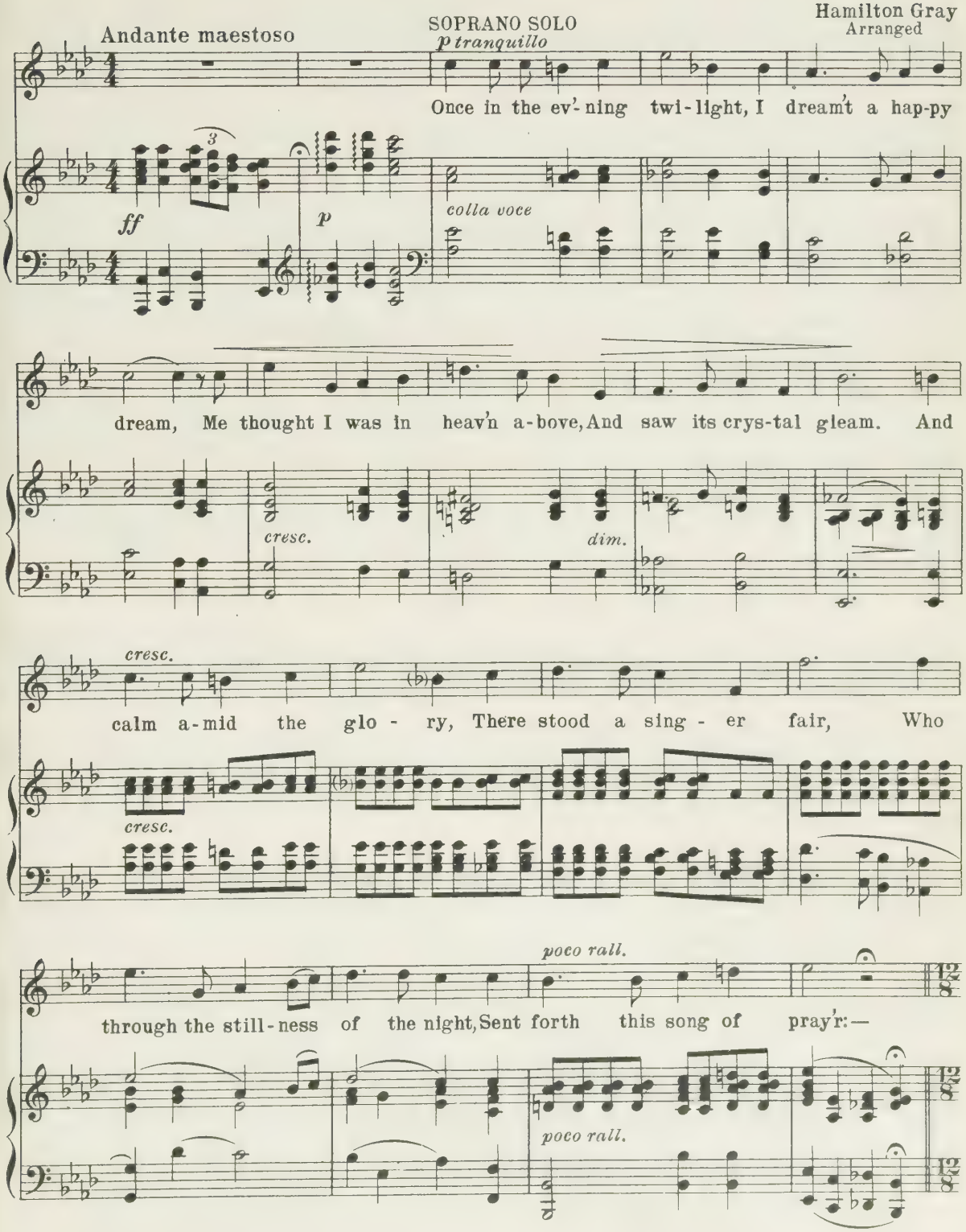
Praise of Nature (continued)


Dy - ing, the sun - set gold, Fly - ing the
Dy - ing, the sun - set gold, Fly - ing the
fly - ing,
clouds.
clouds.
Moun tain - ous o - cean rol - ling, No pic - ture is the

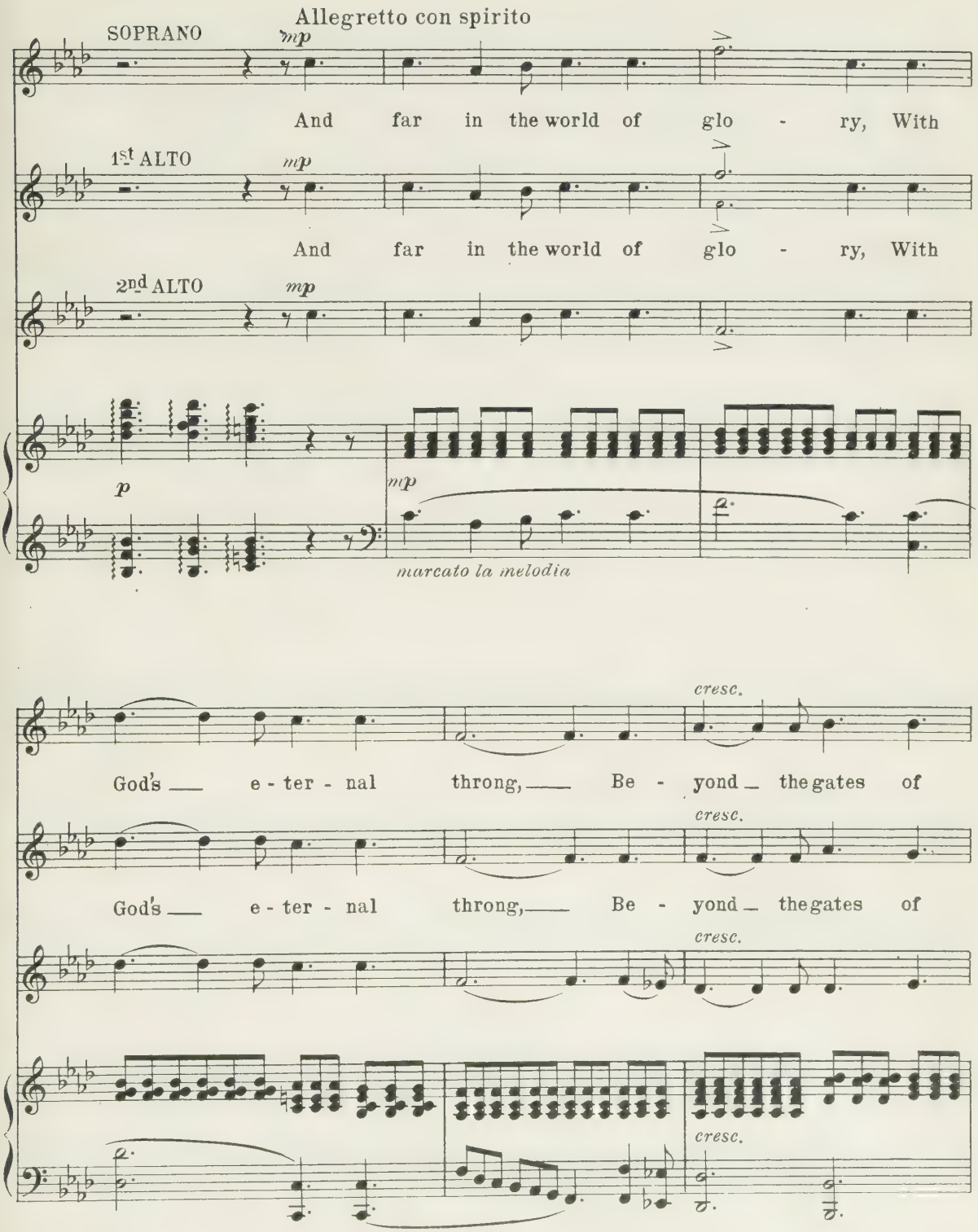

We sing your praise, we sing your praise and glo - ri -
We sing your praise, sing your praise and glo - -
same. We sing your praise, we sing your
fy, O Na - ture, glo - ri - fy your
- ri - fy, and glo - ri - fy your
praise, O Na - ture and glo - ri - fy your

Praise of Nature (concluded)

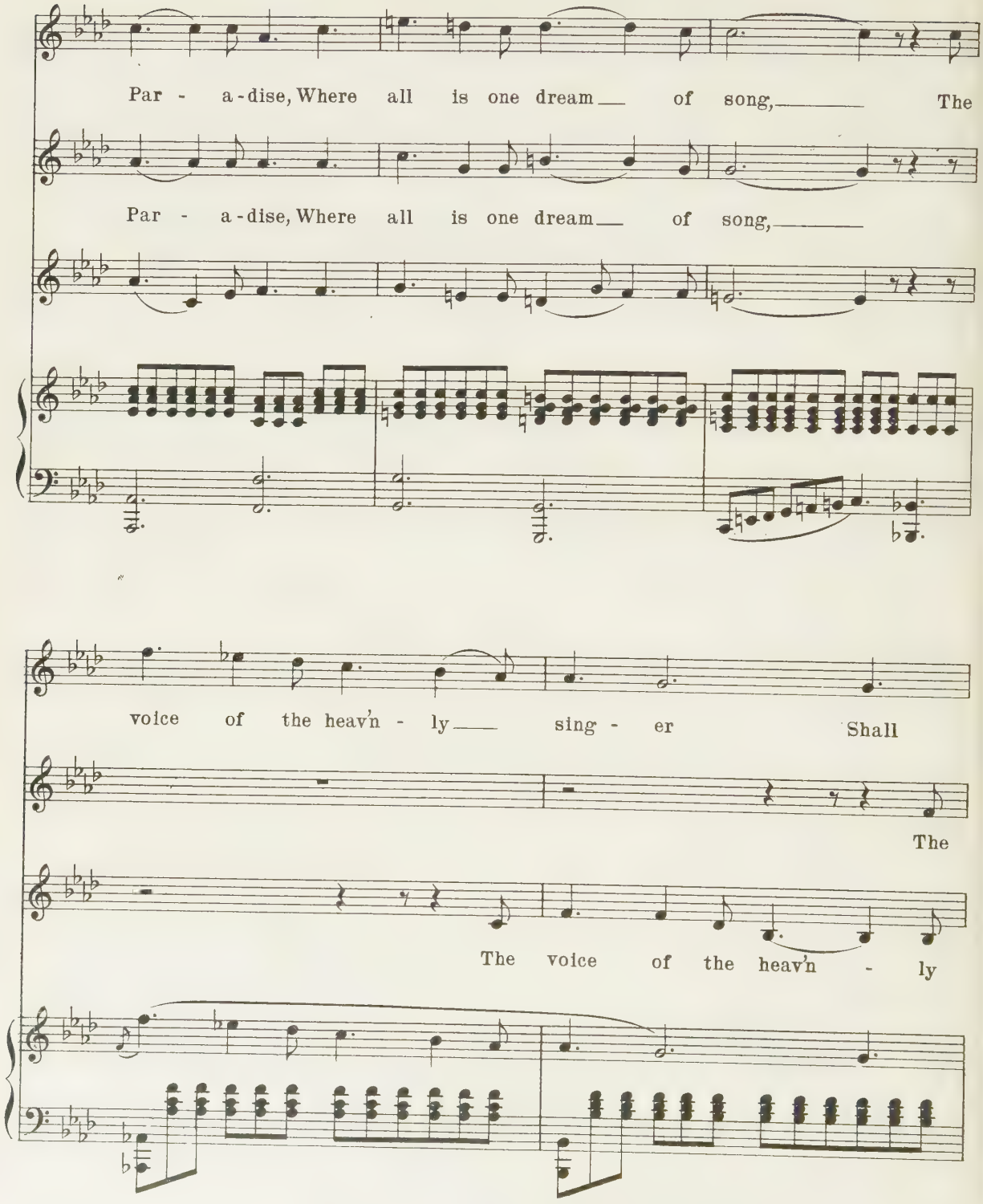
A Dream of Paradise

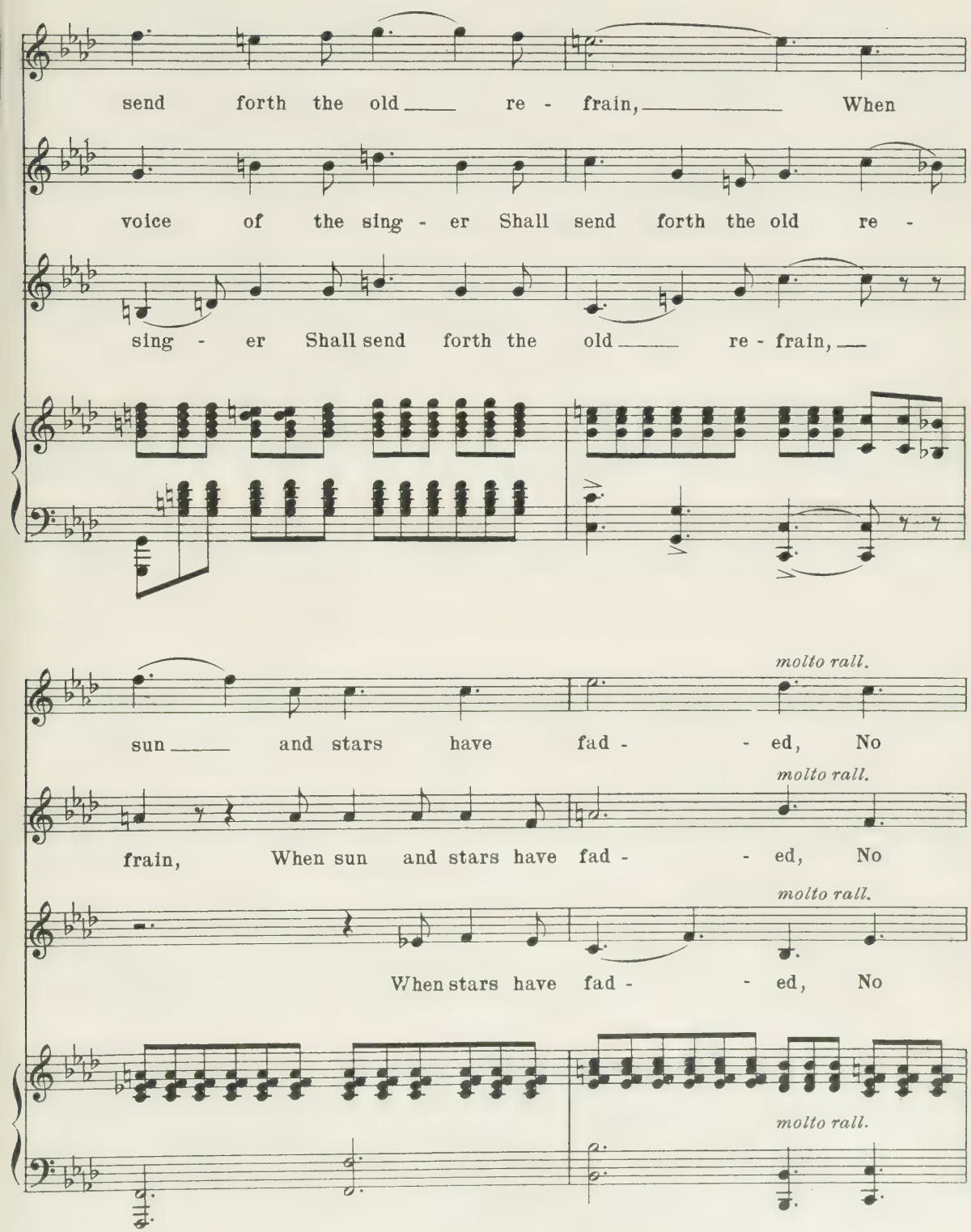


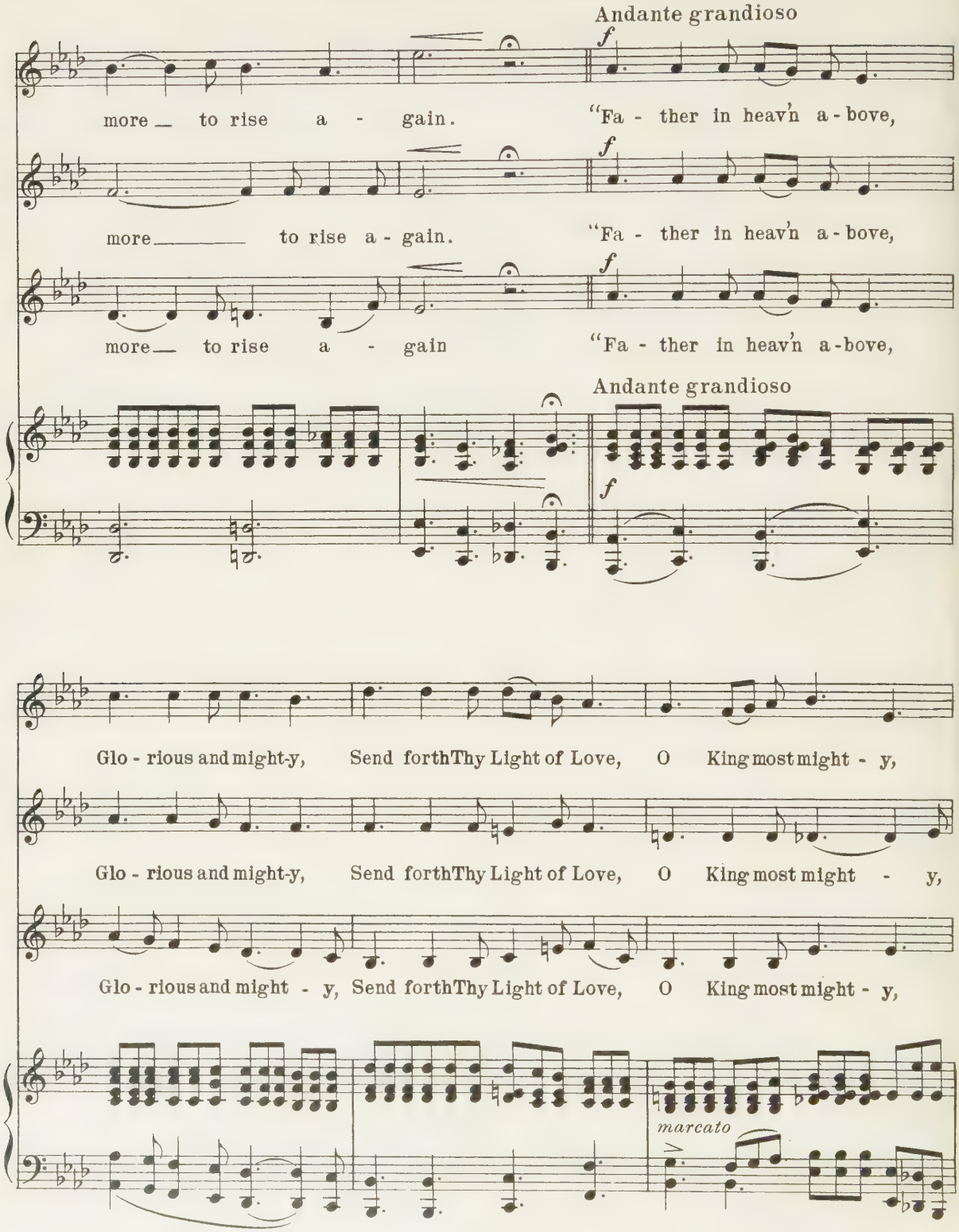
Andante grandioso
SOPRANO
"Fa - ther, in heav'n a-bove, Glo - rious and might-y, Send forth Thy Light of Love,
1st ALTO
O King most might - y, Fa - ther, Glo - rious and might-y,
O King most might - y, Fa - ther, in heav'n a-bove, Glo - rious and might-y, —
marc.
poco ritard.
Send forth Thy Light of Love, Thy Light — of Love."—
poco ritard.
Send forth Thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."—
a tempo
colla parte
ff


Allegretto con spirito
SOPRANO
mp
And far in the world of glo - ry, With
1st ALTO
mp
And far in the world of glo - ry, With
2nd ALTO
mp
p
mp
marcato la melodia
cresc.
God's e - ter - nal throng, Be - yond the gates of
cresc.
God's e - ter - nal throng, Be - yond the gates of
cresc.
cresc.

A Dream of Paradise (continued)


Par - a-dise, Where all is one dream — of song, — The
Par - a-dise, Where all is one dream — of song, —
voice of the heav'n - ly — sing - er Shall
The
The voice of the heav'n - ly

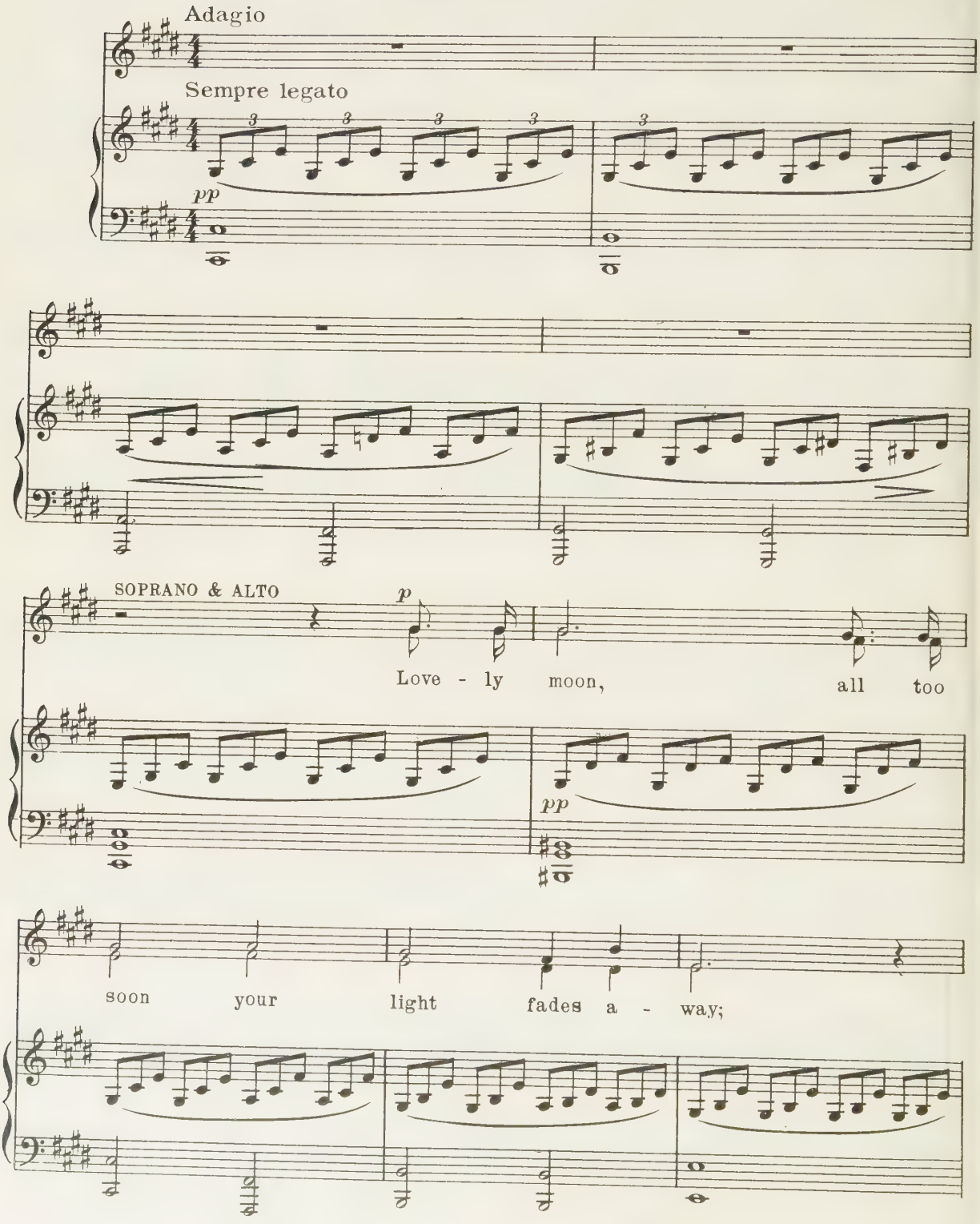

send forth the old re - frain, When
voice of the sing - er Shall send forth the old re -
sing - er Shall send forth the old re - frain,
molto rall.
sun and stars have fad - ed, No
molto rall.
frain, When sun and stars have fad - ed, No
molto rall.
When stars have fad - ed, No
molto rall.

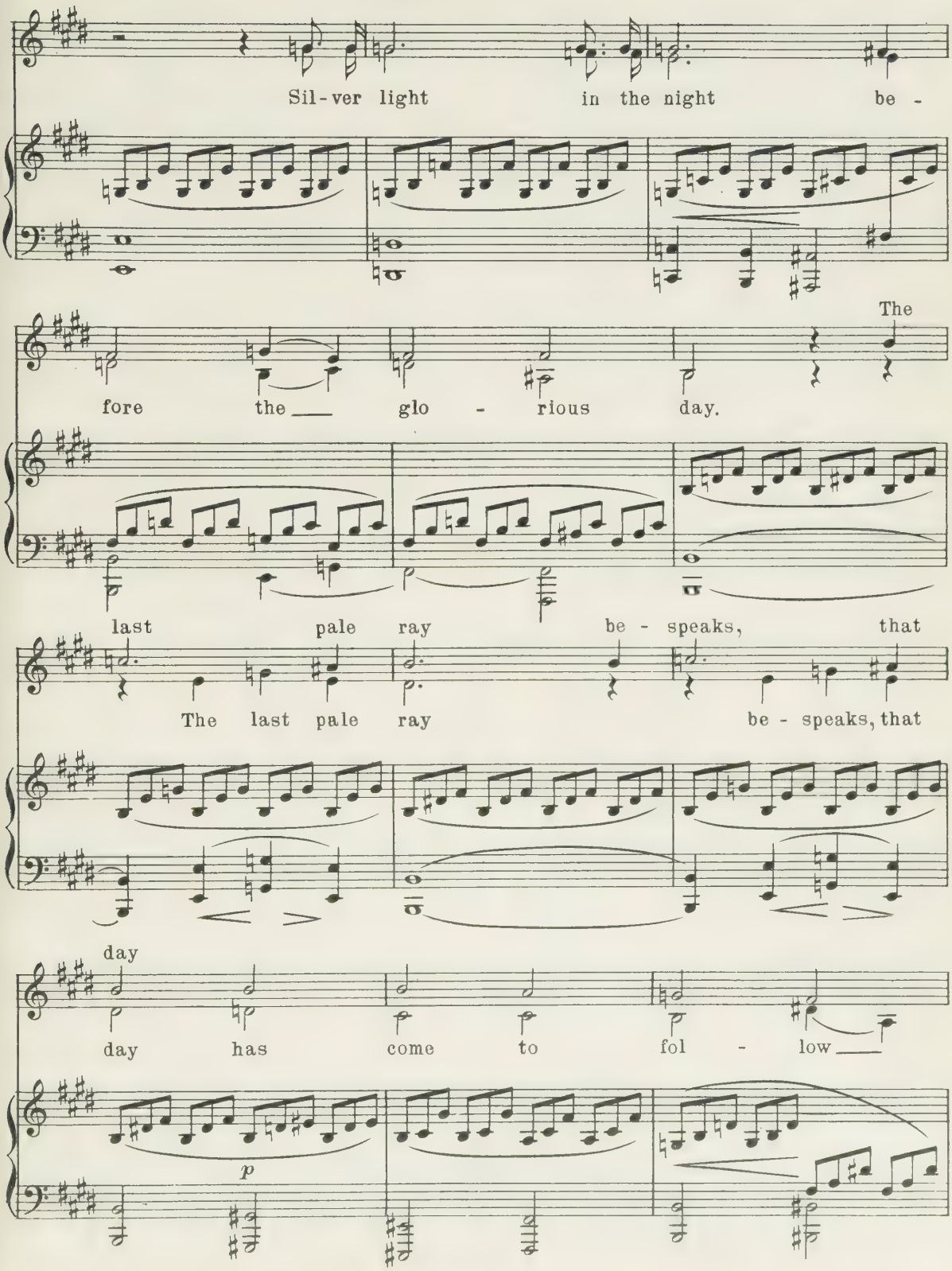

Andante grandioso
more — to rise a - gain.
"Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove,
more —— to rise a - gain.
"Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove,
more — to rise a - gain
"Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove,
Andante grandioso
Glo - rious and might-y, Send forthThy Light of Love, O King most might - y,
Glo - rious and might-y, Send forthThy Light of Love, O King most might - y,
Glo - rious and might - y, Send forthThy Light of Love, O King most might - y,
marcato

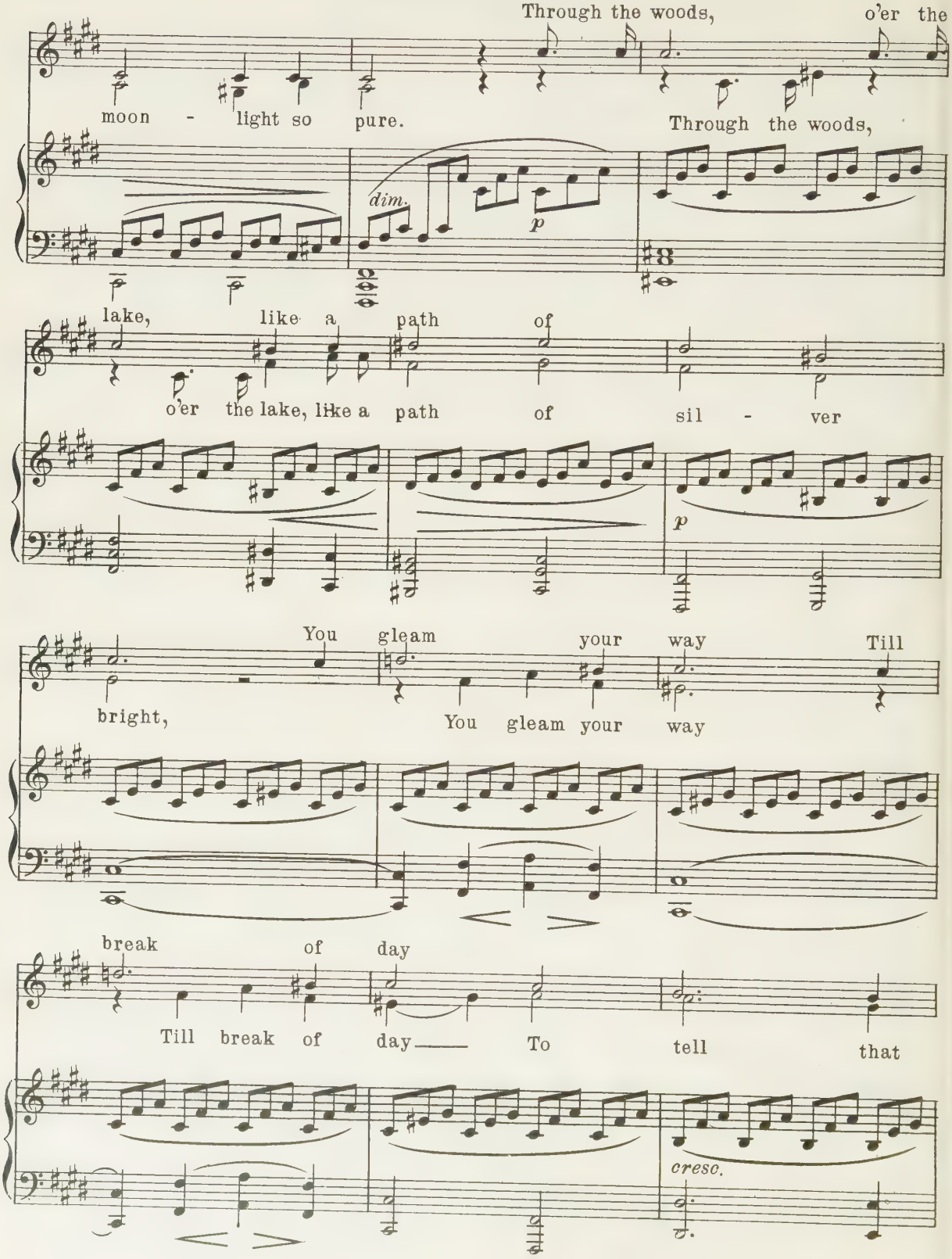
Fa - - ther, Glo - rious and might - y,
Fa - - - ther, Glo - rious and might - y,
marcato
Fa - ther in heav'n a - bove, Glo - rious and might - y,
molto rall.
a tempo
Send forth thy Light of Love, Thy Light, Thy Light of Love."
molto rall.
a tempo
Send forth thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."
molto rall.
a tempo
Send forth thy Light of Love, Thy Light of Love."
molto rall.
ff a tempo

Moonlight

Beethoven




Sil-ver light in the night be -
The
fore the glo - rious day.
last pale ray be - speaks, that
The last pale ray be - speaks, that
day
day has come to fol - low
p

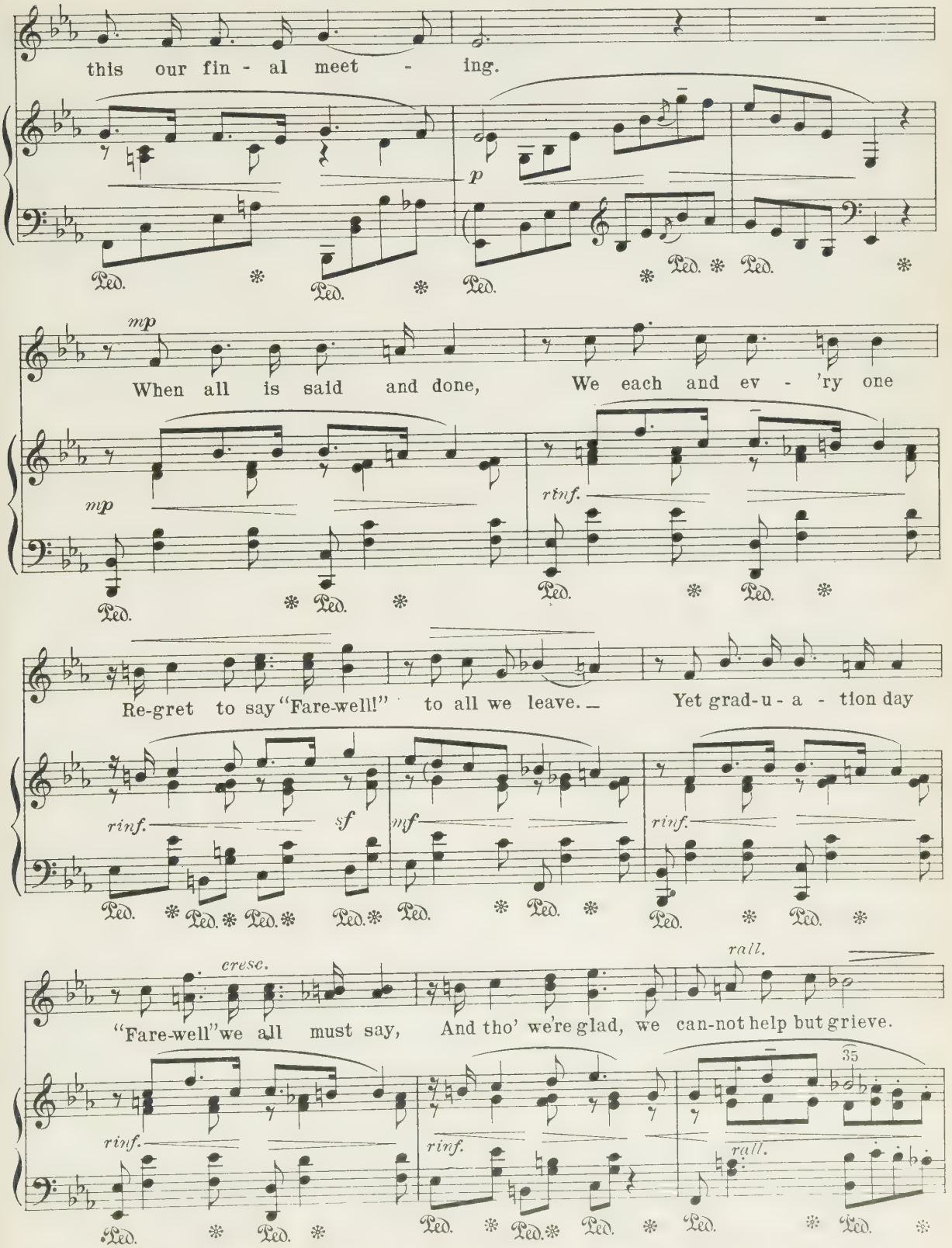

Through the woods, o'er the
moon - light so pure. Through the woods,
dim.
p
lake, like a path of
o'er the lake, like a path of sil - ver
p
You gleam your way Till
bright, You gleam your way
break of day
Till break of day To tell that
cresc.

God has made you His watch - man of the
f
night. Sil - ver light shine so bright Till at
dim.p
poco marc.
last comes the morn, Shine so bright Through the
night
pp
pale moon - light.
dim.
pp

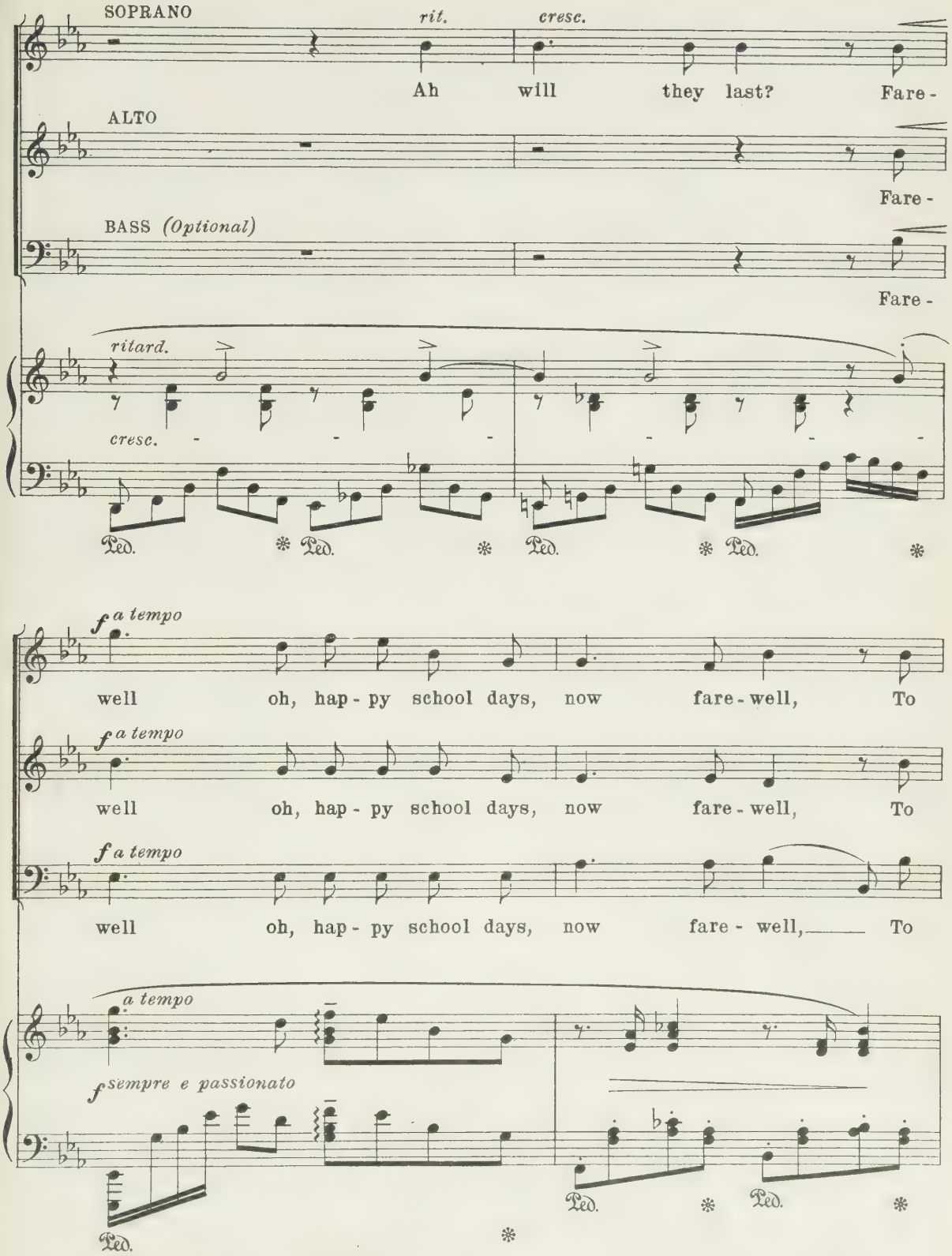
Graduation Song

Frederick H. Martens — Anton Rubinstein

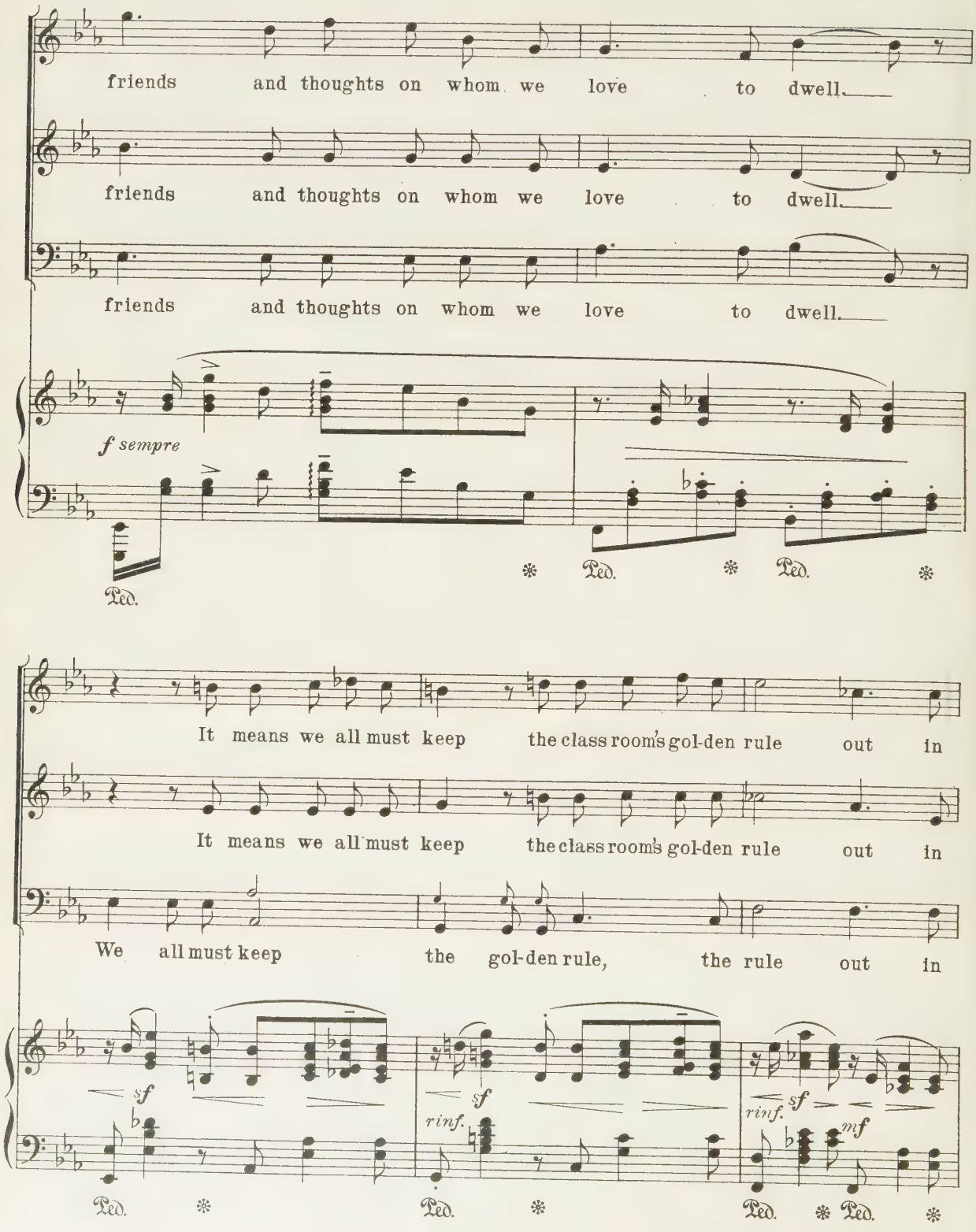
Andante con moto
p
The pleas-ant stud-y years for
us will soon be end-ed, By stud-ent joys and fears, Our
rinf.
mf
days no more at-tend-ed. As loy-al com-rades sing, A
mf
song of praise and greet-ing, These hal-lowed walls shall ring, At
Ped.

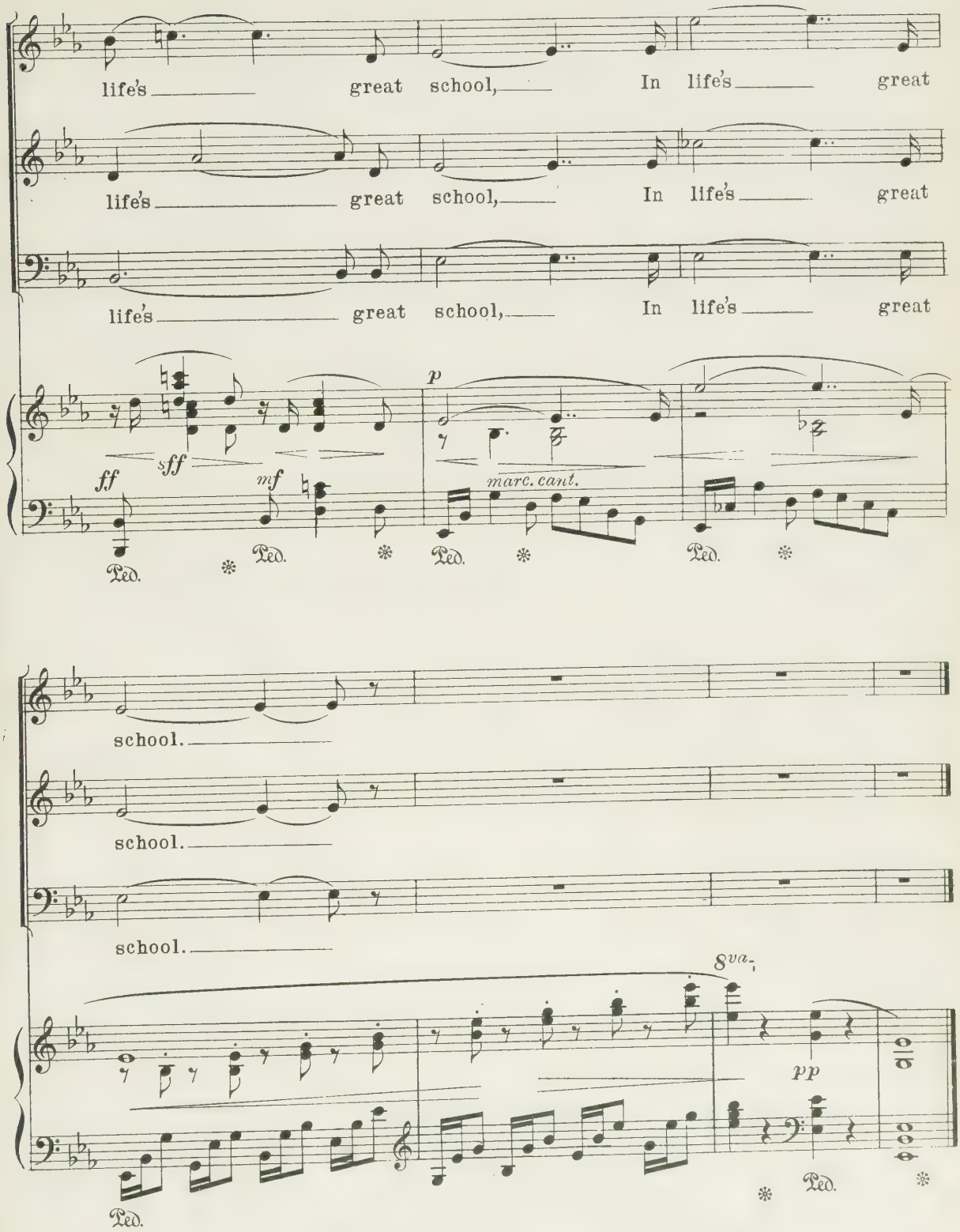

this our fin - al meet - ing.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mp
When all is said and done, We each and ev - 'ry one
mp
rinf.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Re-gret to say "Fare-well!" to all we leave. Yet grad-u - a - tion day
rinf.
sf
mf
rinf.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
rall.
"Fare-well" we all must say, And tho' we're glad, we can-not help but grieve.
35
rinf.
rinf.
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

a tempo
dolento
Long hap-py years we spent with-in these halls of learn-ing,
a tempo
p
But to those joy-ous days there'll be no more re-turn-ing,
SOP.
cresc.
ALTO
And now the hap-py past Is fleet-ing oh! so fast.
mf
rinf.
Will these dear friend-ships last As in the hap-py past?
Ped.


SOPRANO
rit.
cresc.
Ah will they last? Fare -
ALTO
Fare -
BASS (Optional)
Fare -
ritard.
cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
f a tempo
well oh, hap - py school days, now fare - well, To
f a tempo
well oh, hap - py school days, now fare - well, To
f a tempo
well oh, hap - py school days, now fare - well, To
a tempo
f sempre e passionato
Ped. Ped. Ped.

Graduation Song (continued)

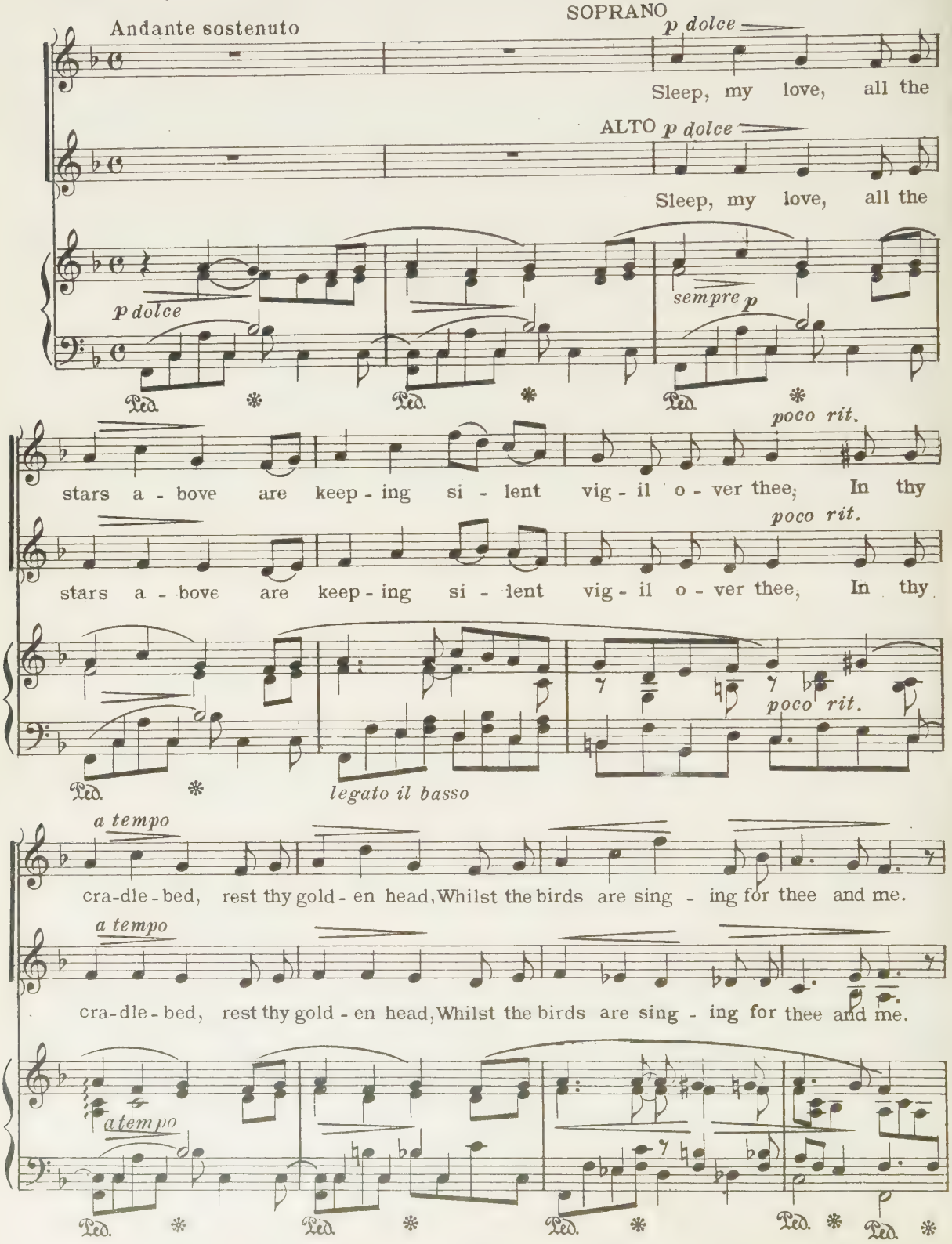

friends and thoughts on whom we love to dwell.
friends and thoughts on whom we love to dwell.
friends and thoughts on whom we love to dwell.
f sempre
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
It means we all must keep the class room's gol-den rule out in
It means we all must keep the class room's gol-den rule out in
We all must keep the gol-den rule, the rule out in
sf
sf
rinf.
sf
rinf.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

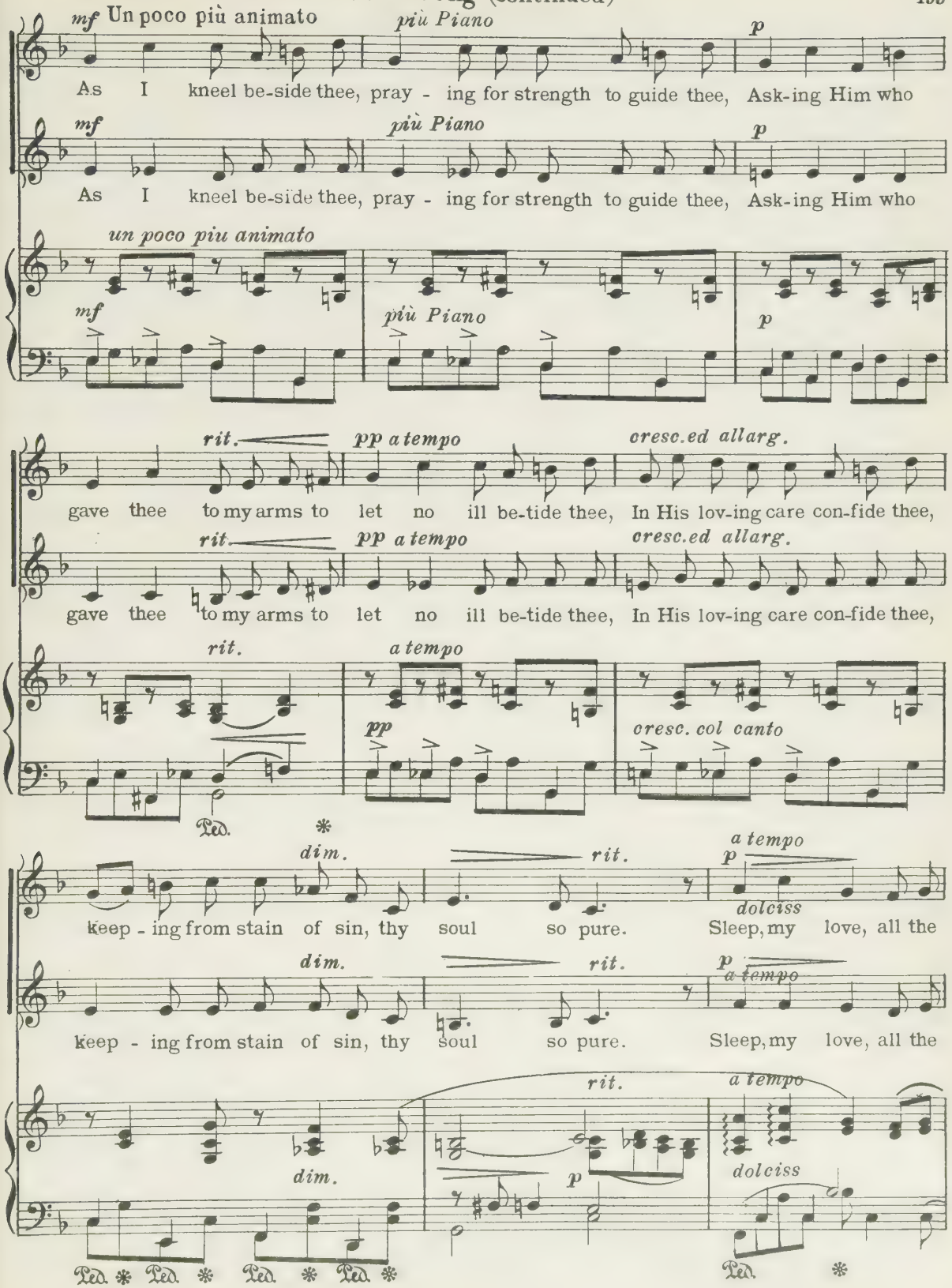

life's great school, In life's great
life's great school, In life's great
life's great school, In life's great
ff sff mf p marc. cant.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
school.
school.
school.
8va
pp
Ped. Ped.

Cradle Song

Katharine Dyer Bowling

Arr. from C. Delbrück


Andante sostenuto
SOPRANO
p dolce
Sleep, my love, all the
ALTO p dolce
Sleep, my love, all the
p dolce
sempre p
Ped.
poco rit.
stars a - bove are keep - ing si - lent vig - il o - ver thee, In thy
stars a - bove are keep - ing si - lent vig - il o - ver thee, In thy
poco rit.
legato il basso
a tempo
cra-dle-bed, rest thy gold - en head, Whilst the birds are sing - ing for thee and me.
cra-dle-bed, rest thy gold - en head, Whilst the birds are sing - ing for thee and me.
a tempo

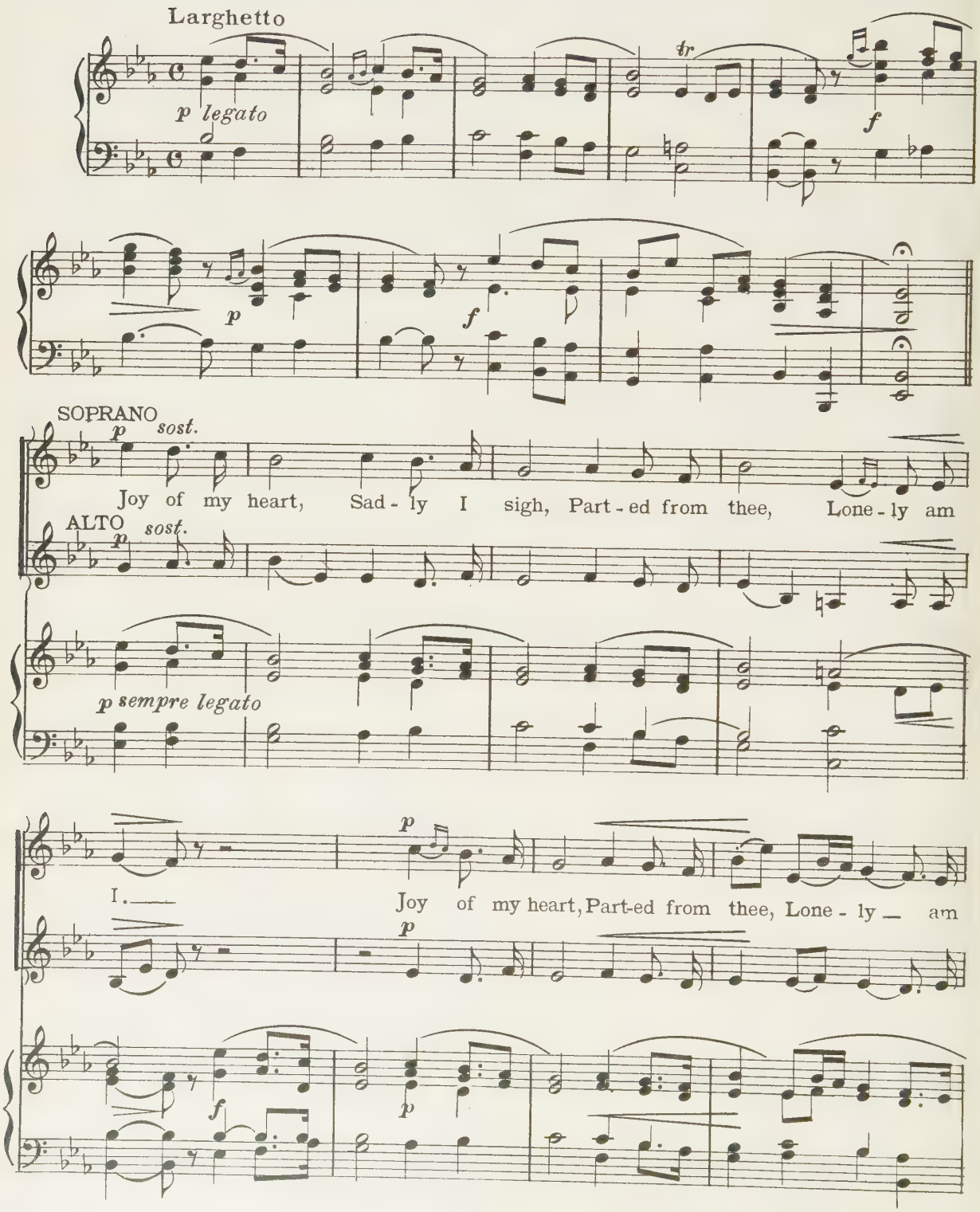

mf Un poco più animato
più Piano
p
As I kneel be-side thee, pray - ing for strength to guide thee, Ask-ing Him who
mf
più Piano
p
As I kneel be-side thee, pray - ing for strength to guide thee, Ask-ing Him who
un poco piu animato
mf
più Piano
p
rit.
pp a tempo
cresc.ed allarg.
gave thee to my arms to let no ill be-tide thee, In His lov-ing care con-fide thee,
rit.
pp a tempo
cresc.ed allarg.
gave thee to my arms to let no ill be-tide thee, In His lov-ing care con-fide thee,
rit.
a tempo
pp
cresc. col canto
Ped. *
dim.
rit.
a tempo
p
dolciss
keep - ing from stain of sin, thy soul so pure. Sleep, my love, all the
dim.
rit.
p
a tempo
keep - ing from stain of sin, thy soul so pure. Sleep, my love, all the
rit.
a tempo
dim.
p
dolciss
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. *

poco rit.
stars a - bove are keep - ing si - lent vig - il o - ver thee; In thy
poco rit.
stars a - bove are keep - ing si - lent vig - il o - ver thee; In thy
poco rit.
Ped. *
a tempo
cra - dle bed, rest thy gold - en head, Whilst the birds are sing - ing for
a tempo
cra - dle bed, rest thy gold - en head, Whilst the birds are sing - ing for
a tempo
Ped. *
pp carezzando
thee and me. Sleep, my ba - by, whilst the night - in-gales sing;
pp carezzando
thee and me. Sleep, my ba - by, whilst the night - in-gales sing;
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

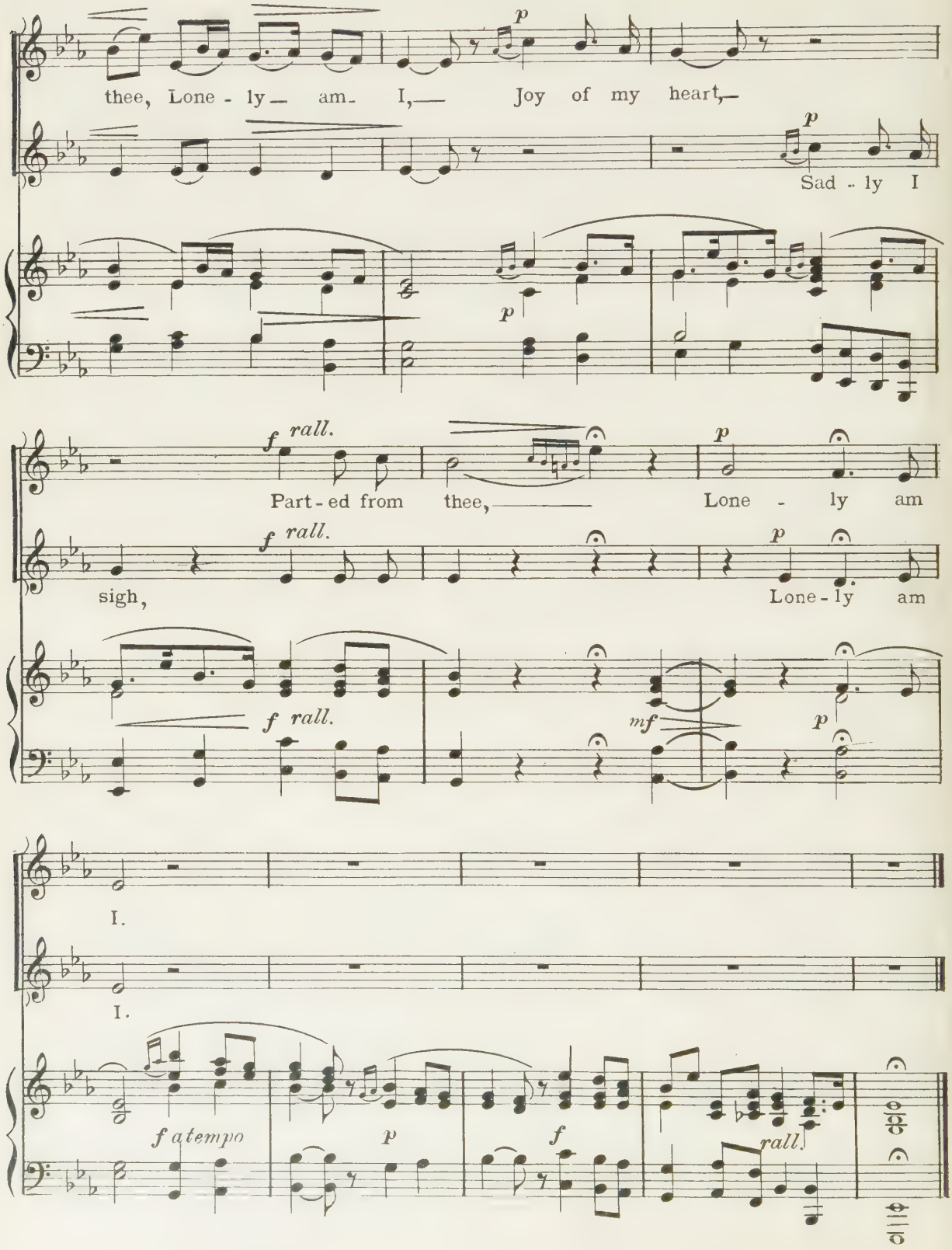
God watch - es o-ver thee and un - to thee He'll bring Peace and free - dom from
God watch - es o-ver thee and un - to thee He'll bring Peace and free - dom from
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
all earth - ly things; thou'rt safe 'neath the shel-ter of an - gels' wings.
all earth - ly things; thou'rt safe 'neath the shel-ter of an - gels' wings.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
Sleep, sleep.
pp
Sleep, sleep.
p
pp
rall.
ppp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Joy Of My Heart

G. Giordani

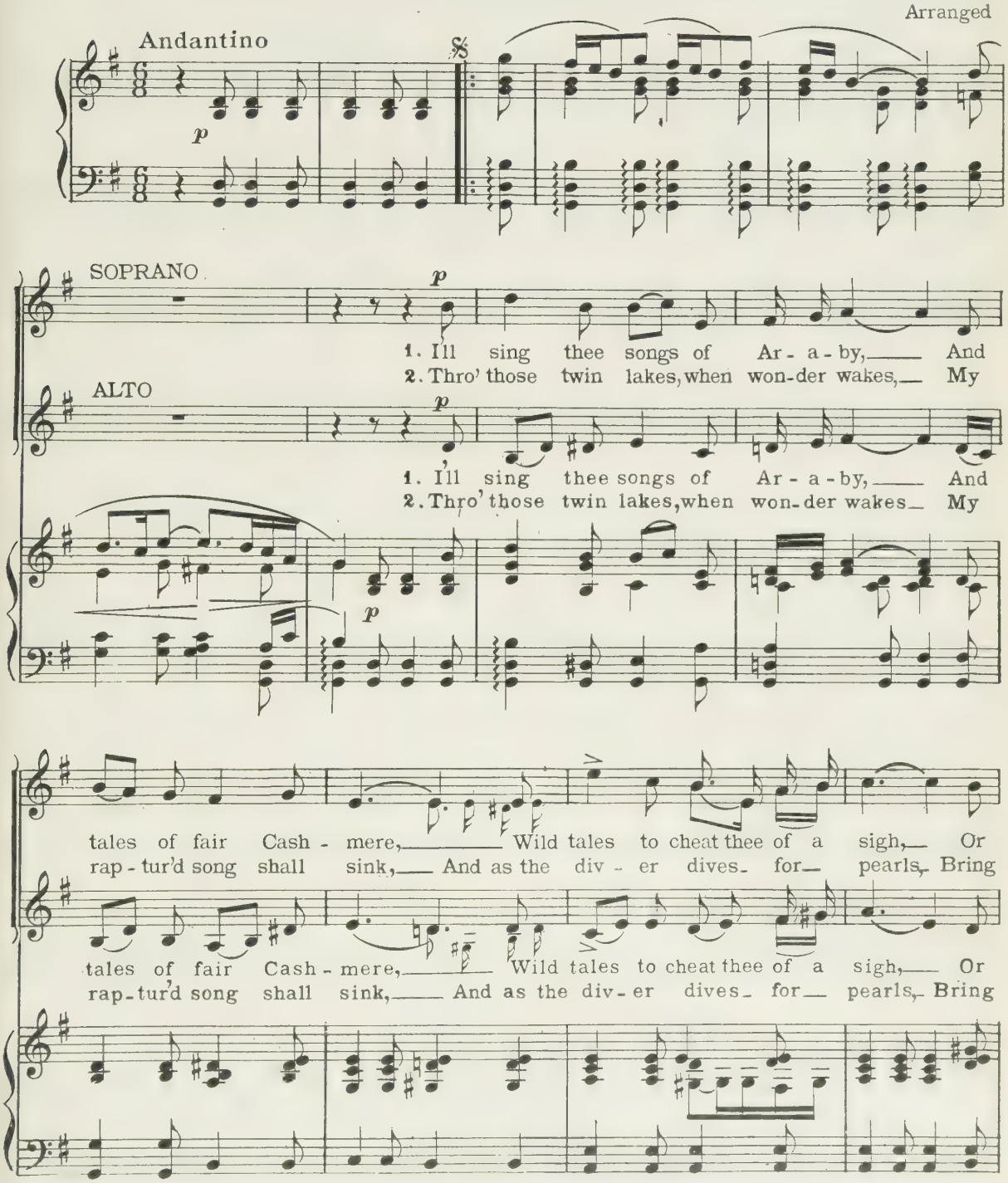


I.
If I could prove All of my
love, No joy is great - er than the realms a - bove;
If I could prove All of my
All of my love. Joy of my heart, Sad - ly I sigh, Part - ed from
love,
rall.
a tempo
dolce

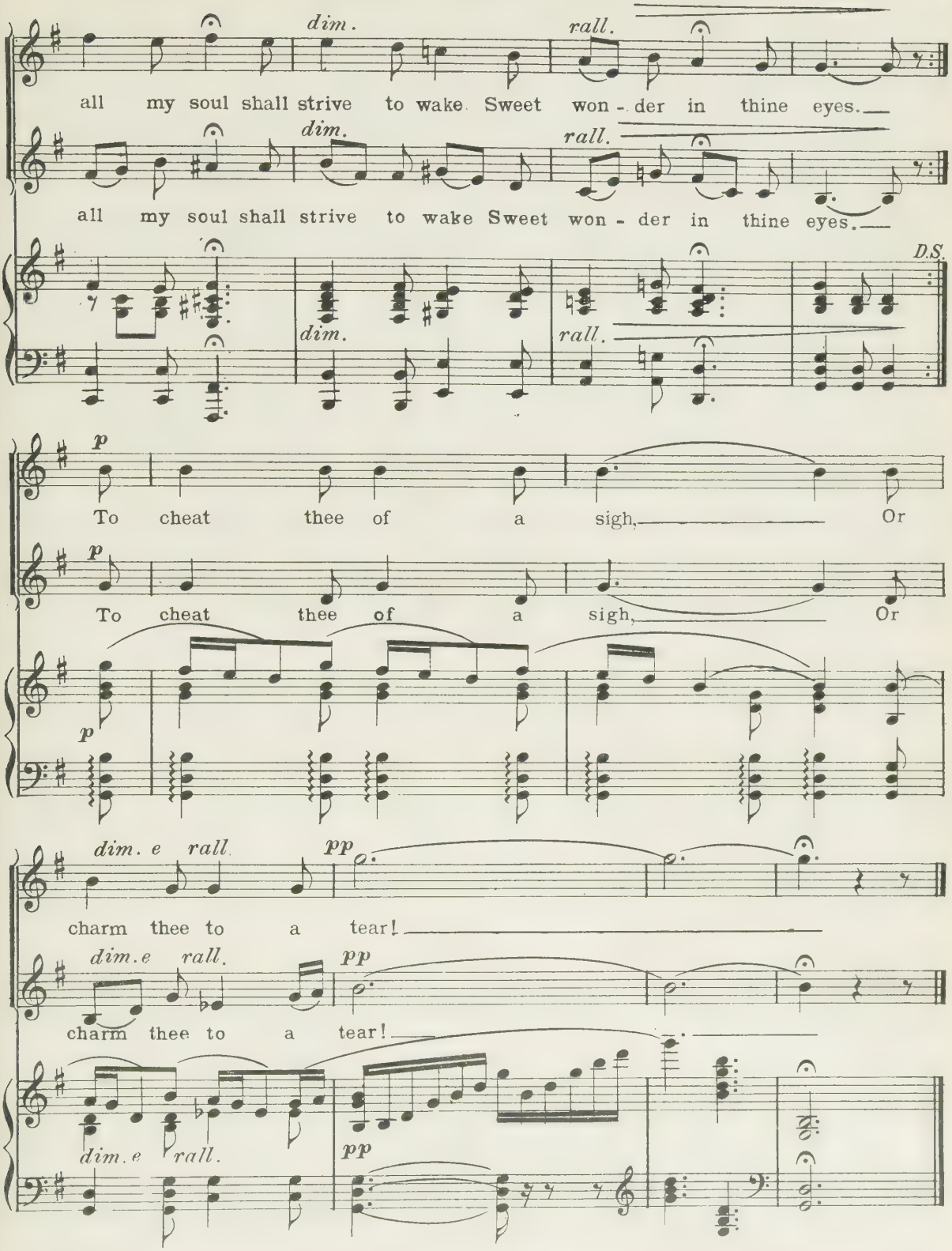

thee, Lone - ly am I, Joy of my heart,
Sad - ly I
Part - ed from thee, Lone - ly am
sigh, Lone - ly am
I.
I.
f rall.
p
mf
f a tempo
f
rall.

I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby

Fred. Clay
Arranged


Andantino
p
SOPRANO
1. I'll sing thee songs of Ar - a - by, And
2. Thro' those twin lakes, when won-der wakes, My
ALTO
1. I'll sing thee songs of Ar - a - by, And
2. Thro' those twin lakes, when won-der wakes My
tales of fair Cash - mere, Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh, Or
rap - tur'd song shall sink, And as the div - er dives for pearls, Bring
tales of fair Cash - mere, Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh, Or
rap - tur'd song shall sink, And as the div - er dives for pearls, Bring

charm thee to a tear; And dreams of de-light shall
tears, bright tears to their brink;
charm thee to a tear; And dreams of de-light shall
tears bright tears, to their brink;
on thee break, And rain-bow vi-sions rise, And
on thee break And rain-bow vi-sions rise,
all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won-der in thine eyes, And
Sweet won-der in thine eyes, thine eyes, And
cresc.
f
p


dim.
rall.
all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won - der in thine eyes.
dim.
rall.
all my soul shall strive to wake Sweet won - der in thine eyes.
D.S.
dim.
rall.
p
To cheat thee of a sigh, Or
p
To cheat thee of a sigh, Or
p
dim. e rall.
pp
charm thee to a tear!
dim.e rall.
pp
charm thee to a tear!
dim.e rall.
pp

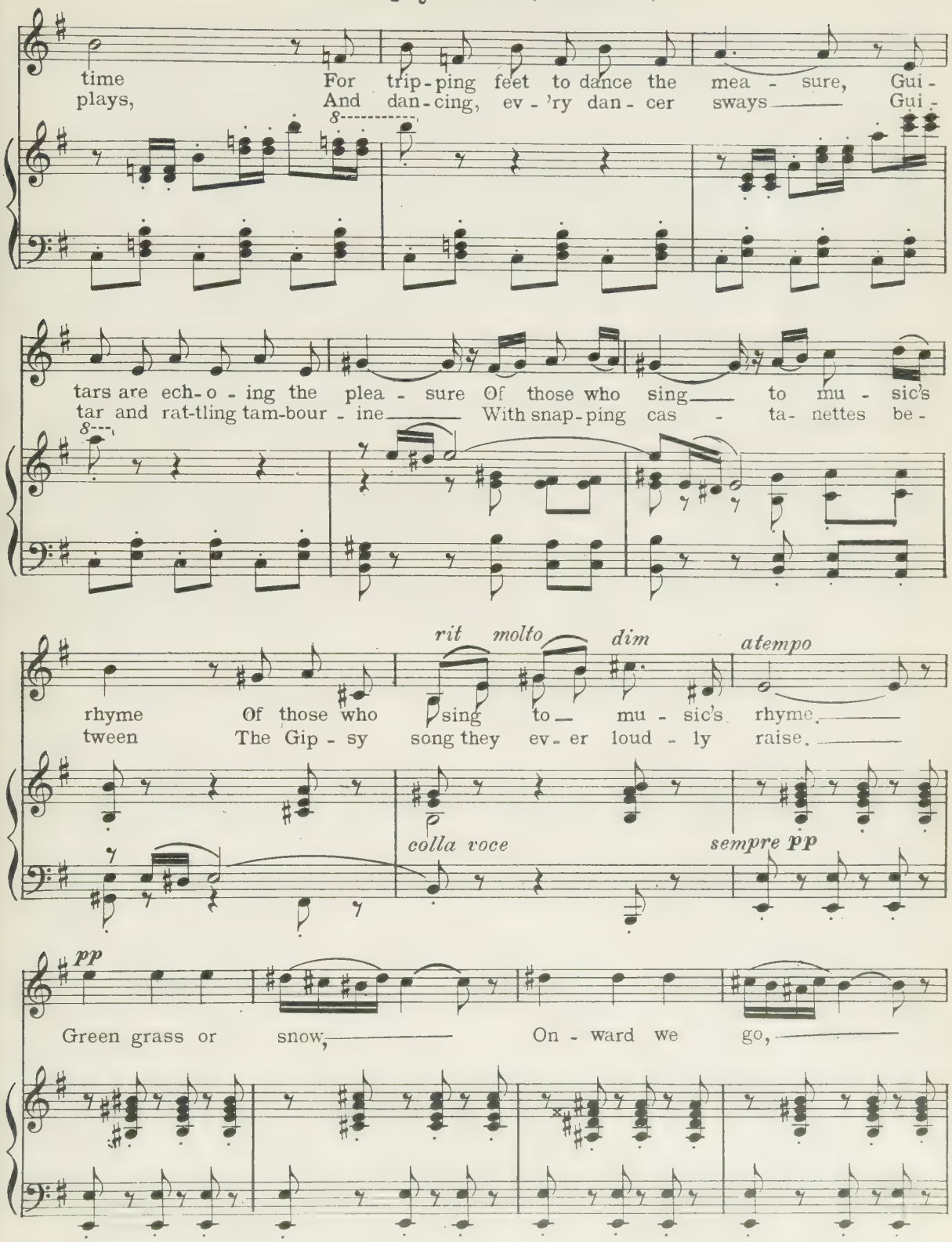
The Gipsy Trail

(Carmen Act II)

Wilbur Weeks

Georges Bizet
(Arranged)

Andantino(♩=100)
p
1. O
2. O
dim.
hear the Gip-sy mu-sic sound; The cymbals braz-en clang-or wak - ing, The
hear the Gip-sy mu-sic sound; The Gip - sy girls are danc-ing mad - ly, Their
rat-tling tam-bour-ines a - shak - ing, With tink - ling bells all set a-
sil - ver brace-lets clash-ing glad - ly, As with swift grace they leap and
round.
bound.
The cas-ta nettes they mark the
And while the Gip - sy mu-sic
dim.
pp
ben marc.
p


time For trip-ping feet to dance the mea - sure, Gui -
plays, And dan-cing, ev-'ry dan-cer sways Gui -
tars are ech-o-ing the plea - sure Of those who sing to mu - sic's
tar and rat-tling tam-bour - ine With snap-ping cas - ta- nettes be -
rit molto dim
atempo
rhyme Of those who sing to mu - sic's rhyme.
tween The Gip - sy song they ev-er loud - ly raise.
colla voce
sempre pp
pp
Green grass or snow, On - ward we go,

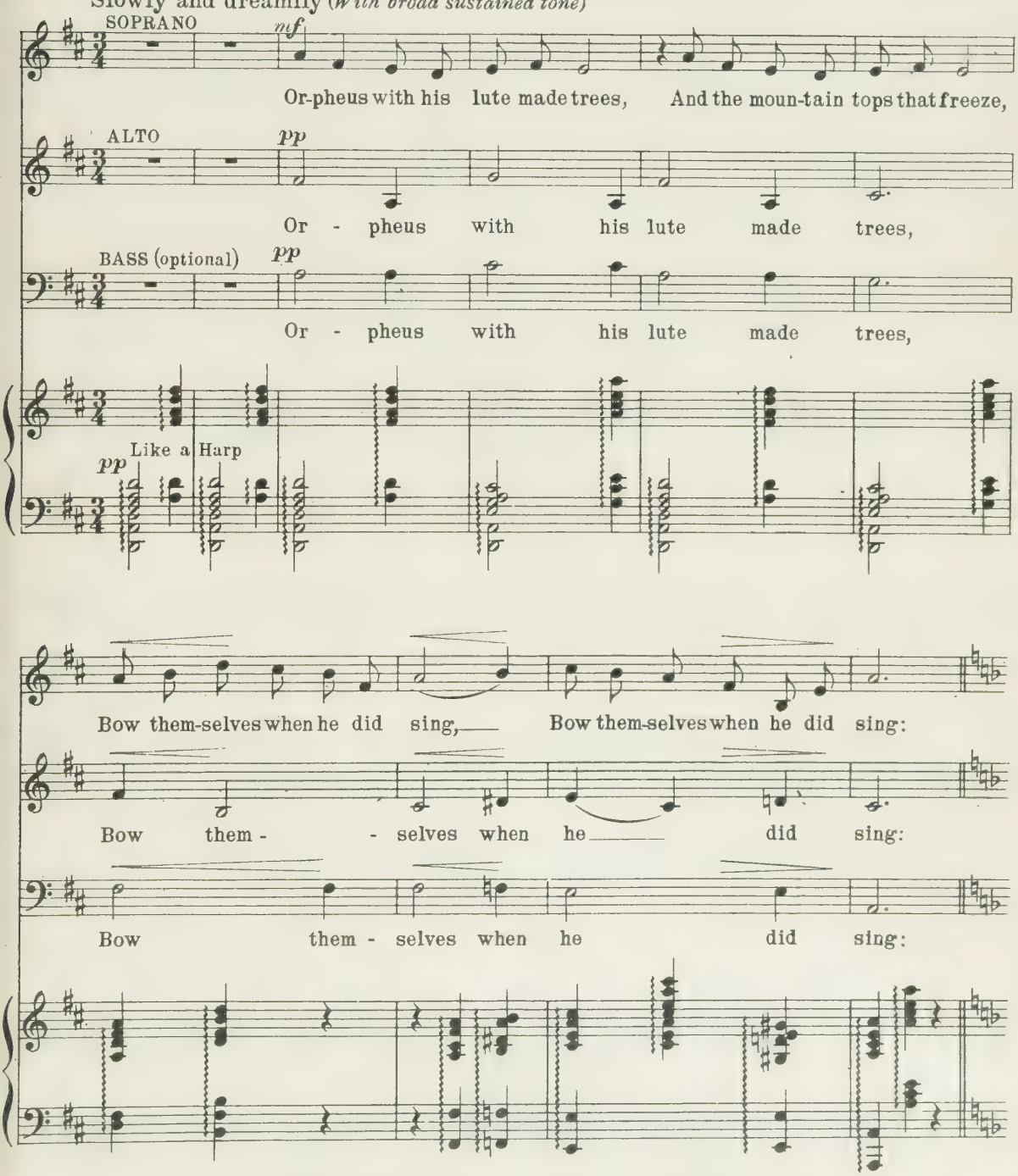
The Gipsy Trail (concluded)

Who on - ly know A wand'rer's life o'er hill and dale!
Warm breeze or blast, From first to last,
Our tribe has passed A - long the an - cient Gip - sy
trail!
Fine
D.C.
Fine
D.C.

Orpheus with his Lute

William Shakespere
(Henry the Eighth)

Augustus Barratt
Arranged


Slowly and dreamily (With broad sustained tone)
SOPRANO
mf
Or-pheus with his lute made trees, And the moun-tain tops that freeze,
ALTO
pp
Or - pheus with his lute made trees,
BASS (optional)
pp
Or - pheus with his lute made trees,
pp
Like a Harp
Bow them-selves when he did sing, Bow them-selves when he did sing:
Bow them - - selves when he did sing:
Bow them - selves when he did sing:

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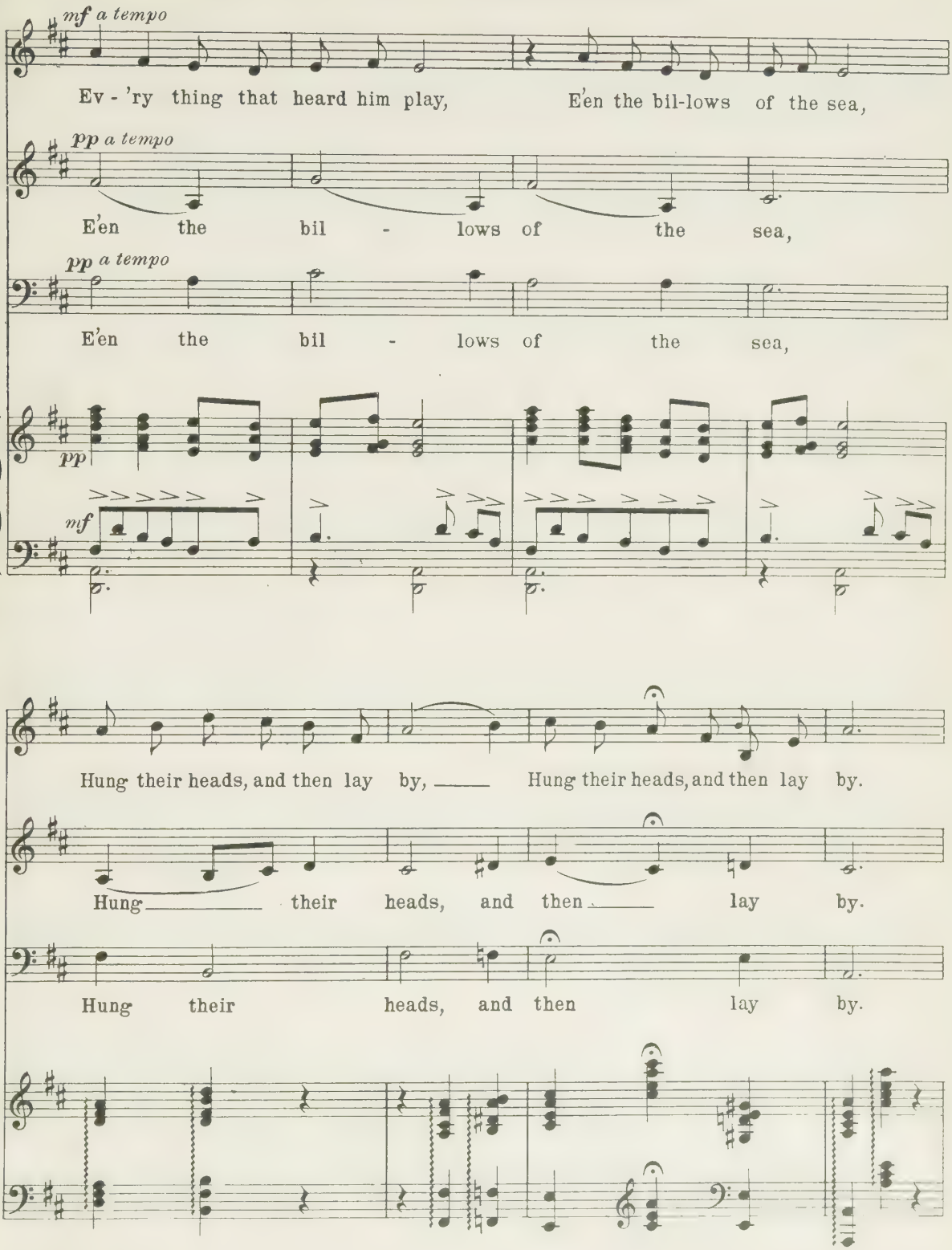
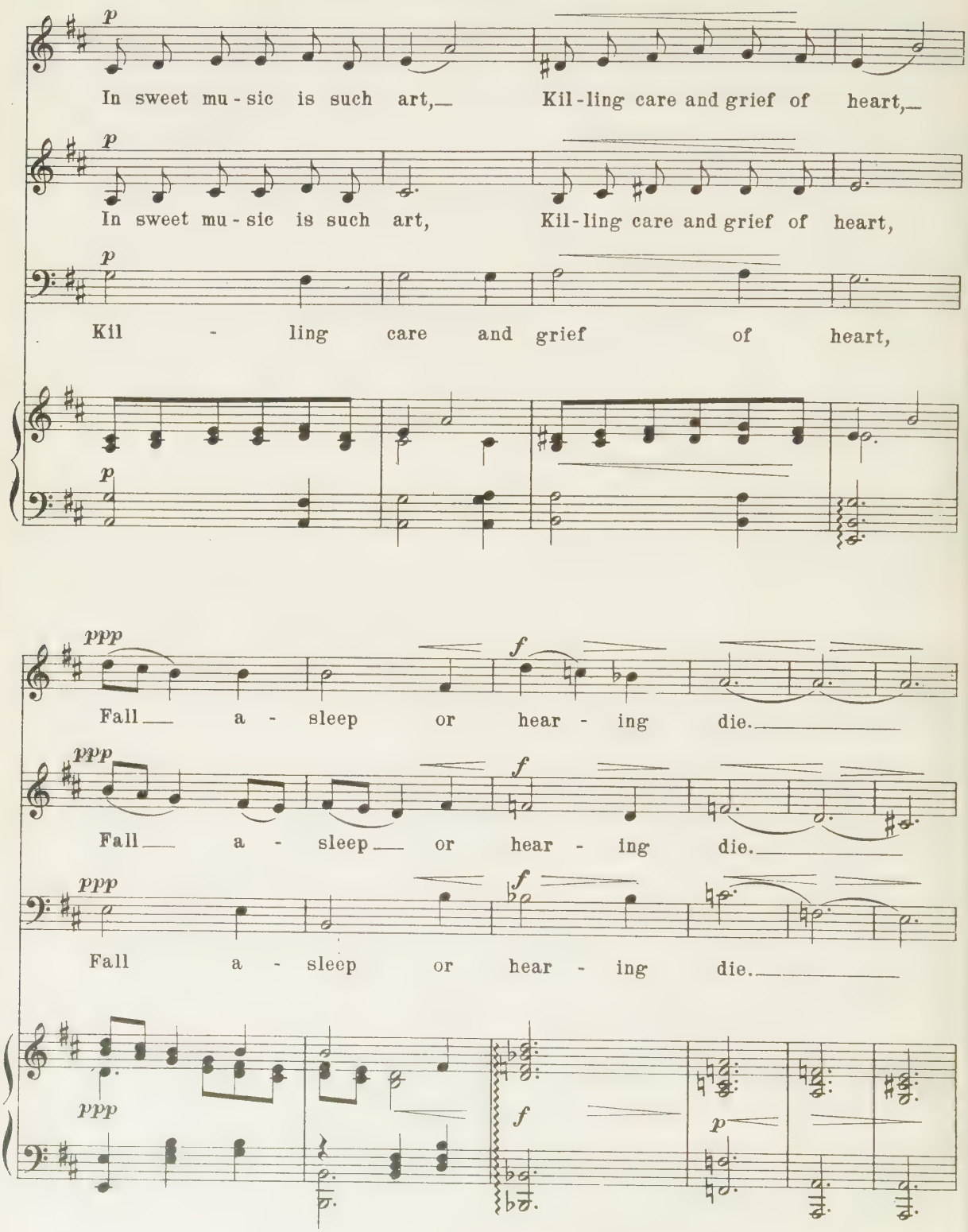
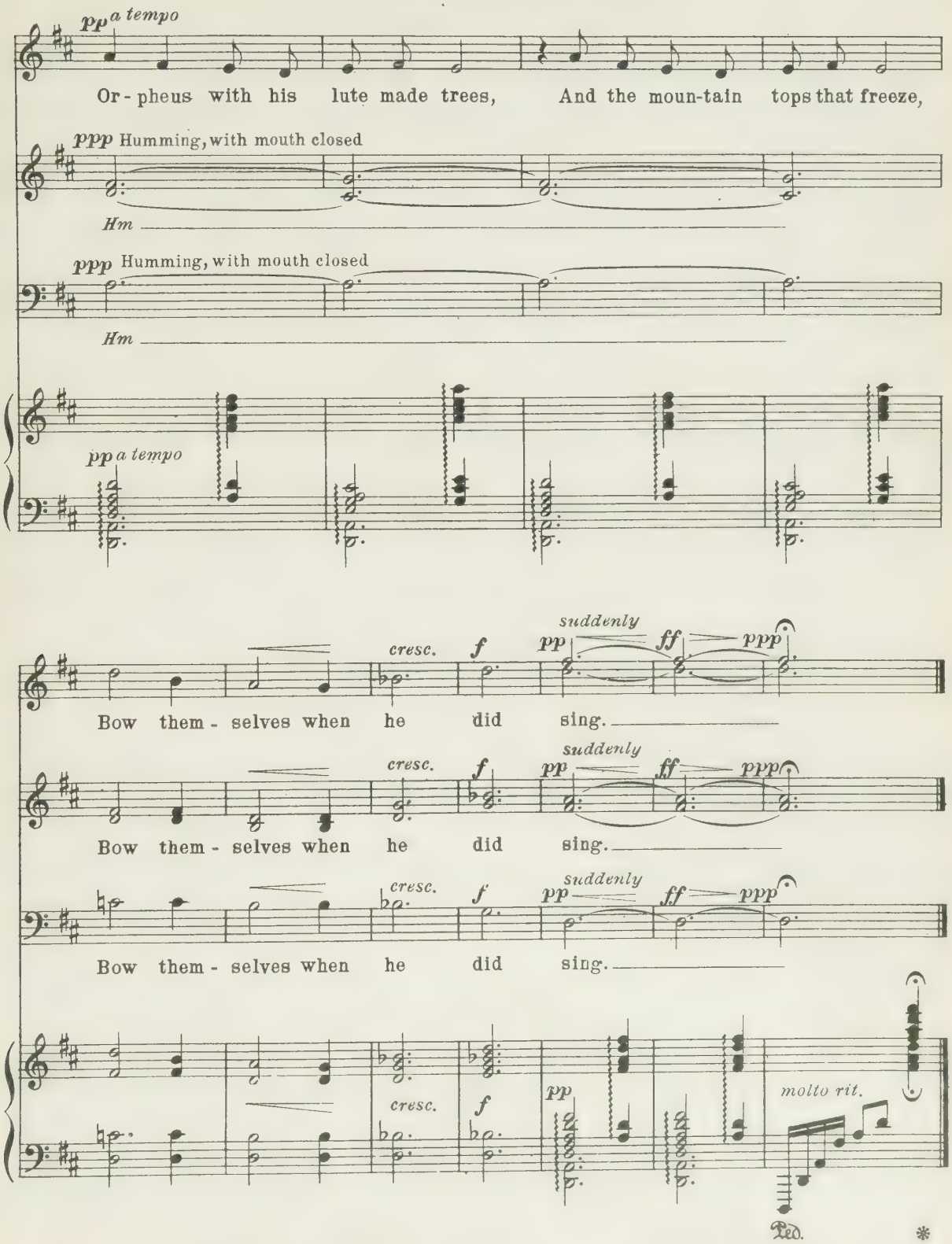
mf
To his mu-sic plants and flow'rs Ev-er spring,– as sun and show'rs There had made a
pp
To his mu - sic plants and flow - ers,
pp
f
To his mu - sic plants and flow - ers,
f poco rit.
rit.
last - - ing spring, a last - ing spring.–
f poco rit.
rit.
There had made a last-ing spring,– had made a last - ing spring.–
f
rit.
a last - ing spring.–
f poco rit.
rit.


mf a tempo
Ev - 'ry thing that heard him play, E'en the bil-lows of the sea,
pp a tempo
E'en the bil - lows of the sea,
pp a tempo
E'en the bil - lows of the sea,
pp
mf
Hung their heads, and then lay by, Hung their heads, and then lay by.
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

Orpheus with his Lute (continued)



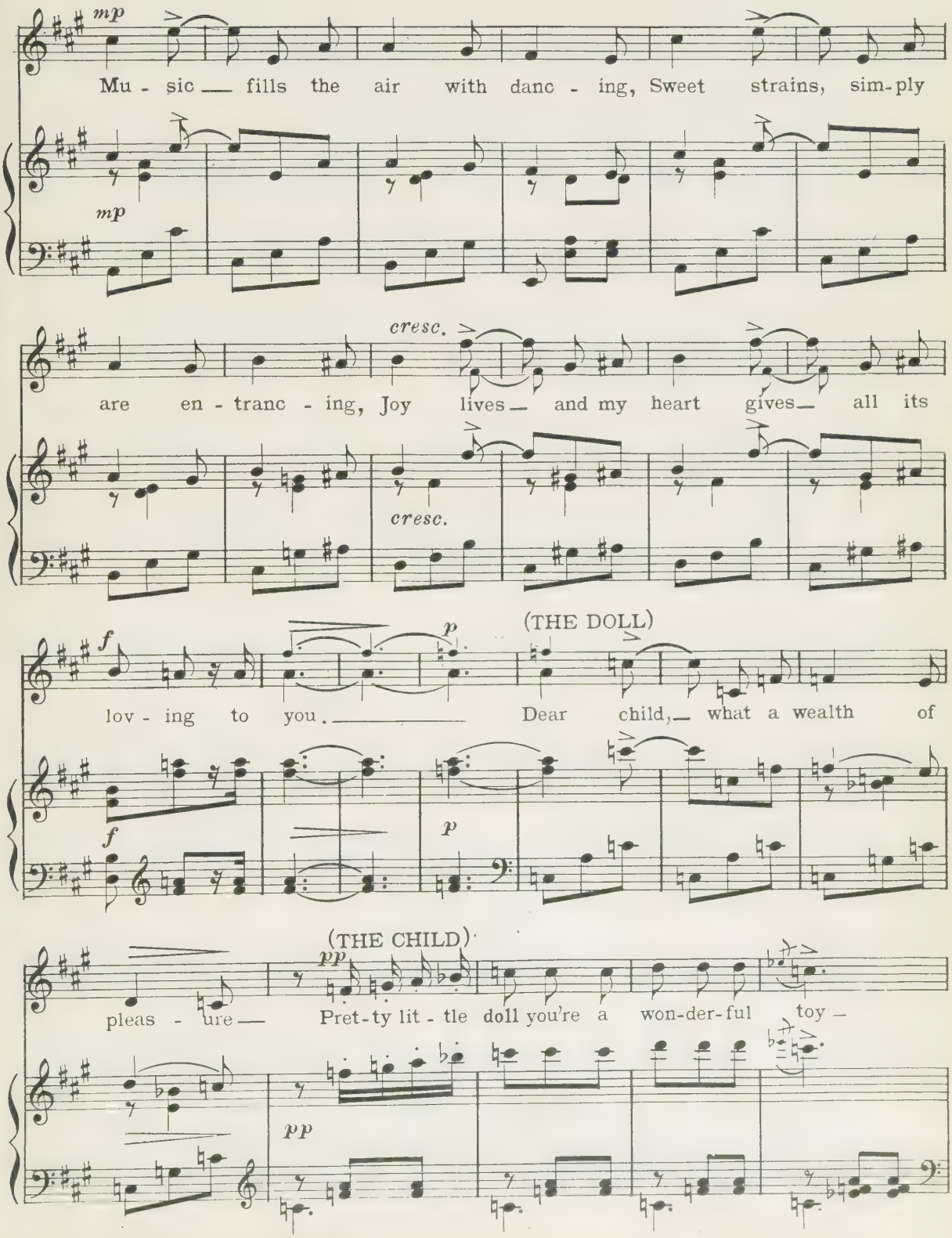

pp a tempo
Or - pheus with his lute made trees, And the moun-tain tops that freeze,
ppp Humming, with mouth closed
Hm
ppp Humming, with mouth closed
Hm
pp a tempo
cresc. f pp suddenly ff ppp
Bow them - selves when he did sing.
cresc. f pp suddenly ff ppp
Bow them - selves when he did sing.
cresc. f pp suddenly ff ppp
Bow them - selves when he did sing.
cresc. f pp molto rit.
Ped. *

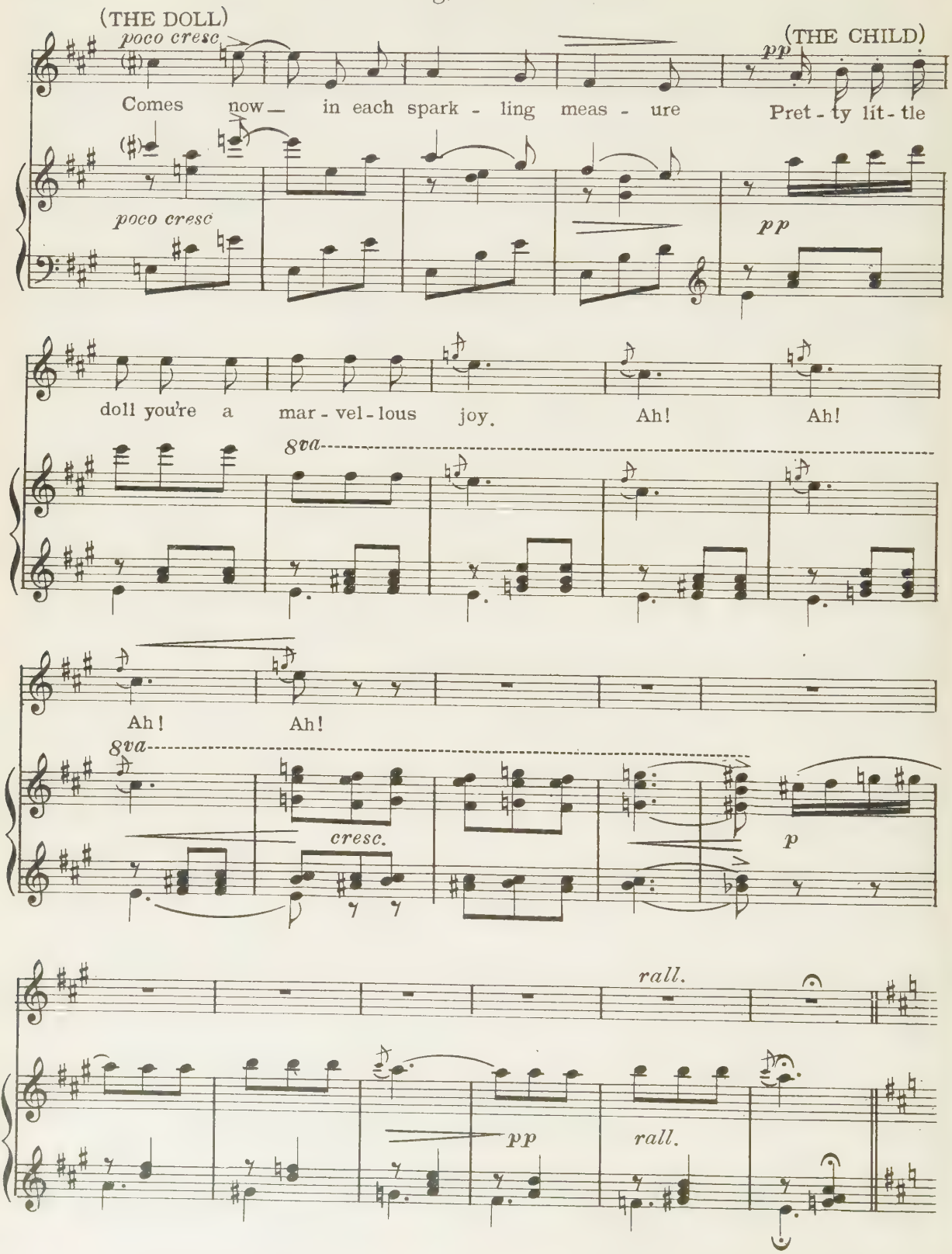
Waltzing Doll

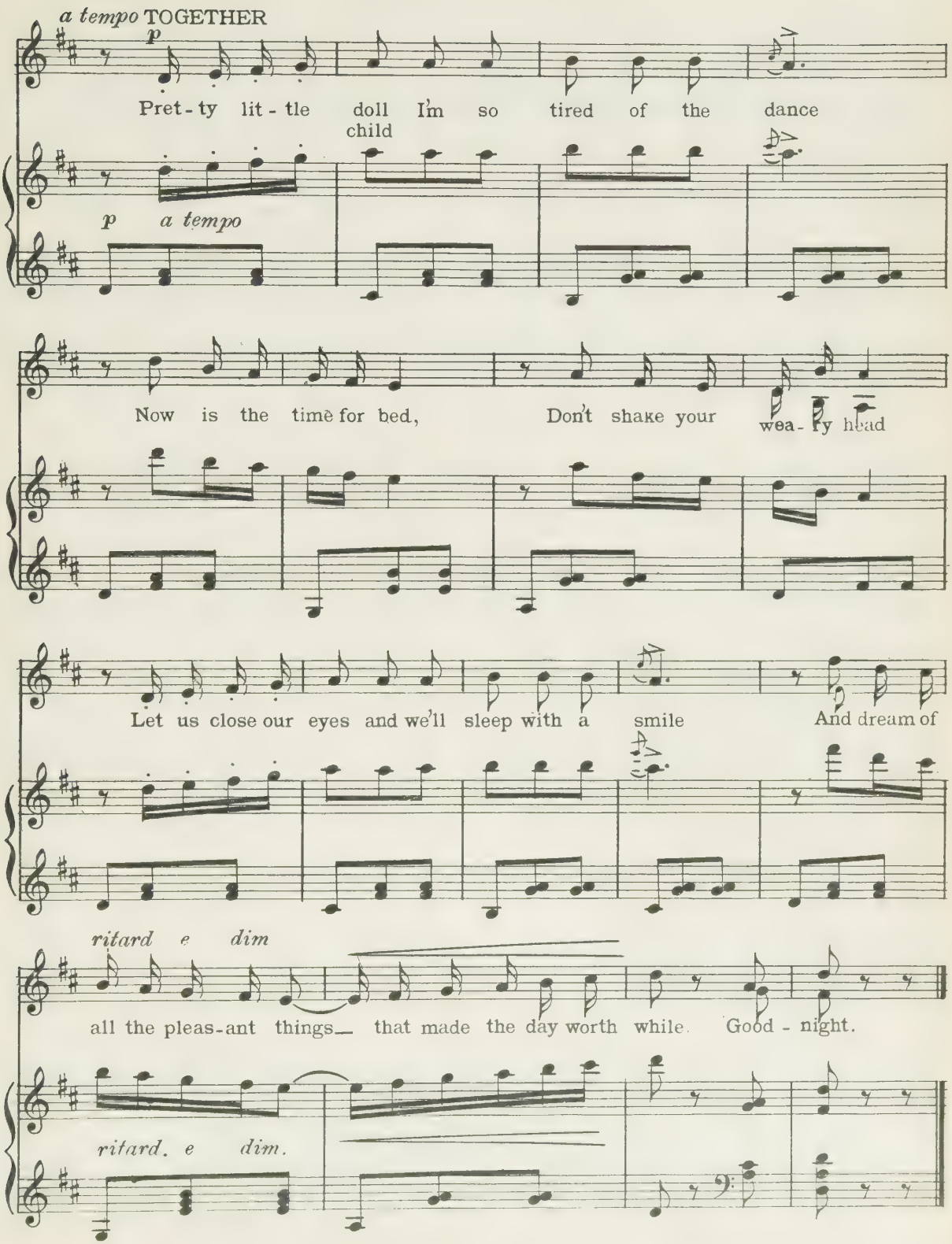
Vocal Dialogue (The Child and the Doll)

E. Poldini
(Arranged)

Tempo di Valse (Andantino)
mf
(THE CHILD)
p
Pret-ty lit-tle doll will you please dance with me? You are so gay and free,
p scherzando
Join in this rev-el-ry Don't you tell a soul we've a se-cret for
three, First you and then the mer-ry dance, and then a-lone with me.


mp
Mu - sic — fills the air with danc - ing, Sweet strains, sim-ply
mp
cresc.
are en - tranc - ing, Joy lives — and my heart gives — all its
cresc.
f
p
(THE DOLL)
lov - ing to you. Dear child, — what a wealth of
f
p
(THE CHILD)
pp
pleas - ure — Pret-ty lit - tle doll you're a won-der-ful toy —
pp


(THE DOLL)
poco cresc.
Comes now— in each spark - ling meas - ure
(THE CHILD)
pp
Pret - ty lit - tle
poco cresc
pp
doll you're a mar - vel - lous joy.
Ah!
Ah!
8va
Ah!
Ah!
8va
cresc.
p
rall.
pp
rall.


a tempo TOGETHER
p
Pret - ty lit - tle doll I'm so tired of the dance
child
p a tempo
Now is the time for bed, Don't shake your wea - ry head
Let us close our eyes and we'll sleep with a smile And dream of
ritard e dim
all the pleas - ant things that made the day worth while Good - night.
ritard. e dim.

To Spring

E. Grieg

Allegro appassionato (♩. = 84)
SOPRANO I & II
mp
Spring — has come to re - new the
ALTO mp
pp
mp
Ped.
earth, Cold win-ter has pass'd a - way, The world claims a new
birth, — Birds sing their glad songs, Love's — in the air,
rinf.

riten.
a tempo
Na - ture is smil - ing, Earth seems more fair, Song-sters are
sf
rinf.
Ped.
cresc.
f
car - ol - ing sweet - ly, And glad songs fill the air.
ALTO
p
Win - ter pas - ses, Fra - grant is the air,

stretto poco a poco
Rob - - ins call - ing Here and ev-'ry-where,
rinf.
SOPRANO
Flow-ers and trees, Sway in the breeze, Joy seems to call, Beck-on-ing all,
rinf.
f
Bid-ding us now to re-joice at the thought: It is Spring, 'Tis
agitato
f
Ped.
ALTO
Spring, 'Tis Spring, 'Tis
sf
rinf.
sf
rinf.
Ped.
Ped.

Tempo 1?

rit.
p
Spring has come to re-
rit.
p
Spring calls you.
rit.
sf
sff
p e dolce
Ped.
new the earth, Cold win ter has
pass'd a - way, The world claims a new birth,

animato
riten.
Birds sing their glad songs, Love's in the
animato
riten.
animato
rinf.
riten.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
a tempo
riten.
a tempo
air, Nat - ure is smil - ing,
a tempo
riten.
a tempo
a tempo
rinf.
riten.
a tempo
Ped. Ped. Ped.
Earth seems more fair, Song-sters are car - - ol - ing
sost.
rinf.
sf
f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

* Specially selected choir to sing upper tones.

Hymn of Thanksgiving

Netherland Folk Song
17th Century

Andante Religioso
Unison
p
We gath-er to-
Str., Fl., Cl., Timp roll
(2nd Stanza mf) Be-side us to
pp e legato
(2nd Stanza mf) pp
cresc.
geth-er to ask the Lord's bless-ing, He chas-tens and has-tens His will to make known. The
guide us, our God with us join-ing, Or-dain-ing, maintain-ing His king-dom di-vine, So
ad Horns
cresc.
wick-ed op-press-ing — cease them from dis-tress-ing, Sing prais-es to His name, He for-
from the be-gin-ning the fight — we were win-ning; Thou, Lord was at our side, All —
ad Tromb.
Horns
ff
gets not His own.
glo-ry be Thine.
We
p
crescendo
Tromb.
Horns
ff Tutti except Timp
Ped. * Ped. *

all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou still our De -
fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con-gre-ga-tion es-cape trib-u- la - tion, Thy
name be ev-er praised! O Lord make us free! Lord,
rit.
a tempo
ff
ad Timp.
make us free!

In Dreams I've Heard The Seraphs

J. Faure

Andante religioso
rall.
pp
SOP. I&II
1. In dreams I've heard the ser - aphs fair, Sing - ing their
2. The earth lay wrapped in cloud - y wreath, Float - ing like
sostenuto
pp
1. In dreams I've heard the ser-aphs, Sing - ing their
2. The earth lay wrapped in wreath, Float - ing like
ALTO
pp
1. In dreams I've heard the ser-aphs, Sing - ing
2. The earth lay wrapped in wreath, Float-ing like
pp a tempo
songs of sweet - est tone; An - gel voic - es that
in-censed per-fumed haze; Sun - beams shone bright on
songs of sweet-est tone; An-gel voic - es
in - censed per - fumed haze; Sun-beams shone on
songs of sweet-est tone; An - gel voic - es
in - censed per - fumed haze; Sun-beams shone on

filled the air, Like dul-cet ech-oes float-ing on.
all be-neath, Bless-ing the earth with gold-en rays.

dim.

filled the air, Like dul-cet ech - oes float-ing on.
all be-neath, Bless-ing the earth with gold-en rays.

dim.

filled the air, Like dul-cet ech - oes float-ing on.
all be - neath, Bless-ing the earth with gold - en rays.

sf dim. pp

SOPRANO

Then soft-ly the sweet hymn of love, Tell-ing of
All the world was melt-ed in prayer, Lift-ing its

sf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

grace by mer-cy giv - en Came from the a -
sup-pliant hands to heav - en, And from the Fa -

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

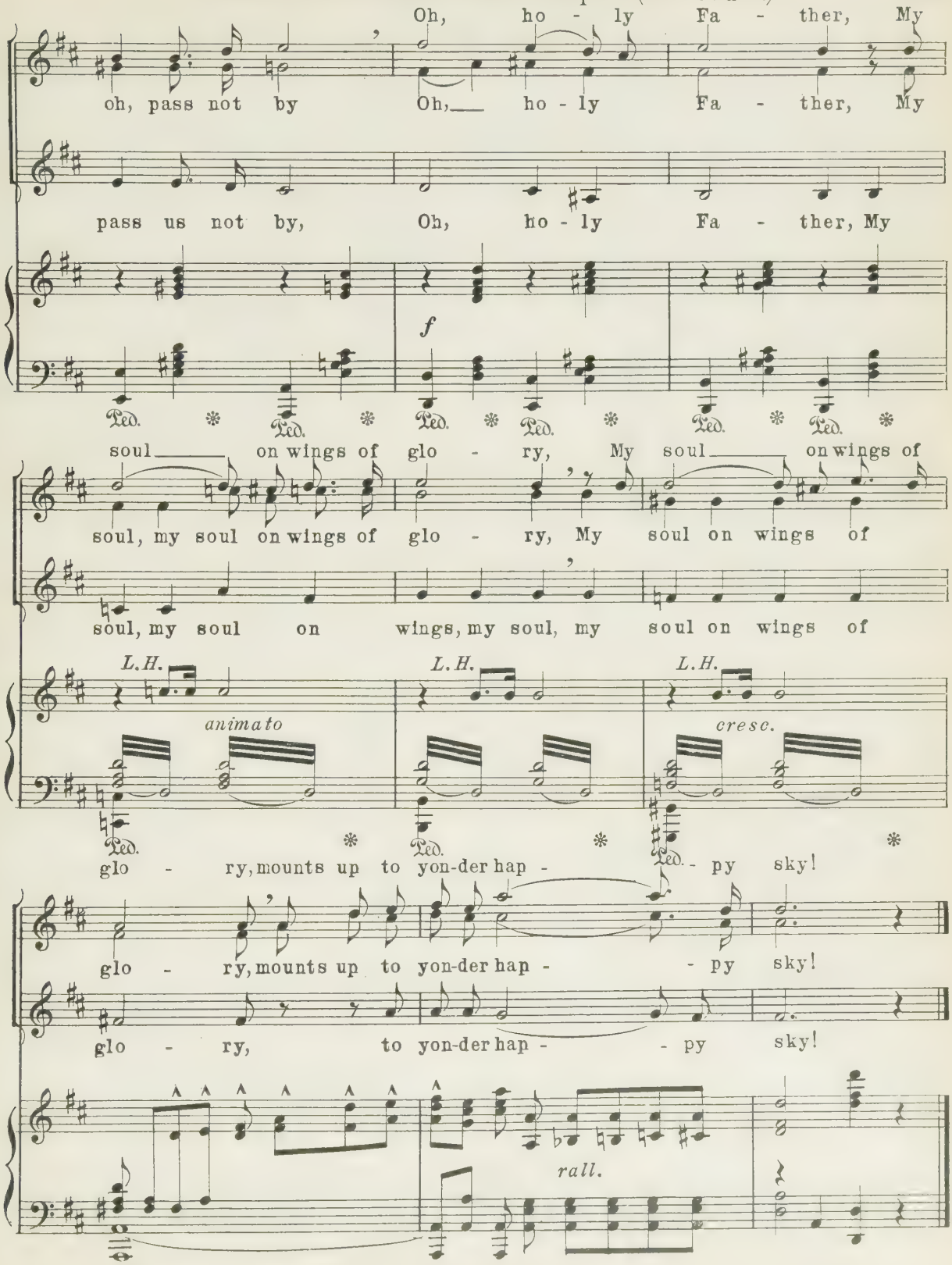
rall. tempo

pp

- zure realms a - bove, Where the joy-ous choir sang in heav'n.
- ther's bright throne there, A gen-tle smile to each was giv'n.

pp cresc. rall. tempo

animato
A voice of prayer from all the earth, To heav-en's
A prayer from earth, To
animato
cresc.
Ped.
throne seemed breath-ing forth, And swell-ing high, Oh
heav'n breathed forth, And swelled high,
allargando
f Maestoso
Sound a - gain, an - them of heav - en, Bright song di - vine,
f
Sound a - gain, sweet an - them of heav - en, Bright song di - vine, oh,
f Maestoso


Oh, ho - ly Fa - ther, My
oh, pass not by Oh, ho - ly Fa - ther, My
pass us not by, Oh, ho - ly Fa - ther, My
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
soul on wings of glo - ry, My soul on wings of
soul, my soul on wings of glo - ry, My soul on wings of
soul, my soul on wings, my soul, my soul on wings of
L.H. L.H. L.H.
animato
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
glo - ry, mounts up to yon-der hap - py sky!
glo - ry, mounts up to yon-der hap - py sky!
glo - ry, to yon-der hap - py sky!
rall.

Snow-Flakes

Frederic H. Cowen
arranged

Allegretto non troppo (♩ = 80)

SOPRANO

1. When-e'er a snow-flake leaves the
2. And when a snow-flake finds a

ALTO I

1. When-e'er a snow-flake leaves the
2. And when a snow-flake finds a

ALTO II

1. A snow-flake leaves the
2. A snow-flake finds a

p

cresc.

sky,
tree,

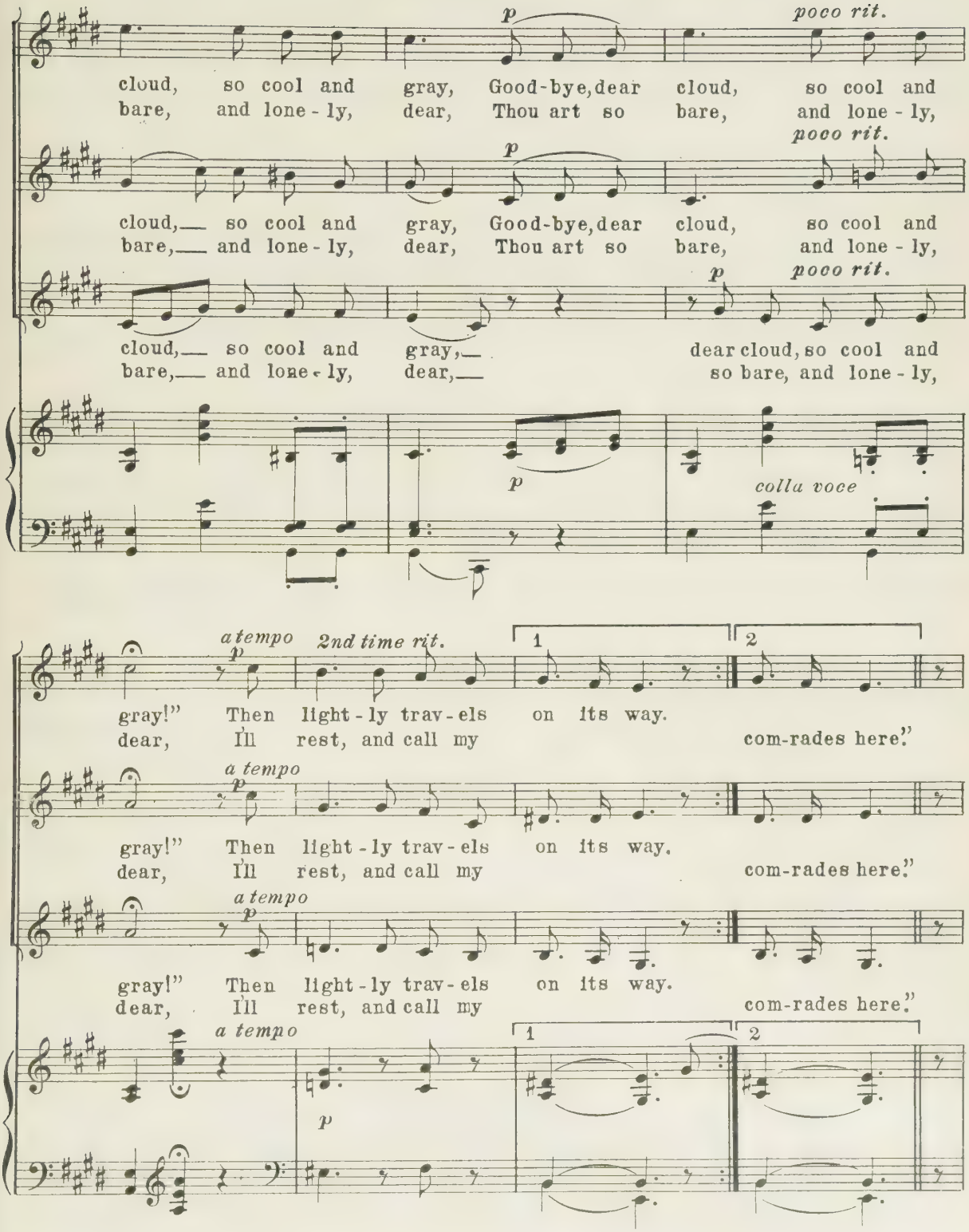
Good-bye, dear
Thou art so

sky, It turns and turns to say "Good-bye,
tree, "Good-day, it says, Good-day, to thee,

Good-bye, dear
Thou art so

sky,
tree,

Good bye, dear
Thou art so


p
poco rit.
cloud, so cool and gray, Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and
bare, and lone - ly, dear, Thou art so bare, and lone - ly,
p
poco rit.
cloud, so cool and gray, Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and
bare, and lone - ly, dear, Thou art so bare, and lone - ly,
p
poco rit.
cloud, so cool and gray,
bare, and lone - ly, dear,
dear cloud, so cool and
so bare, and lone - ly,
p
colla voce
a tempo
p
2nd time rit.
1
2
gray!" Then light - ly trav - els on its way.
dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."
a tempo
p
gray!" Then light - ly trav - els on its way.
dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."
a tempo
p
gray!" Then light - ly trav - els on its way.
dear, I'll rest, and call my com-rades here."
a tempo
p
1
2

a tempo
mf
cresc. ed agitato
3. But when a snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights on a
a tempo
mf
cresc. ed agitato
ro - sy maid-en's cheek, It starts
a tempo
p
"How
a tempo
p
"How
a tempo
f
pp tranquillo
tranquillo
warm and soft the day, how warm and
cresc.
mf
'Tis
tranquillo
warm and soft the day, how warm and
cresc.
mf
soft the day, 'Tis
mf
'Tis
cresc.

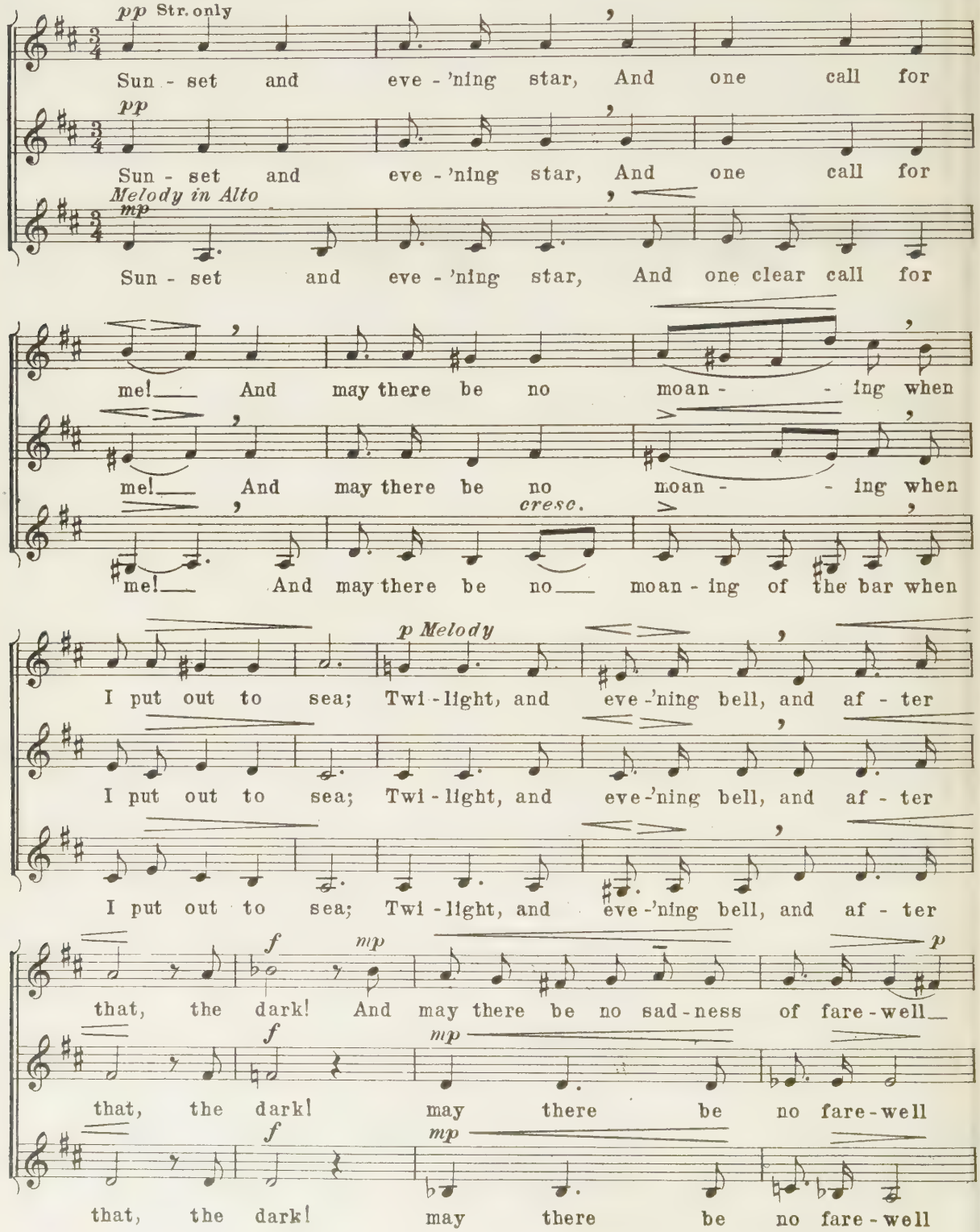
poco più vivo
sum - - mer, 'Tis sum - - mer, 'Tis
f
mf
Ped.
lunga
Lento
pp
sum - - - - - mer!" And it
sum - mer!"
p dim.
melts a - way.
And it melts a - way.
Tempo I

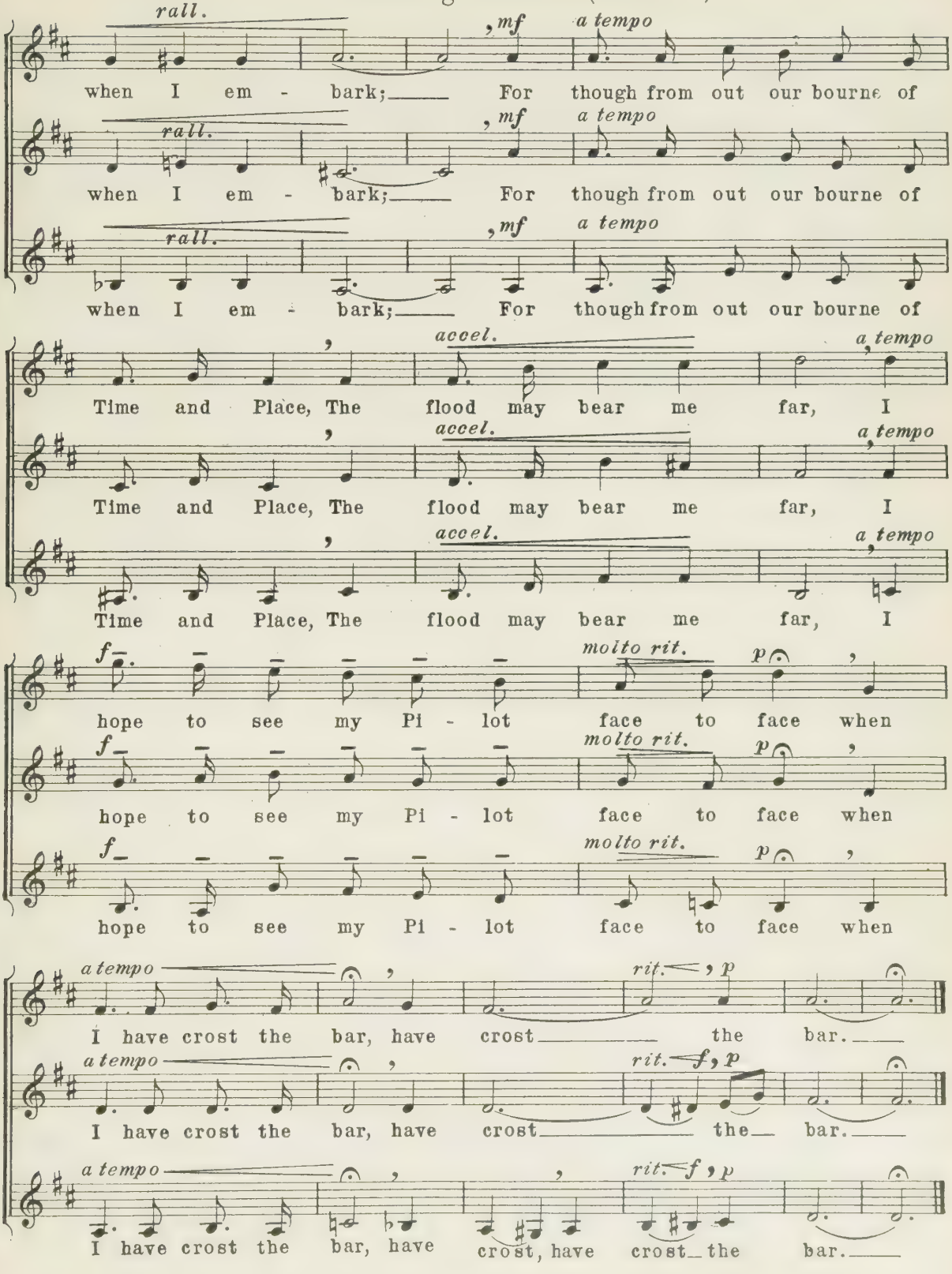
Crossing The Bar

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Alice Reber Fish

Andante tranquillo

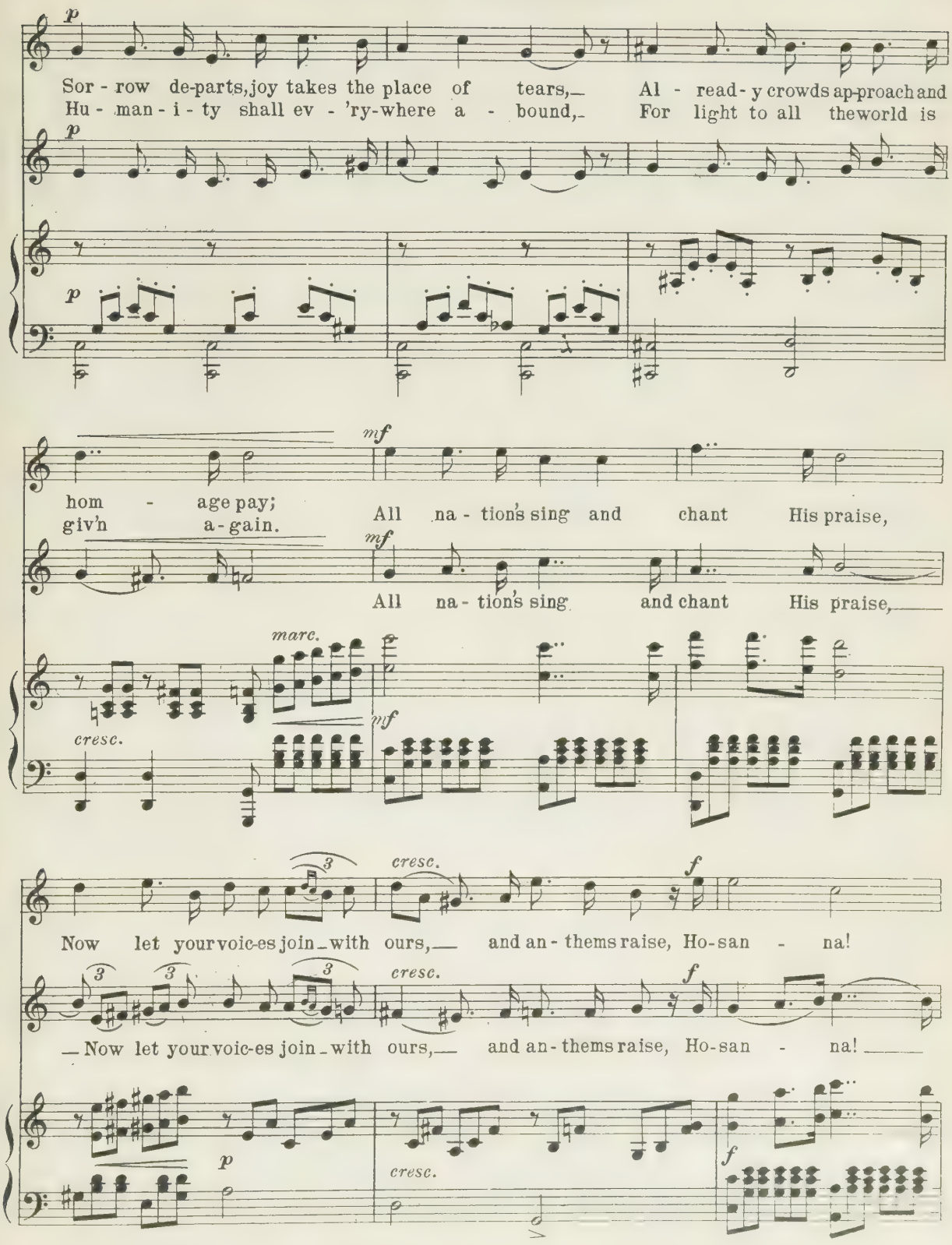

pp Str. only
Sun - set and eve - 'ning star, And one call for
pp
Sun - set and eve - 'ning star, And one call for
Melody in Alto
mp
Sun - set and eve - 'ning star, And one clear call for
me! And may there be no moan - ing when
me! And may there be no moan - ing when
cresc.
me! And may there be no moan - ing of the bar when
p Melody
I put out to sea; Twi - light, and eve - 'ning bell, and af - ter
I put out to sea; Twi - light, and eve - 'ning bell, and af - ter
I put out to sea; Twi - light, and eve - 'ning bell, and af - ter
f
mp
p
that, the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well
f
mp
that, the dark! may there be no fare - well
f
mp
that, the dark! may there be no fare - well

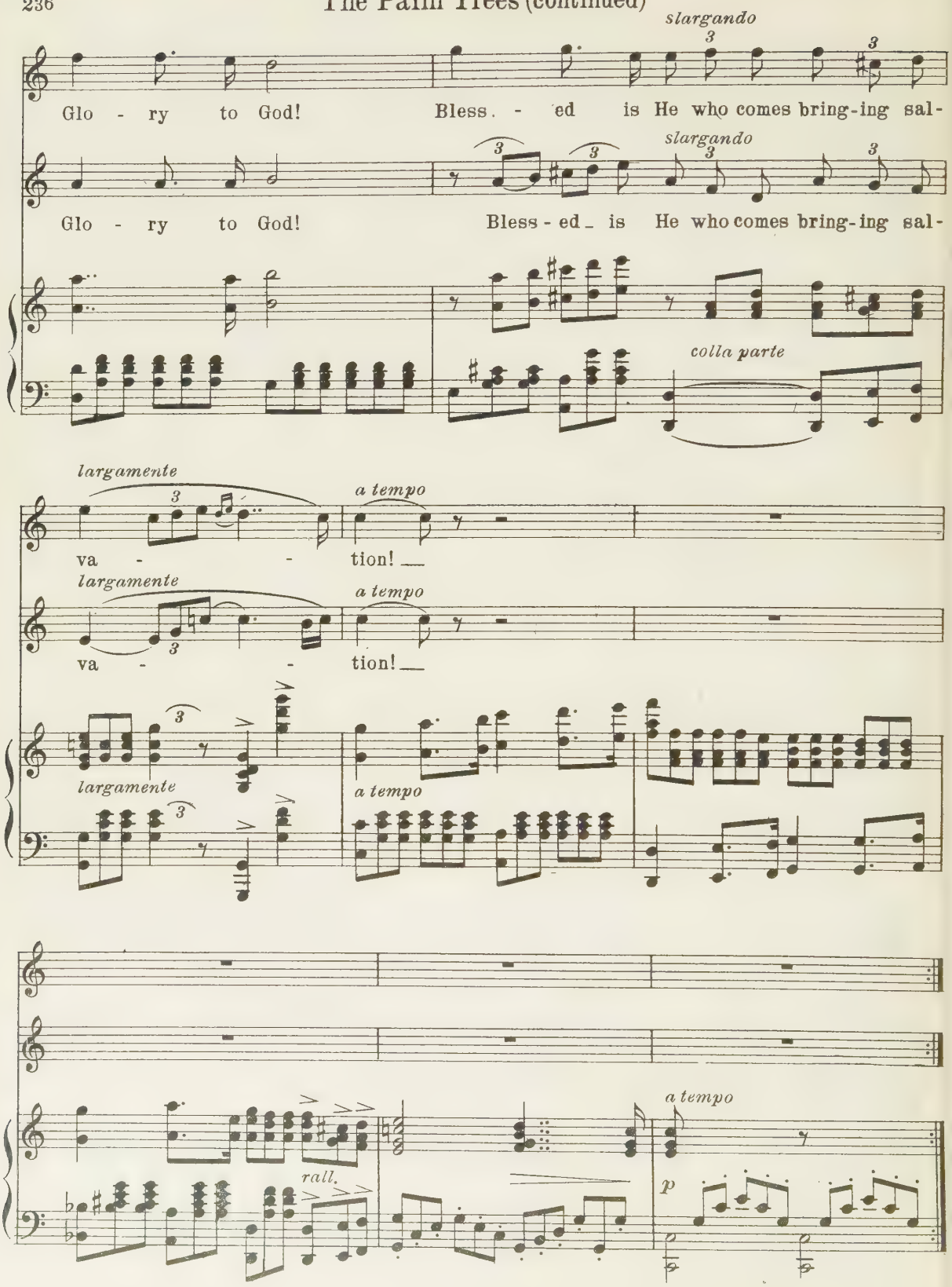

rall.
mf
a tempo
when I em - bark; For though from out our bourne of
Time and Place, The flood may bear me far, I
accel.
hope to see my Pi - lot face to face when
molto rit.
I have crost the bar, have crost the bar.
rit.

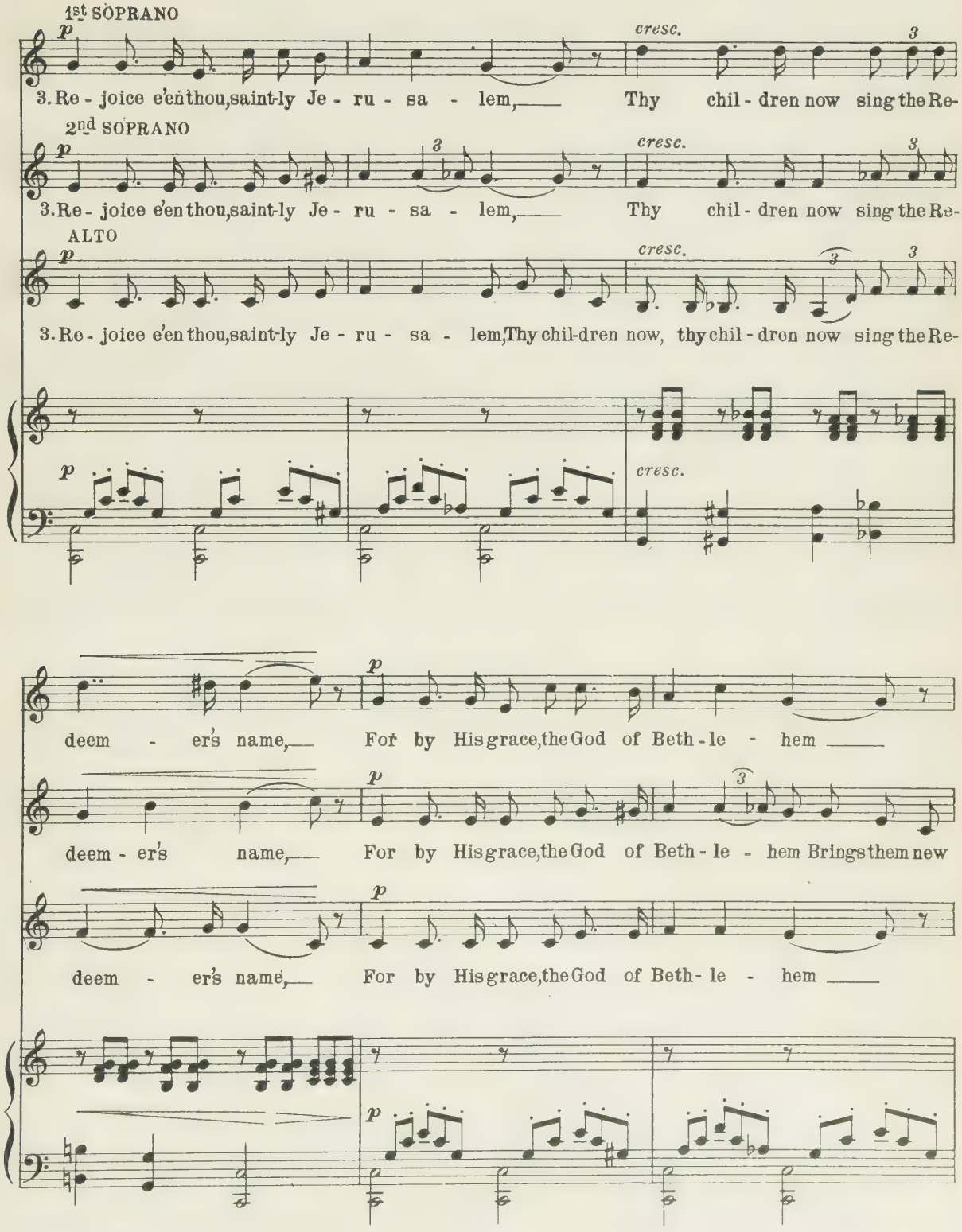
The Palm Trees

I. Faure
Arranged

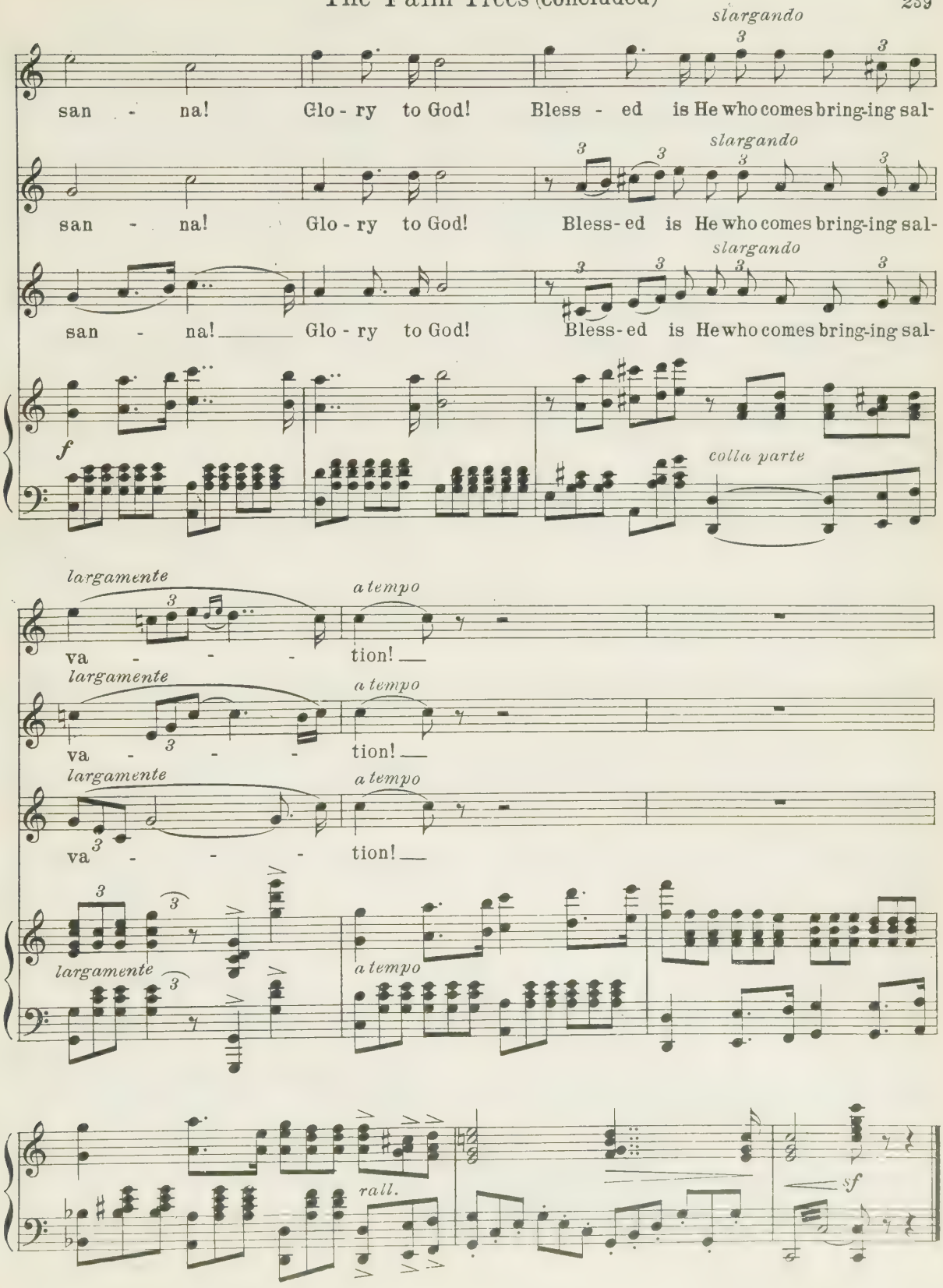
* 1st Verse may be sung as Soprano Solo


p
Sor - row de-parts, joy takes the place of tears,— Al - read - y crowds ap-proach and
Hu - man - i - ty shall ev - 'ry-where a - bound,— For light to all the world is
p
p
mf
hom - age pay;
giv'n a-gain.
All na - tion's sing and chant His praise,
mf
All na - tion's sing and chant His praise,—
marc.
cresc.
mf
3
cresc.
f
Now let your voic-es join with ours,— and an - thems raise, Ho-san - na!
3
3
3
cresc.
f
—Now let your voic-es join with ours,— and an - thems raise, Ho-san - na!—
p
cresc.
f


slargando
Glo - ry to God!
Bless - ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
slargando
Glo - ry to God!
Bless - ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
colla parte
largamente
a tempo
va - tion!
largamente
a tempo
va - tion!
largamente
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
p

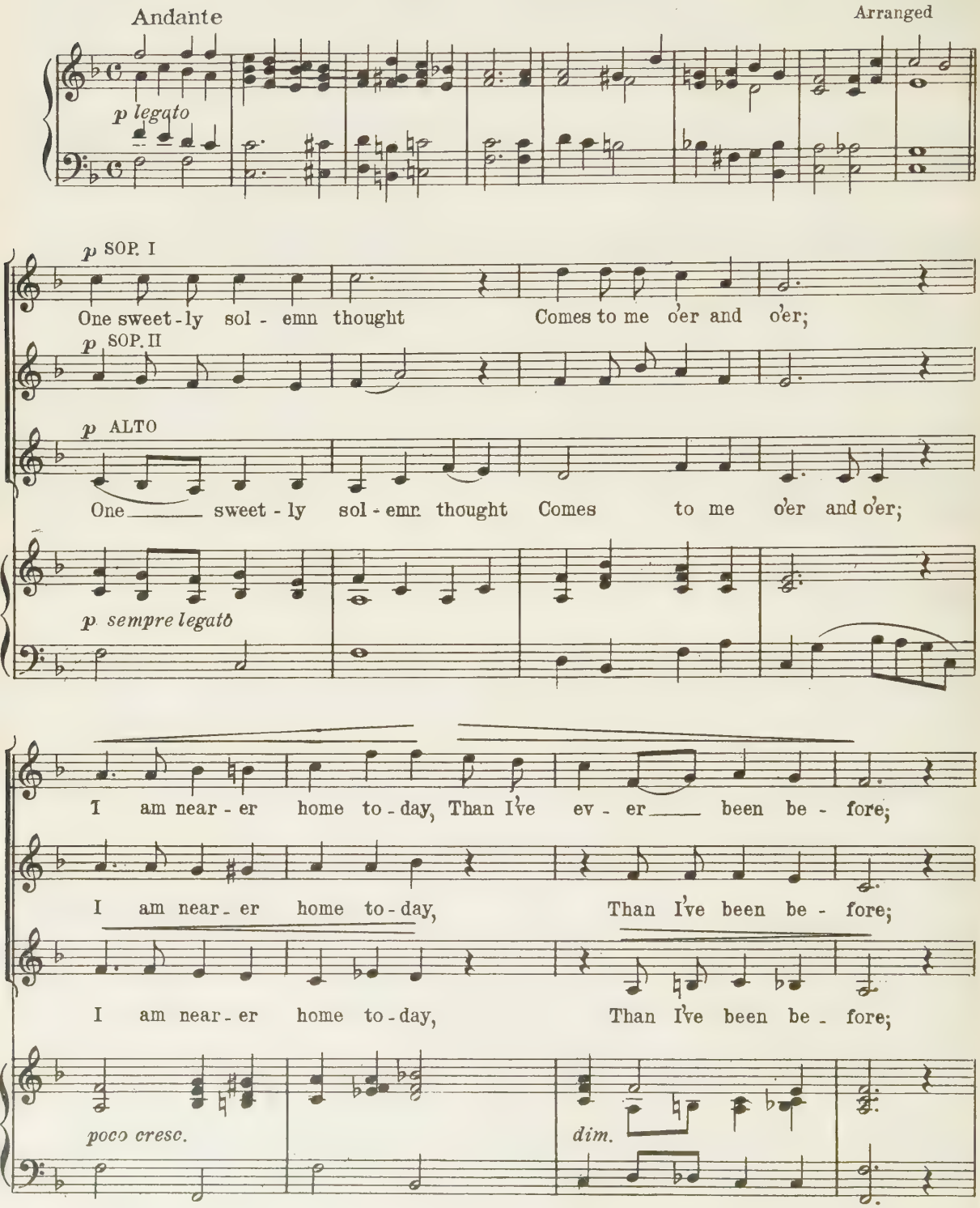

1st SOPRANO
p
cresc.
3
3. Re - joice e'en thou, saint-ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy chil - dren now sing the Re-
2nd SOPRANO
p
cresc.
3
3. Re - joice e'en thou, saint-ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy chil - dren now sing the Re-
ALTO
p
cresc.
3
3. Re - joice e'en thou, saint-ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy chil-dren now, thy chil - dren now sing the Re-
p
cresc.
deem - er's name, For by His grace, the God of Beth - le - hem
p
3
deem - er's name, For by His grace, the God of Beth - le - hem Brings them new
p
deem - er's name, For by His grace, the God of Beth - le - hem
p

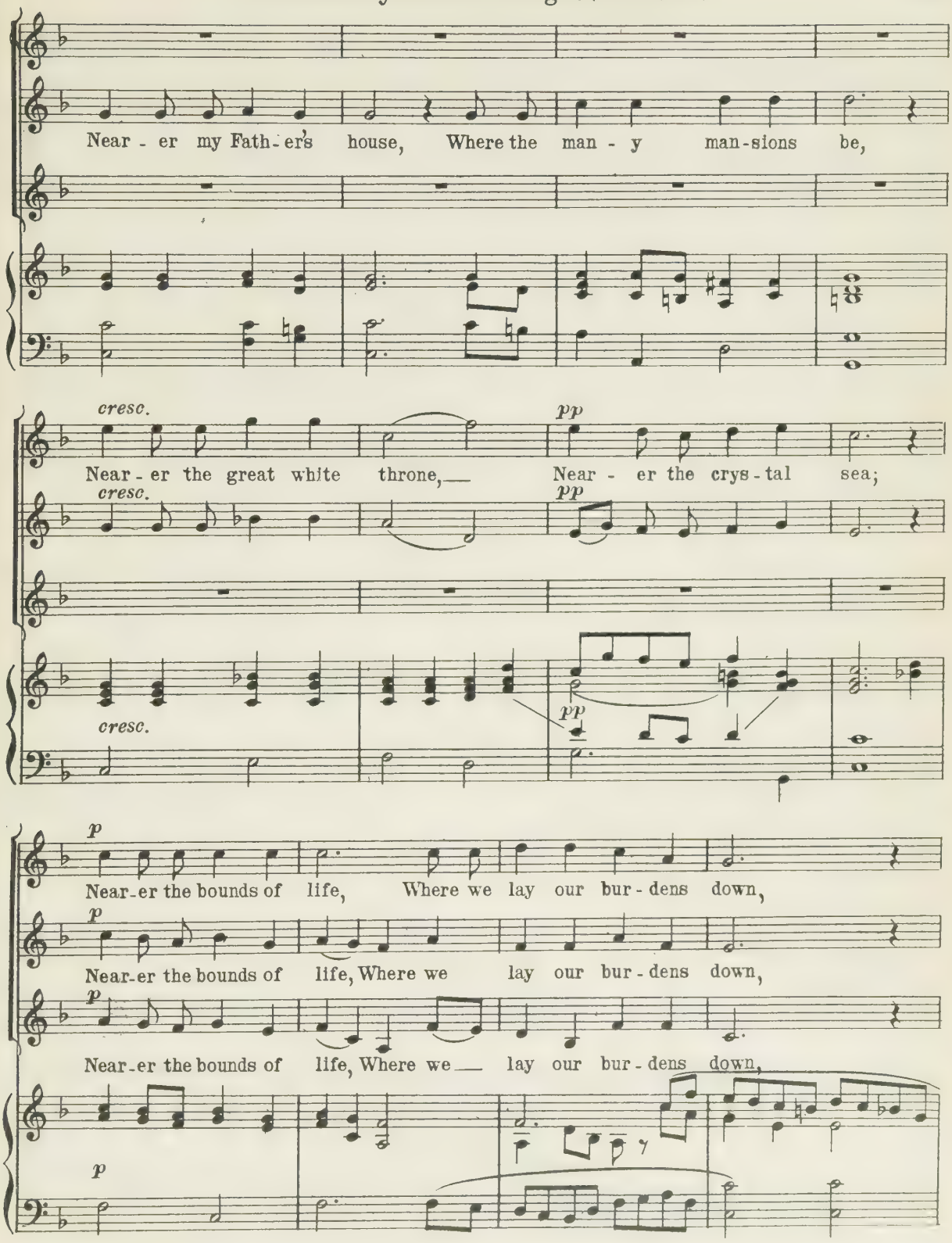
mf
Brings them new faith, and hope con-firms the same. All na-tion's sing and
mf
faith, and hope con-firms, con-firms the same. All na-tion's sing and
mf
Brings them new faith, and hope con-firms the same. All na-tion's sing and
cresc.
marc.
mf
cresc.
f
chant His praise, Now let your voic-es join with ours and an-thems raise; Ho-
cresc.
f
chant His praise, Now let your voic-es join with ours and an-thems raise; Ho-
cresc.
f
chant His praise, Now let your voic-es join with ours and an-thems raise; Ho-
p
cresc.

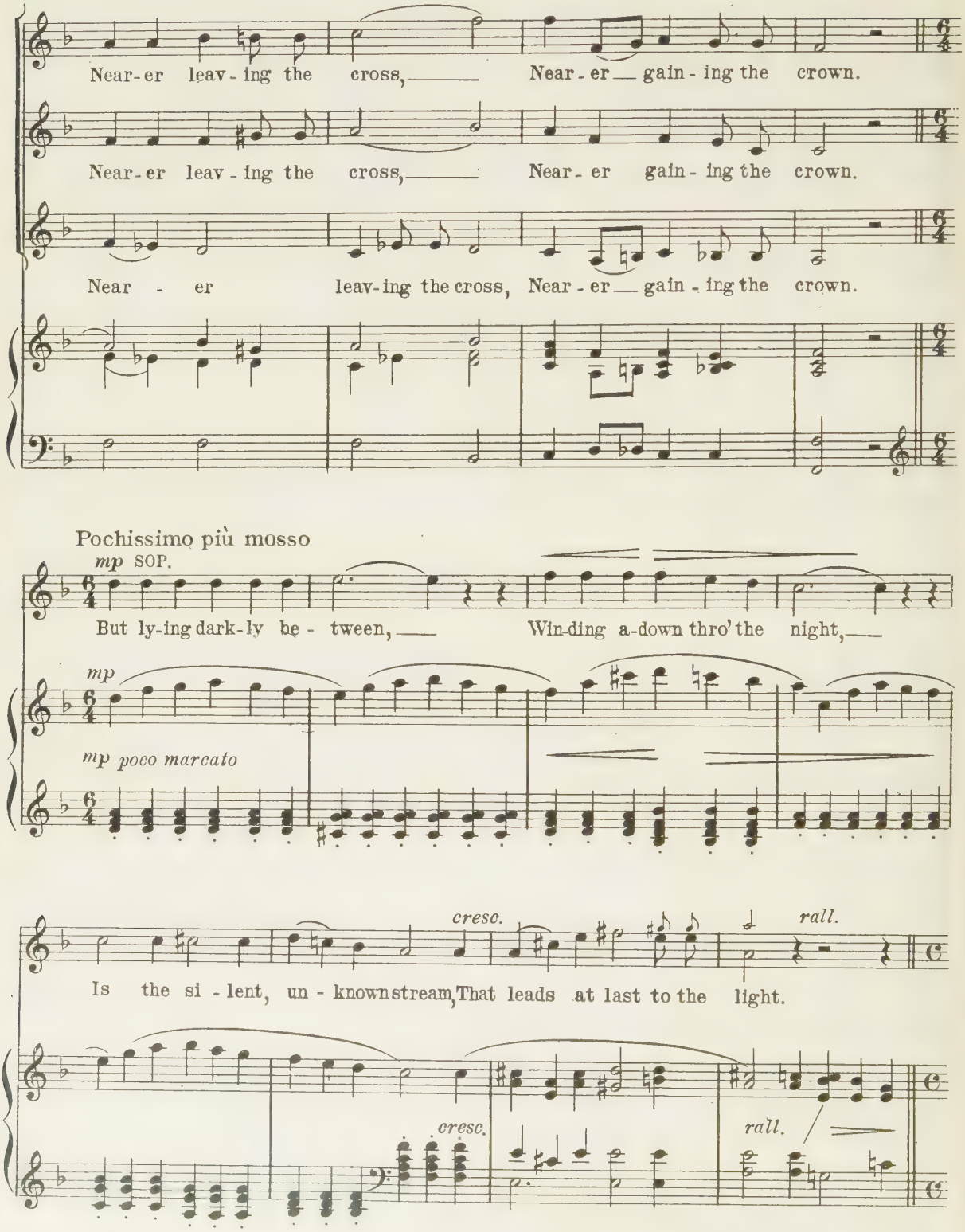

slargando
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Bless - ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
slargando
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Bless-ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
slargando
san - na! Glo - ry to God! Bless-ed is He who comes bring-ing sal-
f
colla parte
largamente
a tempo
va - - - tion!
largamente
a tempo
va - - - tion!
largamente
a tempo
va - - - tion!
largamente
a tempo
rall.
sf

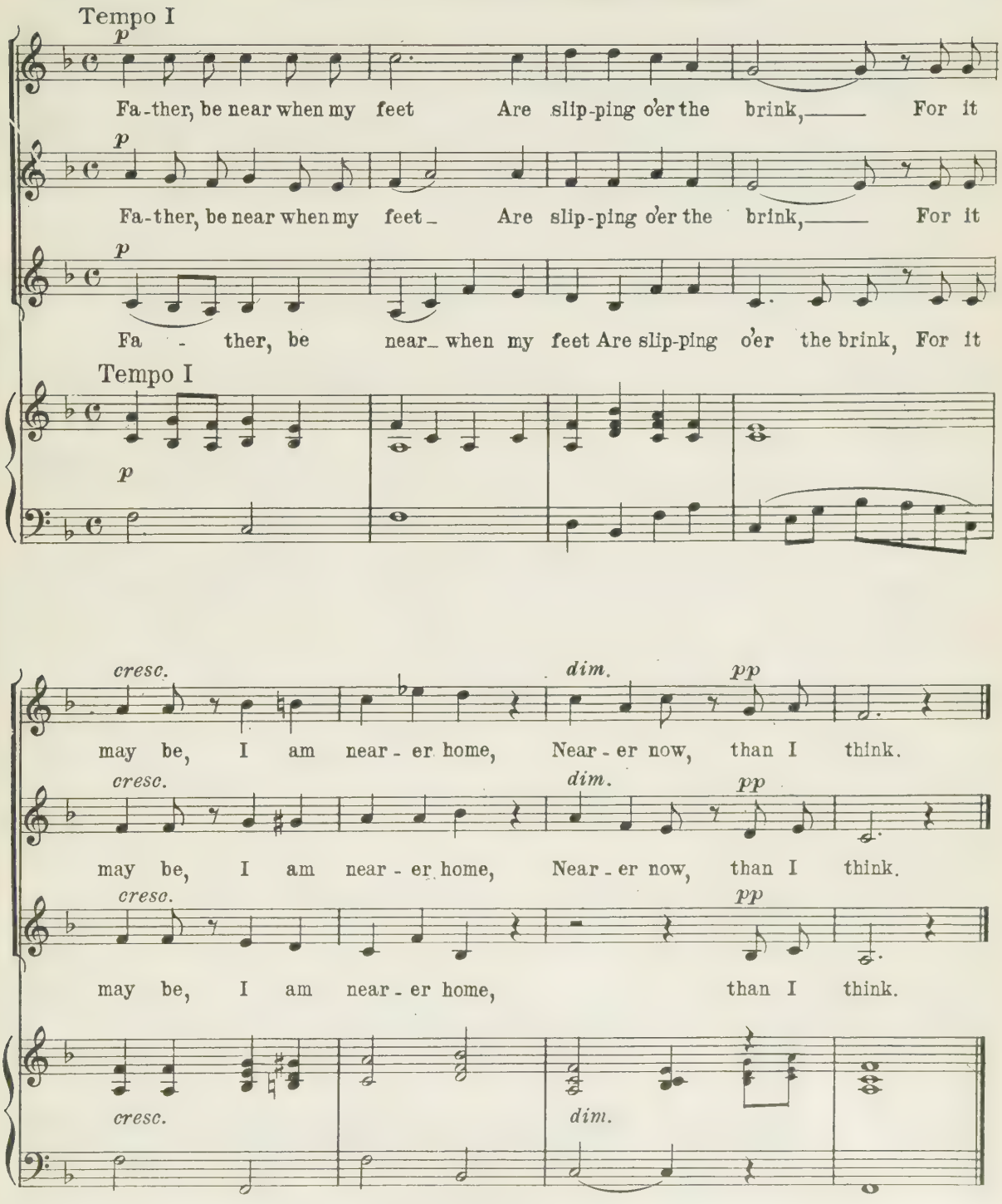
One sweetly solemn thought

R. S. Ambrose
Arranged


Andante
p legato
p SOP. I
One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
p SOP. II
p ALTO
One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
p sempre legato
I am near-er home to-day, Than I've ev-er been be-fore;
I am near-er home to-day, Than I've been be-fore;
I am near-er home to-day, Than I've been be-fore;
poco cresc.
dim.


Near - er my Fath - er's house, Where the man - y man-sions be,
cresc.
pp
Near - er the great white throne,— Near - er the crys - tal sea;
cresc.
pp
cresc.
pp
p
Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,
p
Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down,
p
Near-er the bounds of life, Where we— lay our bur - dens down,
p


Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.
Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.
Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.
Pochissimo più mosso
mp SOP.
But ly-ing dark-ly be-tween, Win-ding a-down thro' the night,
mp
mp poco marcato
cresc.
rall.
Is the si-lent, un-known stream, That leads at last to the light.
cresc.
rall.


Tempo I
p
Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it
p
Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it
p
Fa - ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the brink, For it
Tempo I
p
cresc.
dim.
pp
may be, I am near - er home, Near - er now, than I think.
cresc.
dim.
pp
may be, I am near - er home, Near - er now, than I think.
cresc.
pp
may be, I am near - er home, than I think.
cresc.
dim.

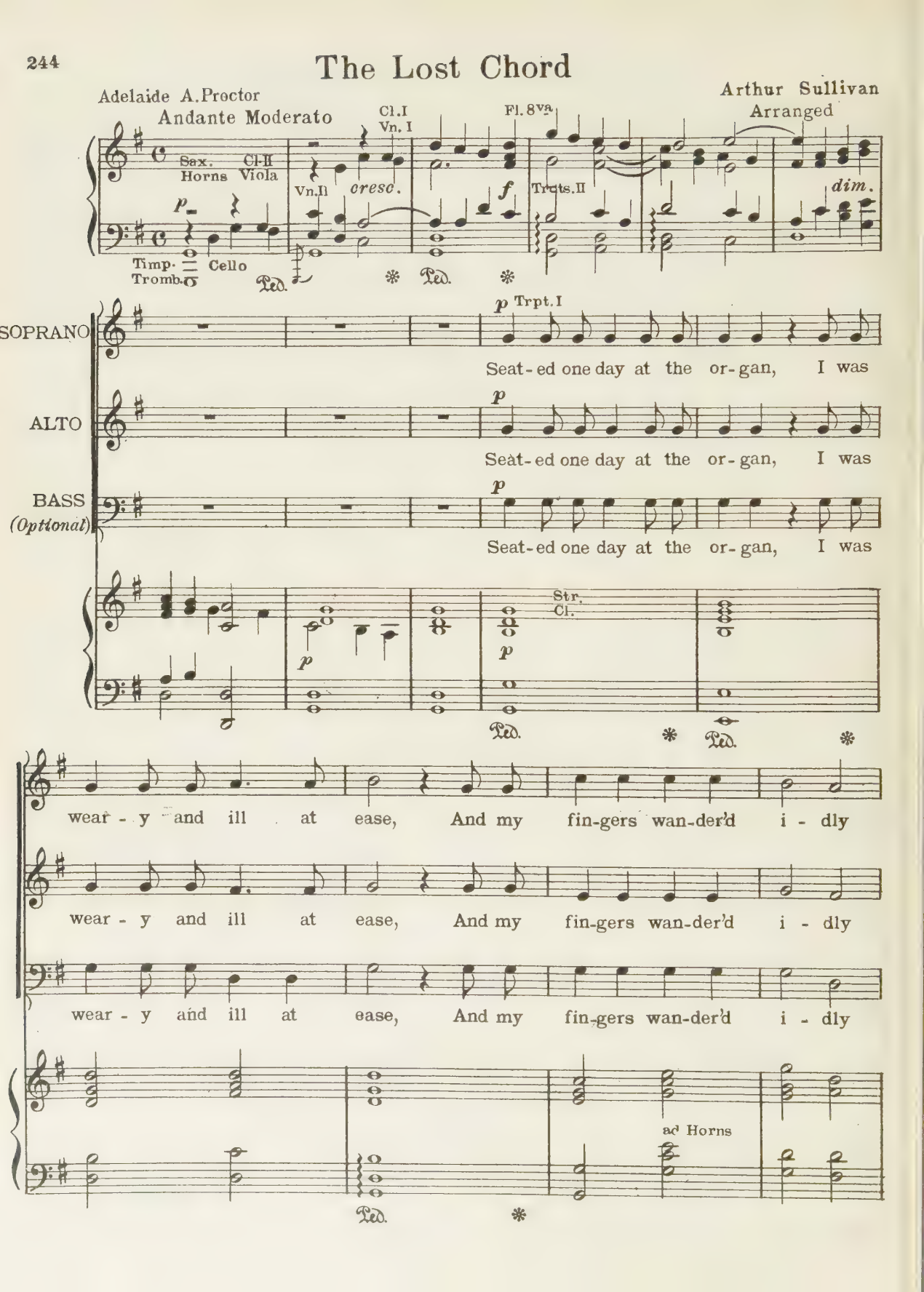
The Lost Chord

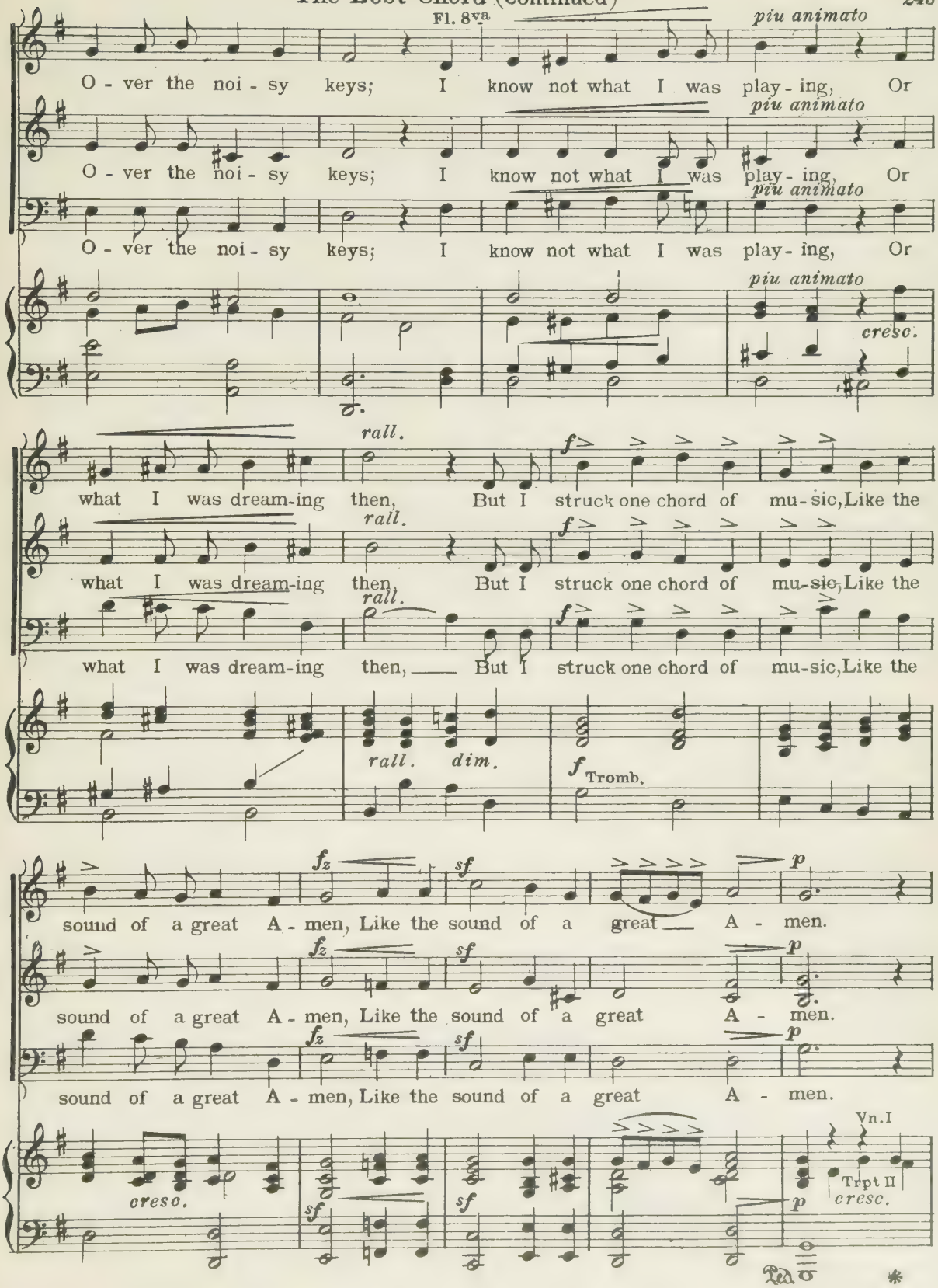
Adelaide A. Proctor

Arthur Sullivan

Andante Moderato

Arranged




Fl. 8va
piu animato
O - ver the noi - sy keys; I know not what I was play - ing, Or
cresc.
rall.
what I was dream-ing then, But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the
f
rall. dim.
Tromb.
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.
fz
sf
p
Vn.I
Trpt II
cresc.

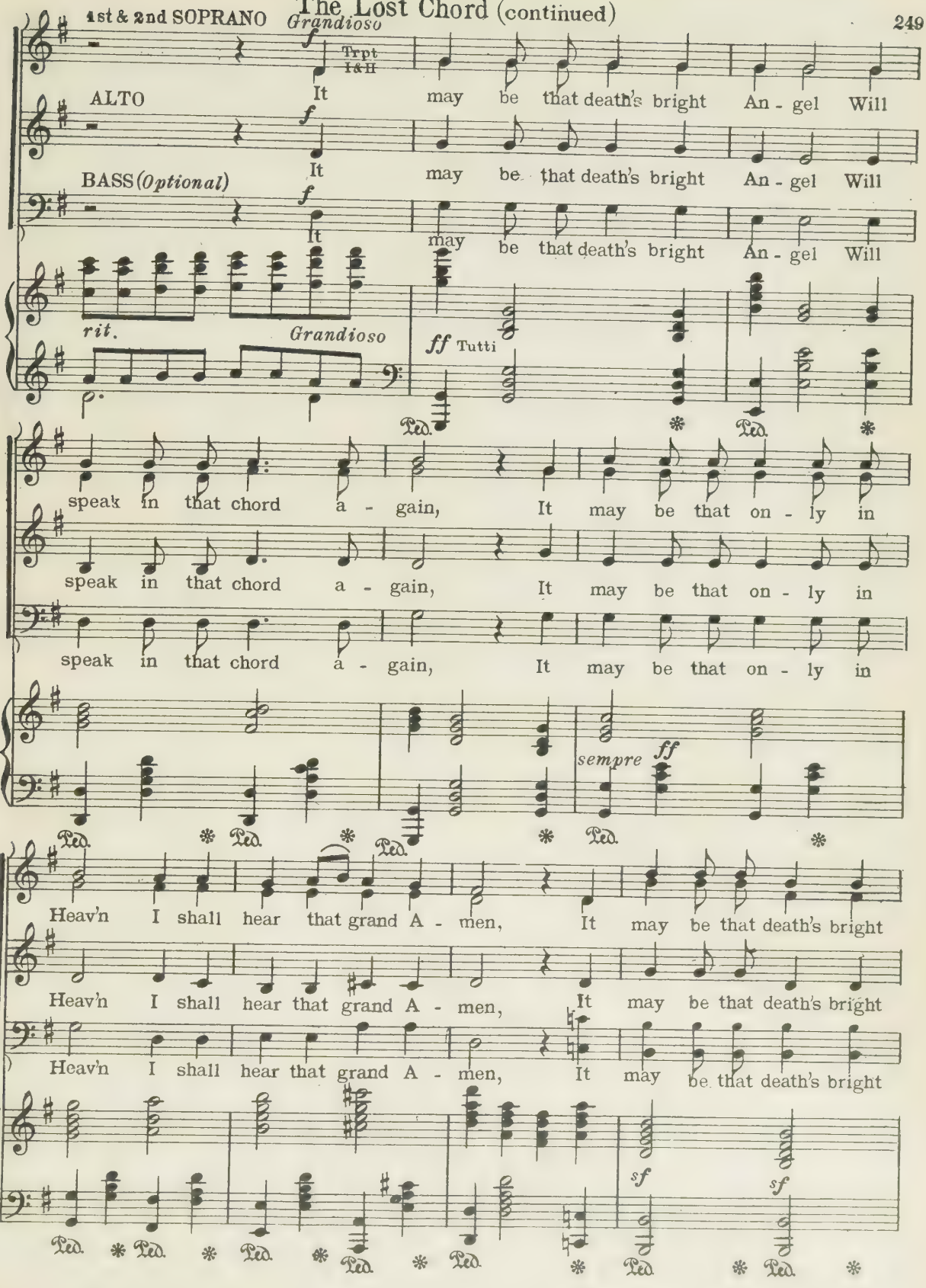
The Lost Chord (continued)

Trpt I
1st SOPRANO pp
Ah, - -
2nd SOPRANO p
It
ALTO p
Fl. 8va
f
Ped.
Ah - - -

cresc.
Più animato
rall.
Ah
Ah
cresc.
Più animato
cresc.
Cl. II
rall.
p
qui - et - ed pain and sor - row Like love ov - er - com - ing strife, It
rall
p
Cl. I
cresc.
Più animato
cresc
rall. dim.
a tempo
tranquillo
p
Vn. I
Ah
It
a tempo
tranquillo
p
seem'd the har - mon - ious ech - o From our dis - cord - ant life; It
a tempo
p a tempo
p tranquillo
poco
p
link'd all per - plex - ed mean - ings In - to one per - fect peace, And
poco
p
link'd all per - plex - ed mean - ings In - to one per - fect peace, And
In - to one per - fect peace,
ad Horns
Cl.
p

The Lost Chord (continued)

più animato
Trpt I
agitato
trem-bled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease I have
più animato
agitato
trem-bled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loth to cease. I have
agitato
As if it were loth to cease. I have
Trpt I
Poco più animato
Fl. 8va
Trpt II
agitato
Ped.
sought, but I seek it vain-ly That one lost chord di-vine, Which
sought, but I seek it vain-ly That one lost chord di-vine, Which
sought, but I seek it vain-ly That one lost chord di-vine, Which
Vn. I
Ped.
largamente
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
largamente
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
largamente
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
largamente
cresc. molto
Tromb.


1st & 2nd SOPRANO
Grandioso
f
Trpt I&II
It may be that death's bright An - gel Will
ALTO
It may be that death's bright An - gel Will
BASS (Optional)
It may be that death's bright An - gel Will
rit.
Grandioso
ff Tutti
Ped.
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
sempre ff
Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men, It may be that death's bright
Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men, It may be that death's bright
Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men, It may be that death's bright
sf
sf

The Lost Chord (concluded)

ff rit.
An - gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It
ff rit
An - gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It
ff rit
An - gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It
ff rit.
Ped.
Con gran forza
may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A
may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -
may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A -
Con gran forza
men, rallentando e dim - A -
Ped. men. Ped. Ped.
pp
men, A - - - - - - - - men, A - men.
men, A - - - - - - - - men, A - men.
men, A - men.
rallentando e dim
Ped.

T5-CUV-605